

THE STORY
OF
THOMAS CARLYLE

A. S. ARNOLD

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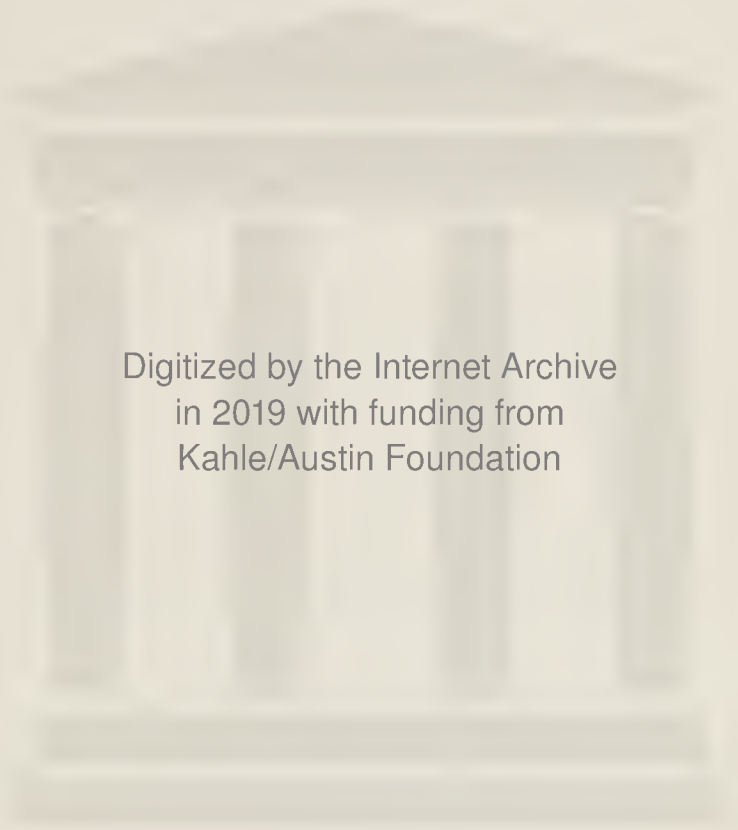
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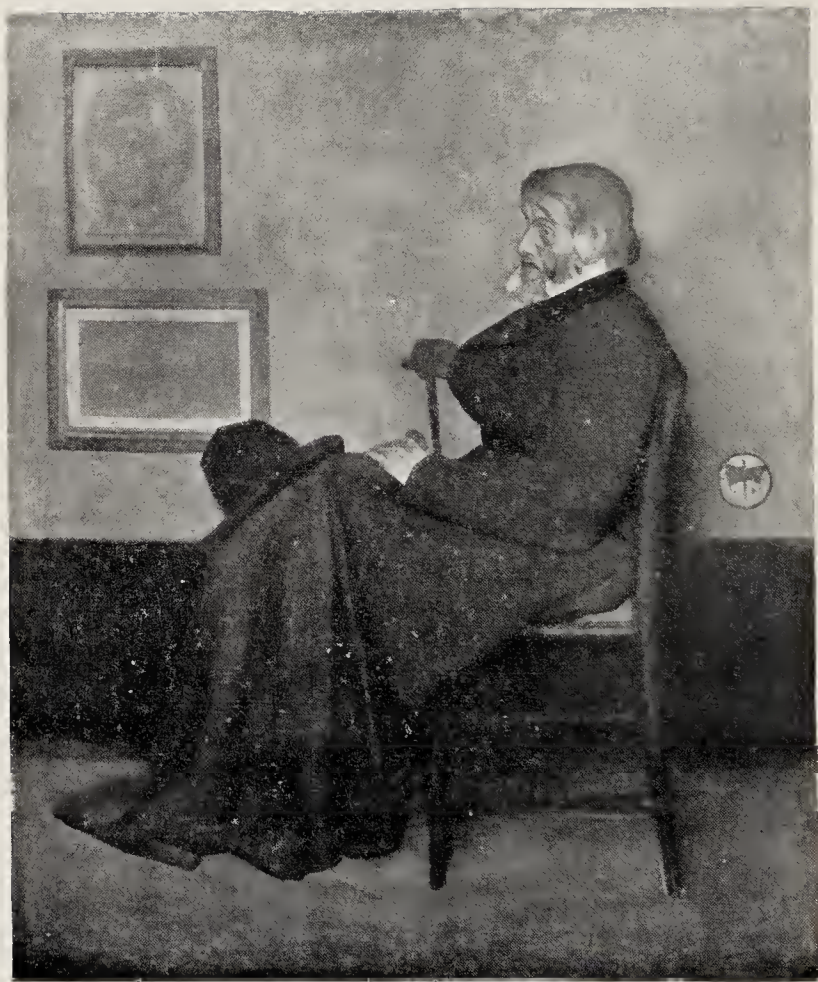
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THOMAS CARLYLE.

From the Painting by J. McNeill Whistler.

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The "Lives Worth Living" Series

THE STORY
OF
THOMAS CARLYLE

BY
A. S. ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THOMAS CARLYLE. (<i>From the painting by</i> <i>J. McNeill Whistler</i>)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
JANE WELSH CARLYLE	<i>To face p.</i> 29
CRAIGENPUTTOCK	„ 80
THOMAS CARLYLE (<i>From a sketch by Count</i> <i>D'Orsay, drawn in 1834</i>)	„ 120
CARLYLE'S HOUSE, GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA	„ 241
STATUE OF CARLYLE. (<i>By Boehm, in the</i> <i>Chelsea Embankment Gardens</i>)	„ 362

PREFACE.

"IF," says Carlyle, "an individual is of sufficient consequence to have his life recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character." Heartily concurring in this opinion, I have ventured to make the study of this great man's life my aim for months past—to try and account for the gloom and despondency which were so marked in his character, and which, on the surface of things, seem almost unaccountable.

In the following pages I have endeavoured to give to my readers incidents in his life, traits in his character, that made him so little of an optimist in expression, and yet the inward conviction that at heart he did not really believe the universe to be demoniacal, but God-like, and man the temple of the Most High.

The following pages, I trust, will prove that he was no selfish, cantankerous, domestic tyrant, or teacher of virtues he failed himself to put in practice; that in him there was nothing false or insincere; that he was throughout his long, chequered existence actuated by noble and heroic motives, carrying heavy burdens enough to crush a less dauntless spirit. His life was one of incessant toil, cheered with but few warm rays of sunshine

in his heart, yet in spirit he ever moved onward and upward, far out of the range of weaker mortals. In his books and in his letters he pours forth the glories and the achievements of his mighty soul; and what lessons he strove to inculcate on his readers, he had himself learnt first, in his own irrepressible spirit, by keen experience. He was a man of intense originality and unimpeachable veracity. The more one studies his life and works, the more one is compelled to revere his profound depths and wisdom, his intense sympathy for poor humanity, his grim, tremendous earnestness.

The voice of the "old man eloquent" ought never to be hushed, and as long as English letters endure never will be. I am actuated in writing this life of the great departed by the hope that it will fall into the hands of those who have neither time nor opportunity to study all the volumes, compiled by Mr. Froude, in elucidating the history and character of Thomas Carlyle. I pretend to no brilliancy; except in my love for my subject I feel unworthy to undertake so noble a theme. But intense sympathy and admiration is my excuse for my presumption in dealing with so great a hero. If I succeed in arousing something of the same in the minds of my readers, I shall be amply repaid for the labour and research I have expended upon our work.

A. S. A.

THE STORY OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER I.

The life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds through the expanse of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern.—CARLYLE, *Essay on Voltaire*.

ON December the fourth, 1795, in an obscure Scotch village called Ecclefechan, was born a man child. The cottage in which he first saw the light was situated in a street which constituted the entire hamlet. Down one side ran an open brook. The house, however, had been built by its owner, James Carlyle, a mason, and was substantial and original in structure. It was double. One side was occupied by himself and wife, the other by a brother. In a scantily-furnished bed-room the young mother gazed for the first time into the tiny face of her firstborn, examined the little unformed features, toyed with the wee limbs, full of unutterable joy and gratitude. Had she any dreams of his future career? She was a loving, tender-hearted mother; moreover godly. Her greatest ambition would be that this God-sent blessing might grow up good, a servant of the Most High. We have no record of the state of the weather on that eventful day. We may imagine it cold, with a leaden gray sky, a dreary out-look, while a piercing wind tried in vain to penetrate

those substantial walls. The tiny morsel of humanity nestled safe and warm in his mother's arms.

An obscure entrance enough into a world in which he was destined to make no small stir.

Presently the stalwart figure of a middle-aged man, fresh from his labour, entered upon the scene. He too looked eagerly into the wee face of the new-comer. To him it was no new event. A few years back he had been made the proud father of a son, whose mother was now laid low in the grave, while her parents reared his firstborn. Thus sorrow had left its mark on his face and character. As he stood so silently by that bedside his heart must have stirred with mingled emotions all the deeper for being suppressed. This new joy, though comforting, could never obliterate the memory of past bereavement.

The young mother, who stood somewhat in awe of her serious, taciturn husband, would read in his face his contrasted emotions, and would listen reverently as he at last poured out in prayer his gratitude for all God's infinite mercies. We can imagine the restful days that followed—the calls of the few neighbours, the visits of distant relatives, who would brave wind and weather to see how fared the mother and child. We fancy we can hear the solemn Bible readings and the earnest words of exhortation which fell from the lips of the somewhat grim master of that primitive household. Frequent too would be the long extempore prayers; for he was religious with his whole heart. To him daily it was the Alpha and Omega of earthly existence.

Almost a century ago this happened, and yet the world is little altered. National history repeats itself, much more does family and domestic history.

In person James Carlyle was somewhat below the middle height, but of a strong-built frame, and tremendous muscular power. He had a large head, a pallid countenance, and clear, keen gray eyes. His mouth and nose were the most unrefined features of his face—often the case in those whose lives are spent in hard manual labour. The expression of his countenance was one of intense earnestness and inflexible authority. He possessed great intellectual powers; all undeveloped, for he had never enjoyed but three months' schooling.

The mother feared him, and through life allowed that she

never quite understood him. His affections though deep were undemonstrative, and he never gave way to any verbal admiration for her or his children. A look, a smile was all expressive; yet he could laugh loud and heartily—"with all his throat," as his son quaintly expresses it. He set an example of doing thoroughly his daily task, which his children in after life declared to be no mean inheritance. He was rigidly religious, and for sixty years morning and evening prayed impressively, that he and they might be prepared for those solemn events—death, judgment, eternity. On such occasions as the birth of a child, the prayers would be doubly emphatic, more intensely earnest. But the baby slept on unmindful.

A day arrived when the said infant was introduced into kitchen life in that homely cot. A baby, especially a first baby, is a veritable governor-general in an establishment of that kind. No doubt even as an infant Thomas Carlyle asserted his rights and made himself heard. Is not the child the father of the man? He was not a delicate child, I believe, he needed no special care. He grew, and thrived, cut his teeth, learnt to toddle, then to tattle, and passed safely through all the natural phases of a baby's existence.

It seems so strange to fancy all this, but they once were facts. Behold him marching about with the help of table or chairs, sometimes clinging to the cotton skirts of his industrious mother as she busies herself in household pursuits; listen to his broken Scotch brogue, and imagine his long unutterable silences, till he is discovered in a far corner or under the table, engaged in some absorbing pursuit, intensely interesting to his already expanding mind. May be it is a half-demolished fly, which he tries to renovate or annihilate, perhaps a book he is dissecting, or even his own bare little toes are filling him with amazement, for Scotch children are reared in hardihood, and rarely wear shoes or socks.

Picture him sitting with solemnly closed eyes while the long grace is pronounced by the pious father, and gravely looking on at the distribution of their invariable dish of porridge, potatoes, and milk. On such fare children *did* and *do* thrive better than on hot tea and toast, roast beef and plum pudding.

Thomas was not meek and gentle as children ought to be. When only two years of age, he could remember in after days

how on one occasion he gave way to a terrible explosion of temper. His elder brother John had come over on a visit, and the two children quarrelled. Snatching up his little brown stool, Thomas hurled it at his brother's head with such force that it broke in falling. The grave father was looking on, but thought Thomas justified in his puny but indignant rage; and when sobbing with a fever of lost property mixed with remorse, he took him on his knee and soothed his pangs—veritable pangs, hard to bear even there. Thomas Carlyle always felt deeply in earliest as in latest years. He could scarcely more than toddle when his beloved mother, to whom he went in all his griefs, was laid up-stairs again, where he could not reach her. Another arrival threatened his baby kingdom; but that calamity never arrived, he ever remained his mother's darling, her joy, her pride. Yet these absences were memorable days of darkness to him.

When worn with age he pathetically alluded to the lonely times when *she* was absent from the hearth. "That I might some day lose my mother was the terror of my childhood," he declared.

She was the most beautifully religious soul. Proud enough in one way, piously humble in another. Full of natural intellect and a keen sense of humour; peaceable and tender-hearted, she seemed always full of love and cheerfulness, never cast down. To her the lad naturally turned in all his childish troubles. He stood in continual awe of his stern, taciturn father, who no doubt appeared to him quite an old man, being forty years of age at his birth. His next recollection was the death of a little sister. The house was very small, and Thomas wandered into the room where lay the little motionless figure under a white cloth. The sight filled him with never-to-be-forgotten awe.

Thus even in those early years circumstances familiarized him somewhat with death. His Uncle John died, and was laid where the child found himself. His mother had now several children, and could not be expected to give him exclusive attention. He was too young to go to school, and his inquiring mind led him into all kinds of places. A rough servant, perhaps hired only for the occasion, though aware of the child's presence, carelessly uncovered the distorted face of the corpse to show it to some old crony. Little Tommy was horrified. He never forgot that scene.

In Scotland education is the ruling passion. When Thomas Carlyle was five he was taken to school in the village, where he found other little bits of lads sitting like prisoners, some made fast in corners of the room, with black rins round their eyes, caused by cramming little dirty fists into them to wipe away their tears. Poor little miseries! Here Tommy made uncommon progress.

In those early days he was on one occasion carried by his father across a pool, spanned only by a wooden bow, with no railing. Lifted up on his father's thigh, carried carelessly, face downwards, he looked into the water full of terror, yet confident of safety. Didn't his father hold him?

Before he had ever gone to school this noble father had given him a few crude lessons in arithmetic, calling the Divisor the "Divider," &c. His mother declared he could never remember it all, but the father had already discerned his boy's abilities. It was a proud moment when his stern parent said to him—

"I do not grudge thee thy schooling, Tom, now thy Uncle Frank owns thee a better arithmetician than himself."

The schoolmaster gave a good account of his figuring and the minister of his Latin. His early years were by no means unpromising, but never joyful. In the evenings, open-eyed and open-eared, the children would listen to father's reminiscences, scarcely venturing on a smile or a remark until the narrator disappeared, when they would have it all over again.

James Carlyle's language was very striking and potent. He could convey vivid pictures to the mind's eye in a wonderfully illiterate but graphic manner, convulsing his grown-up audience with laughter or melting them to tears. He scrupulously avoided bad language. In his most angry moments—and he was irascible, choleric—he never was heard to make use of godless expressions. An oath was never known to escape his lips. His only fault was a tendency to exaggerate from mere force of imagination. If cognisant of having done so, he would repeat the account over again exactly as it occurred, for he was scrupulously veracious, and had a horror of an untruth.

Carlyle's father had been reared in extreme poverty. Misery had trained the rugged boy into a stoic. He would often speak of his early home and of his privations with bitter memory.

On one occasion the meal was almost exhausted, and they had

no fuel to cook the little remainder, until they contrived to pull up enough straw wherewith to make a fire. Once finding himself in possession of four potatoes, he hid them against a rainy day. Yet he loved his home, and shed tears on parting with some huge stones, over which he had played. He related how he dealt with a young rough who annoyed him and some companions on one of their long walking expeditions, by taking him by the shanks, throwing him up, and dashing him down with the strength of a young Hercules.

"Wae to think on't! wae to think on't!" he added piously. But the boys gloried in their father's tales of valour; his physical strength was their admiration, and his vigorous capabilities of putting down wrong and injustice whenever brought under his notice. Even in court, before magistrates, he would utter forth indignant protests against what he thought harsh or unjust sentences.

And to the rustics he would tell in his vehement way, of some complaints he had heard of them, adding severely, "It is no idle tale I hear."

Through life he was manful and well-doing; and had no patience with human mismanagement, wilful idleness, shirking of work, or general inexcusable incapacity.

He likened a bad preacher "to a fly wading among tar." And this brings me to speak of the little barn-like meeting-house where Thomas was wont to be taken from babyhood Sabbath after Sabbath. That temple of his childhood was ever more sacred to him in memory than the grandest cathedral he saw in after life. There Carlyle used to sit side by side in unconscious recognition, with the future friend of his life, Edward Irving.

Ecclefechan was rather a free-thinking place, owing partially to a drunken clergyman. The dissenting congregation who attended the meeting-house consisted chiefly of men and women heavily laden with burden and sorrow, patient, contented, much-enduring, thrifty, cleanly. Dressed in coarse clothes, in peasant fashion, each worshipper actually believed they had a soul to be saved or a soul to be lost, and were very much in earnest in making as sure as possible their eternal salvation. They laboured, and hoped for a reward of their labours!

The theoretically religious, the respectable majority whose soul's welfare was of less concern to them, still attended the

kirk, where fanaticism or enthusiasm were neither desired nor appreciated.

The parents of Thomas Carlyle were ingrained Puritans. It was the desire of their hearts to see their son some day "wag his head in a pulpit." At this time his father was by trade a builder, and in business was one of those who felt he had found his work in his Master's vineyard, and meant to do it with a will. Man was meant to work, not to think or dream only.

In spite of such utilitarian expressions, Carlyle's father was essentially a man who thought, and he knew that man was not created solely to work. It is a frequent notion, however, among practical men; labour is grand, God-sent—but thought is grander, God-like. To work is a privilege granted to all the animal creation; to reason, to dream, is man's prerogative, and to turn him into a mere machine is as degrading as to turn him into a brute beast, a dishonour to the Divine nature within him. The outcome of James Carlyle's thoughts was the education of his son. It cost him no mean effort to find funds out of his scanty earnings to carry him through school and college. He determined to make the attempt in spite of remonstrances from friends and false prophets.

"Educate your son above his parents, and he will learn to despise you," said one foolish counsellor. He resolved to brave the consequences. Thomas should go to boarding school. He had a noble faith in his own progeny.

Behold Thomas one bright morning, aged ten, trotting by his father's side from Ecclefechan to Annan academy. On their way they met a wretched dog, mad with terror, rushing about with a tin kettle fastened on to its tail by some inhuman little imps. The sight turned the little fellow's thoughts for a time. His young heart had been full of ardent hopes, timid fears, and no little sadness at parting from his beloved mother and his old surroundings.

On reaching the school-house Thomas was left by his father to make his own way. He had received innumerable injunctions from his pious mother never to return a blow, entreaties to read his Bible daily, and to love her always. The first was an imprudent promise to extract from a new school-boy, and caused Tom much misery. He was not well received by his new comrades. Boys of genius are rarely liked or understood. He obeyed his mother's injunctions as long as possible,

for he passionately loved her ; but his sufferings became more and more unendurable. Even little lads, smaller and younger than himself, tyrannized over him, mistaking his determination not to fight for inability to do so. They laughed at what seemed to them his impotent rage, when his passion found vent in violent expressions.

On one occasion he had a narrow escape from drowning in trying to avoid his tormentors. They had all gone out to bathe. Carlyle escaped from the rest, and presently found himself in a deep pool, which had been dug out for a dock. The tide had completely filled it. By the merest chance a passer-by heard his cries, and rescued him from a watery grave. It was not his fate to be drowned. The persecution of his school-fellows never ceased until, provoked one day beyond boyhood endurance, he suddenly turned round upon the biggest bully, and so furiously kicked him that a pitched battle was unavoidable. Carlyle was beaten, but he left such marks upon his opponent that gained him universal respect. From henceforward his comrades feared him. Persecution ceased, but not the bitter recollection of what he had suffered.

One day his father called to see him dressed in his coarse working clothes. He sat down on the form beside his son, making kind inquiries in his broad Scotch tongue. Carlyle was in mortal fear lest the boys should laugh at him. He was mistaken. His father's innate self-possession and authoritative bearing awed them, and invariably forced respect.

When Carlyle was about thirteen there came a memorable day in his school calendar. He had now overcome his worst miseries, had learnt to stand in his own defence in spite of precept. He had made companions, and as one of the elder boys held a certain position in the school.

It was a big, airy room, lighted on both sides with windows, a small half of the floor being occupied by desks and benches. The boys, Thomas Carlyle among them, were standing, supposed to be preparing lessons. There was a momentary silence in the room, when suddenly the master entered, accompanied by a slim, well-dressed youth, with handsome features, black hair, swarthy skin, wonderfully bright eyes, spoilt by an unmistakable squint. Eyes and ears of the boys were all fixed on the visitor—this enviable youth, so self-possessed, so

spotlessly dressed. It was not the first time Carlyle had met the stranger, for years before he had sat side by side in Ecclefechan meeting-house with Edward Irving, and now again they met, still without any recognition on either side.

In alluding to his school days, Carlyle often spoke bitterly of the unspeakable "damage and defilement he got from those coarse, unguided, tyrannous young cubs," till he gave stroke for stroke, blow for blow.

We hear nothing of holidays, nothing of school friendships, nothing of amusements. He seems to have loved his masters better than his comrades, and work more than play. Boyhood ceased altogether at fourteen. Another stage of his existence then opened, with which we will commence our next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Man is born to expend every particle of strength which God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for. To stand up to it to the last breath of life, and do his best.—CARLYLE.

THERE is little comparison between a Scotch and an English University. In England, Oxford and Cambridge, our chief seats of learning, are intensely interesting. They have revenues, libraries, privileges, splendid connections, and ancient names. Our universities in those days were indissolubly connected with the aristocracy. Every undergraduate was a gentleman, every one who takes his degree must have at least five or six hundred pounds expended on his education. Perhaps it costs them now much less than it did at the commencement of the nineteenth century. Still it is costly. Thus the English universities are occupied chiefly by the sons of wealth. Among them, a very small majority only are real students.

For the sons of gentlemen, whatever their natural proclivities, it is considered necessary that they should have the same gentlemanly advantages as their fathers. True, there is no royal road to learning, yet in many cases learning is made comparatively easy by tutors, coaches, and innumerable accessories. Many youths are surfeited with education, who, were it not for this forced cultivation, would do infinitely better at the plough, and enjoy life more too. But caste, as strong in England as in India almost, forbids the sons of gentlemen following their natural bent and capability. Some of the poorer classes are gifted by God with mental endowments which, if developed, would benefit the race. To such an English university career is an impossibility. In Scotland it is otherwise. There, at the early age of fourteen, boys come

from distant towns and hamlets, whose fathers are either peasants, small farmers, or shopkeepers. Being only obliged to attend the classes five months in the year, during the other seven months they can contribute to their own support either by teaching or manual labour. Out of their earnings they save sufficient to pay their expenses during the time they are studying.

These youths in pursuit of knowledge generally enter the town in knots or companies, and walk the distance from their homes, so many miles a day. Mere boys as many of them are, such a life is at any rate serviceable in teaching them self-dependence. They learn to provide for all their own wants, find their own lodgings, present themselves before the professors, and take whatever place assigned to them. The discipline must be beneficial, however deficient the teaching may be.

To return to Carlyle. When he left Annan school his master pronounced him a genius and fit for learned professors. His father had boundless faith in his possibilities, and to his mother he was inexpressibly dear. The two decided unanimously that Thomas must enter the university, and eventually become a minister. Father and mother accompanied him through the dreary street of Ecclefechan, that they might see him safe on the road to Edinburgh. For a companion he had a youth who was some years his senior, able to introduce him into his new life. With blessings and injunctions innumerable, the parents took a sadly pathetic parting from their boy. He, strengthened and inspired by their love and faith in him, went on his way silent from beautiful home memories. Their journey was one hundred miles in length. He found his companion, by name Tom Smails, intensely conceited and ignorant, without any of the humour or conversational powers of his own family. They walked twenty miles a day, Tom stalking on in front whistling, utterly indifferent to the sadness of his dreamy young companion.

Early one afternoon in November they reached Edinburgh, and found lodgings in Simon Square. After a little rest they sallied out to see the city. Carlyle expressed no astonishment, his expectations were *seldom realized*. He invariably kept his eyes open and his mouth closed as he walked along.

The one scene that remained vivid through after life was that he witnessed in Parliament House, into which he got a

glimpse, on that first memorable day. He always declared he learnt little at the University. Like his father before him, he set to work with a determination to do his task, whatever it might be in life, conscientiously—to shirk no labour that might perfect his work. Of all his early studies he liked mathematics best. He was of too impatient a nature to care for the study of uncertainties, the conclusion must be indisputable. He was earnest to grasp truth after he had diligently sought after it. He carried on his studies with equal assiduity as his father had built his house and ploughed his land. He felt himself a part of his father's labours, and meant to do him credit.

Such imaginative characters are doomed to many disappointments; they meet them at every turn, for they invariably expect too much.

The first term the boys as usual bullied and tormented him. Carlyle hated strife and personal combats; but evil days began with his first view of Edinburgh. The professors treated him harshly or indifferently. His desponding young heart felt orphaned and alone. There seems a natural propensity in older boys to persecute the miserable, the weak, the ill-clad, the depressed. In fact, boys are tyrants.

Carlyle, who as an infant was never known to cry, now was nicknamed the "Tearful." He lodged in the house of one who was a skilled artisan. He never wearied of watching a skilful workman, and from them learned many lessons. All his coppers he spent on old bookstalls. His head was early filled with all kinds of miscellaneous subjects.

His teachers, unfortunately, do not seem to have understood men or boys, their heads and hearts being crammed with vocabularies or cash accounts. Carlyle found himself much isolated, unlike any other lad of his acquaintance. "He was so dreadfully in earnest," was the universal complaint. *He* so earnest—*they* so trivial. It was thus through life.

About eleven hundred striplings were let loose into Edinburgh yearly, just to do as they listed so many months in the year. This young brood by no means hungered after the mental food they came to acquire. Perhaps "out of the eleven hundred there were eleven who cared to learn," said Thomas Carlyle. But probably, like some other remarks he made on men and things, this was only strong language, not meant to mislead. Most likely he found a set of eleven with

whom he in a measure was able to associate—sons of peasants, clever and good. Among these chosen few Carlyle was the head; they acknowledged him their leader and superior. They all lived pure and simple lives in that city of “sin and smoke.”

None were so prudent as he. Not from stinginess, but from habit and utter indifference to any kind of self-indulgence. His luxuries were books. He gloried in denying himself things, to other and lesser minds considered indispensable. True he learnt to smoke, and this through life was his sole extravagance. He was always gratified to be able to put his hand in his pocket and find a few savings, ready for the use of friends in need.

When the session closed the students returned to their homes. Carlyle and Smails commenced their tramp homewards. We can imagine the welcome given to our hero. It would be on one of these visits that he saw one day with a kind of faint horror a mass of long fair hair. He learnt that it had belonged to his father's first wife. She had died of an infectious fever. In her delirium, when it became necessary to cut off her hair, she would allow no hand to touch her but that of her husband. Regardless of contagion, he obeyed her wish. This one long lock he preserved with a life-long love. Yet this love of the lost in no degree lessened his love of the living wife. She felt no mean jealousy, though to her, and to his children, the deepest feeling and thoughts of his heart were walled in by a thick shell of reserve. Neither she nor they dared love him freely. Little strifes too occasionally took place. He was easily angered, and in wrath his words cut like swords. Endless gratitude, however, Thomas felt was due to both parents; the one so stern, but so inflexibly just, the other brimming over with love and sympathy in body and soul.

When the classes re-opened Carlyle was invariably in his place, with precise punctuality. His few friends called him Jonathan, or Dean, Doctor, or Parson, after Dean Swift, for he was even then somewhat of a cynic. Elder people pronounced him far too satirical for so young a man. But one and all who came into personal contact with this young student foretold his future greatness. They felt he must be a marked man, because he was so unlike his fellows.

Now, as I have said before, he had had the privilege of a

college career granted to him by parents who could little afford it, for the express purpose of becoming a minister. To be a preacher of the everlasting gospel was his own firm intention. With all his might he studied theology—only to discover that he was not meant for a divine. Every year he became more and more conscious that he had no special call that way. It was a grief to him to be a grief to his parents. He determined to try still to prepare for the ministry; to sacrifice his own inclinations entirely, if that were all, to spare them disappointment. His old faith did not then desert him. The Bible never ceased to be in his estimation the Book of books. But—yes, there is a but—other studies absorbed him more. He would not decide hastily, but he could not give exclusive attention to theology. There were other studies more attractive to him. The Old, Old Story he had been familiar with from infancy; the innumerable rigid, religious observances demanded by the Puritan faith, seemed to him more of the shadow than the substance of true religion, possible in theory only, intolerable as life-long practice. The hours insisted upon for reading the Bible and prayer seemed irksome to one who almost knew the Scriptures by heart, and to whom *silence was prayer itself*, audible to the Omnipresent—audible in heaven, if not on earth. He had always a reverence for religion, even more than for knowledge.

It would be difficult to say what was his favourite study at that time. Greek and Latin were only taught mechanically, with endless vocabularies; history, philosophy, and general literature not much better. He had frequent seasons of depression and discouragement. He was no stranger to pecuniary distress, was ill-clad, and not strong in health; his manifold anxieties told upon him. Often in desperate mood, he imagined hard things of the schools and all connected with them.

The library was small and ill-chosen. He searched out from the dust of years books of which the keepers of them were perfectly ignorant. The professors, whose incomes were secured, seemed to him to teach with such half-heartedness. The very remembrance thereof disgusted and excited him when quite advanced in years. But he had essentially the highest of all possessions, "self help." He knew his own needs, and as far as possible met them.

He attended the coffee-house, often reeking with smoke and gin, because *there* he met all the intellect of his own age; there they pleaded the cause of the poor and oppressed, spoke of social and political reform. His speeches at times were so original, striking, and pithy as to draw shouts of applause from his companions. They ceased to expect him to speak or act like anybody else. It was a peculiar fascination he exercised, even in those early years, over the minds of others.

In *Sartor Resartus*, a kind of mystical autobiography of himself, he thus describes his personal appearance at this time—"Under those thick locks of hair, so long, so lank, overtopping roof-wise the gravest face we ever in the world saw, there dwelt a busy brain. In the eyes too, deep-set under the shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleaming an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half fancied their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the sleep of the spinning-top. The figure—in loose, ill-brushed, threadbare habiliments, sat amid letters and lumber whole days to think and smoke tobacco—held in it a mighty heart."

The houses in Edinburgh are of many stories, "wigwam atop of wigwam," as the Red Indians say. And it would be in the very topmost that Thomas Carlyle dwelt, being the cheapest. He would sit at night at his window and gaze on the city beneath, some parts of which he likened to wasps' nests, others to beehives. He would witness the honey-making, the wax laying, or the poison brewing. A flood of living humanity poured in and out those streets, he wondering from whence they came and whither going.

"From eternity to eternity," he concludes. "These are all apparitions—souls rendered visible in bodies that took shape; they will lose it and melt into air."

Ah, what scenes he witnessed nightly!—scenes that are enacted every night in the year in crowded cities. They filled his soul with sad thoughts of the sin, the sorrow, the misery of the universe in which he dwelt. There in chariots rolled the children of wealth and vanity, regardless of the poverty, the vice, the wretchedness grovelling at their feet. Here sounds of revelry and laughter, there shrieks of misery, cursing, and oaths. Where was the Hand that could banish the evil, clear the atmosphere, purify the guilt? Was God asleep? was He an absentee God, looking on indeed but utterly regardless? No, no! God had made man in His image—had

given *him* power to ameliorate the suffering, to quell the evil, to *do* good and *be* good; but man paralyzed his God-sent powers, trampled underfoot the laws of God bidding him, bidding all, be up and doing.

"And I, what can *I* do?" thought Thomas Carlyle. "What can I, insignificant in person, poor in pocket, despised, contemptible, what can I do against the mighty tide of wrong, of sin, of oppression?" His thoughts were overpowering. Could he do no more than preach to a few simple-minded, ignorant people in a country village, who lived in comparative purity and goodness? Yes, surely; a greater work must be his. He must rule men's minds—the minds of the great, the learned. He had something to tell them, and he would spend his life, his very heart's blood, to tell it to them faithfully. It was not the forms and ceremonies of the churches that he could not tolerate, it was the miserable practice of the lessons taught, the evident want of belief in preacher and hearers, that disgusted him, and that he would never tolerate in himself. "If a man once really attained Christianity," he said, "he would never, never descend from it again." But men rarely did attain it—scarcely strived after such attainment.

But how to reach men's minds was the next question. By preaching he could not hope to do so; he could by that means scarcely hope to gain the ear of a single educated or influential individual. By lecturing? He was such a shy, modest fellow that he could never do himself justice in crowds. He never carried off any prizes. In solitude only could he bring his mighty thoughts to perfection. No, it must be by his pen. He would, if he could, move men's hearts to right the wrong—to do the work God appointed for them.

He had already the character of a Stoic, a philosopher, a platonic, humdrum bookworm, and was strongly advised to fall in love as a cure for these ills; but he hugged them the closer; they made his individuality.

To a friend he writes—

"Do not think I am careless of literary fame. No! Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish, the wish of being known has been foremost. Oh, Fortune! bestow crowns, coronets, pomposity and puddings upon the great and fat ones of the earth, grant me that I may attain to literary fame, and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I was not born a king."

Surely his wish was granted. But my readers must not imagine from this that Carlyle cared for notice, or that he had any gratification in being talked about. That was not the idea he meant to convey at all, as the whole of his subsequent career proves. It was to do good in his day and to future generations that was his ambition. I repeat it. To do good alone, not to get applause or reward. To see the fruits of his labours would be ample compensation. He was still a Puritan, still as Scotch in character as in belief ; but he was dropping the dogmas out of his creed. The external cases of different beliefs he began to cast off as old clothes. He was an inveterate hater of shams. He felt himself a dying man with a message to dying men, and he would deliver it.

How he set about what he considered his God-appointed task we must consider next.

CHAPTER III.

He was filled full with the scepticism, bitterness, hollowness, and thousandfold contradictions of the Universe, till his heart was like to break; but he subdued all this, rose victorious over this, and manifoldly by word and deed showed others that came after him to do the like.—CARLYLE'S *Miscellanies*, iii. 90.

CARLYLE had not relinquished all ideas of the ministry when at nineteen he undertook the mathematical tutorship at Annan school. The stipend was between £60 and £70 per annum. He detested teaching. He felt intuitively it was not, and never could be, his vocation. 'It was the hearts of his fellow-men he wanted to reach, not to teach figuring to little dullards. But he was determined to cast aside no honest means by which he could relieve his parents from any further expense on his behalf, for he feared that after all his best endeavours, conscience, in him all-powerful, if not inclination, would compel him to disappoint them. He would do everything he could to make them feel it as little as possible. There was some compensation in residing in Annan. It was within easy distance of home, and his visits there had a peculiar joy for him.

His father had left Ecclefechan—had gone to inhabit a small farm at Scotsbrig. There he reared eight children. For every one of his brothers and sisters Thomas had a special care and affection. The house was a mere cottage, low and whitewashed, with a few outbuildings attached. Here Carlyle first studied German, studied *Faust*, and began his translation of his well-known *Wilhelm Meister*, "in a dry ditch near by." The house was only one story high, and contained but three or four rooms. It stood in a very bleak situation, sheltered by no trees; separated from adjoining fields by unpicturesque fences. The wind swept piercingly round the

dwelling, permitting nothing to grow to perfection. The scenery around was wild in the extreme. On the left a great hill towered darkly heavenward ; in the foreground the river Annandale meandered silently ; beyond it in the far distance could be discerned the summits of Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvellyn.

Here, then, Carlyle spent all his holidays, waited upon with assiduous devotion by his mother and the younger brood. There was no idleness desired or permitted in that peasant home. The boys helped their father in the farmyard or in the fields, the sterility requiring extra care and labour, while the girls were busy in household work or with their needles. The evenings were occupied by all in some kind of self-improvement. The mother had never learnt to write, but now, longing to correspond with her gifted son when absent, she set to work indomitably to accomplish that art. At the plain deal table in that farmhouse kitchen were seated scholars old and young, eager in the pursuit of knowledge.

In 1815 Carlyle had become personally acquainted with Edward Irving. He was then nineteen, Irving some five years older, and had already a reputation for splendid abilities and success as a teacher. Divinity students who could no longer attend regular classes in the university were permitted to go up once a year and deliver an address in the Divinity Hall. Carlyle had already given one on the text, " Before I was afflicted I went astray." It was pronounced a great success by his fellow-students, also by the learned professors. He himself expressed disgust at its sentimentality. But it was far more the natural man to be sentimental than prosaic or even practical. Nevertheless, the compliments he received must have been gratifying.

There was a later discourse on Natural Religion. On that occasion Carlyle and Irving met at a friend's rooms. A discussion took place in which Irving found the laugh turned against him. Carlyle feared he had mortally offended him, and that Irving would resent his satire. He was happily mistaken. They did not meet again for some years. Irving left Edinburgh to manage a school at Haddington. In Scotland boys and girls of various classes sit side by side. Among his pupils he had one gifted little girl, of whom more hereafter.

Irving was next appointed master of a school at Kirkaldy,

where he did not meet with so great success. He was considered severe, overbearing, and proud. He was certainly little inclined to brook much fault-finding, but was too sincerely religious, generous, and tender-hearted ever to have been guilty of the cruelty to the boys with which he was charged. Some of the managers of the school, however, were so much dissatisfied with him, that they separated altogether from those who continued on Irving's side, and established a rival school in the town. Strange to say, Carlyle was appointed master of this academy. When he found he was to be Irving's rival, he feared as to the terms they would be on. His alarm was needless.

Before Carlyle had entered upon his duties he and Irving met at Annan school-house, whither both had gone to comfort the sick and sorrowful old master. The reception he met from Irving was generous in the extreme. He congratulated Carlyle on his appointment, expressed unfeigned pleasure at the prospect of his companionship, and offered him the use of his house and all that he had. The incredulous Thomas could not receive all these expressions of friendliness as Gospel truth till he was most pleasantly surprised. Irving religiously, chivalrously kept his word. When Carlyle went to Kirkcaldy, he received him with open arms, was such a friend and brother as "I never had again in this world—faithful till death," says Carlyle, disconsolately. He was the one companion who generally and generously sympathized with him, and of whom he invariably spoke with true affection and tenderness. Carlyle was not formed for many friendships. The few he had were all the more trusted and valued.

Irving recognized the depth of Carlyle's genius, and reached his heart. He encouraged him in his pursuit of all knowledge, religious or secular. These two friends were each remarkable men, and are immortalized, one in the religious, the other in the literary world. In character and person they were very unlike, but extremes meet.

Carlyle was two years at Annan, his mind persistently dwelling on the great and burning questions which agitated the universe. He was decidedly successful as a teacher, was never known to raise his hand, and yet commanded implicit obedience. He ruled by moral force, the greatest of all forces. Yet he was far from happy at Kirkcaldy. If it had not been for Irving's companionship he would have been intensely

lonely. The natives were commonplace enough. With them he was "happy to meet, happy to part." Known to be the son of peasant parents, his society was neither coveted nor tolerated by those who imagined themselves his superiors.

Mr. Martin, the Presbyterian minister, invited him occasionally to the Manse, at Irving's request. Irving had been precipitately engaged to one of his daughters. To Carlyle a drawing-room, however, was no temple, and his shabby exterior was little calculated to please a society founded upon cloth, as society everywhere is, in a great measure. It is rare indeed to meet with one capable of piercing through the clothes to the individual soul itself.

Carlyle had no respect for cloth, not the slightest; not much for beauty. In those and all days, "women were all holy and heavenly for his mother's sake." "But under the pearliest throat was a windpipe, under the coarsest waistcoat a heart." Not pleasant reflections; but Carlyle did not deal in pleasant things, but in true ones. Under all his rough speech, his rude exterior, however, dwelt a heart aching with the woes of the universe. Infinite pity, infinite tenderness lay there, ready for use when brought into contact with real or even fancied misery.

Carlyle did not appreciate any member of the Martin family, but little knew that Irving's hasty engagement would prove a life-long repentance. He could rarely be induced to enter their drawing-room society. He was shy in the extreme at times, at others independent and self-asserting enough to offend. He would brook neither patronage nor condescension. He felt conscious of his own innate powers, and yet could not comprehend them.

In Kirkaldy he met a fair elegant girl, a pupil of Irving's, who for three years rendered him more romantic and silent than ever. She was an orphan, by name Margaret Gordon, adopted by a rich, proud, elderly aunt, who intended her to wed a rich "Mr. Somebody." These two young people met frequently, and recognized in each other their ideal. She was tall, grave, earnest, and gifted with great intellectual powers. They exercised a peculiar but ennobling influence over each other's minds. He worshipped her as a goddess. To this first love he bent body and soul. There were one or two letters preserved by him which give proof that their love had found expression.

One day she stood before him pale with intense feeling, but with stern determination to do what she considered her duty. Her aunt, to whom she felt herself under immeasurable obligations, had forbidden any further intercourse with the struggling peasant's son. From a sense of gratitude Margaret submitted. Yes, they must part, whatever the agony to both.

"Love," says Carlyle, "is the discerner of the infinite in the finite. Such love he believed to be eternal; perhaps it was. Who can tell? His ideal had been realized. His whole heart and soul and life were hers. Yet they must part. It was a stern, a cruel decree. He took her in his strong arms, their lips met in one long passionate kiss; their souls rushed into one for the first and last time." He adds—"Such a man could never love again."

In *Sartor Resartus* he gives vent to the passionate remembrance of this his first love. He wrote it after he had been married some seven or eight years. And yet he could write, "He never loved again." She afterwards sent him this letter, worth perusal, and therefore presented to our readers.

LETTER FROM MARGARET GORDON TO T. CARLYLE.

"And now, my dear friend, a long adieu. One advice, and as a parting, consider it. Cultivate the milder disposition of your heart. Subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain. In time your abilities must be known. Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved. Remove the awful difference between you and other men by kind and gentle manner. Deal gently with inferiors, and be convinced they will respect you as much, and like you the more. Why conceal the real goodness that flows in your heart? Let your light shine before men, and think they are not unworthy the trouble. Exercise will prove its own reward. It must be a pleasing thing to live in the affection of others. Again adieu. Pardon the freedom I have used, and when you think of me, be it as a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, your grief, sorrow.

"Yours with esteem and regard,

"M.

"P.S.—I do not send my address, because I dare not promise to see you."

After this separation from so beloved an object, the world became a desert waste. With darkened heart, hopes all shattered, he threw himself on his knees, crying for light and deliverance from death and the grave. He was unspeakably miserable. Unbelief in the existence of a God, who could thus torture His creatures, hung like a nightmare over his soul. The dead letter of religion oppressed him to despair.

He took refuge once again in his humble home. At last he disclosed his wretched but inevitable conviction that he was not fitted for, and therefore must abandon, all thoughts of the ministry as a profession; that he had, alas! lost some of his old faith. His good mother was filled with unspeakable alarm. She was a severe Calvinist, and had an intense anxiety for the spiritual rather than the temporal welfare of her son. There was no thought of the money thrown away, the self-denials exercised to give him the education they had. Her attachment was far too passionate, too disinterested for any sordid disappointment. It was the danger of his eternal future that wrung from her such bitter tears of genuine grief.

His sturdy father acted with the greatest magnanimity and his usual generosity. He left him quite unfettered in his choice of a profession. He never had and he never would hinder where he could not help.

In 1817 his mother was attacked by a terrible fever, which brought her near the verge of the grave. Carlyle was at home, and scarcely left her side. When bereft of hope, her husband writhed on the ground in a passion of grief. Tears were forced from the stern, strong man, which his son compared to the melting of a rock of granite, terrible to him to witness. Happily the dearly-loved wife and mother recovered. The husband resumed his normal stolidity, the children their work, and Thomas Carlyle returned to his tutoring. But Irving and he decided that teaching the young idea to shoot was a detestable life, that indeed they would prefer death than get their living by such drudgery. The year following, 1818, as the result of their cogitations, the parent Carlyles had to hear of another change in their son's prospects. He went home as usual to spend his holidays, and to talk over his affairs. He had already, by dint of extreme frugality, saved no less than £90, with which he hoped to support himself at Edinburgh till he could fall into some other way of earning his living.

So to Edinburgh they went, Carlyle and Irving having thrown over the "schoolmaster function." Once again adrift on the world. Never was Carlyle more miserable. His soul was attacked with demons of doubt, darkness, and scorn unutterable. The devil and all his legions had laid siege to the city of that mighty mind. Manfully, like old Bunyan of old, he determined to take the devil by the horns, to conquer or die. Then arose, gaunt and awful, Giant Fear, the worst of all enemies. Before his fury Carlyle bowed, then bent down almost to the earth, exhausted with mental and physical suffering. But not once did he turn his back on the foe or bend the knee. Again and again he rose defiantly and fought furiously, all the principalities of earth and hell arrayed against him. At last, he knew not how, Divine strength was given, fresh vigour nerved his veins. Giant Fear was disarmed and laid low; then one by one all his other foes were crushed beneath his feet, he standing over them calm and triumphant. Strong too—"strong in the strength that God supplies." This was his conversion; from that hour his faith in the Eternal God never wavered. Poor, proud, shy, insignificant in person, grim and sorrowful was this man, but with indomitable will to conquer the adverse world now or die in the fight. He was sadly conscious of his family's silent disapproval of this new step, yet equally conscious of his own righteous integrity. A man is bound to love his profession—not loathe it—if he is to succeed. He was indeed learning experimentally what he had first preached about in comparatively utter ignorance. He was drinking heavily of the waters of affliction, and for ever remembered their bitterness.

Moreover, besides his mental sufferings, he was attacked by dyspepsia, which he likened to a "rat gnawing for ever at the pit of his stomach." This bodily torment continued more or less to scourge him for the remainder of his life. A veritable torment it proved, and no doubt was caused in a great measure by his too great abstemiousness, amounting really to insufficient food. However miserable his earnings, he always managed to save a little, to make innumerable and oftentimes costly presents, and to spend money at the bookstalls. Mental food seemed to him more necessary than bread itself. This self-denial told upon him. Nature's calls are loud; if disregarded, we must inevitably pay the penalty. Carlyle did.

At one time he sent his father £20 for a thrashing machine, and innumerable were the suitable and unsuitable presents bestowed upon his best of mothers, of even gaudy bonnets and smart frocks,—anything to show her his unchangeable love, although he had so reluctantly been obliged to cause her pain. He had found his vocation. With pen in hand he felt powerful, towering head and shoulders above his compeers. Dr. Brewster employed him occasionally in writing articles for his *Encyclopædia*. These were his happy triumphant hours. He dreamt waking and sleeping of making books—books in which he could produce his own soul—books which would arouse other souls to dare and do.

In *Sartor Resartus* he gives a curious description of his unique apartment. He describes it as full of books and tattered papers, miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, hidden partially under a common element of dust. Books lay on and below the table, there a sheet of MS., here a torn handkerchief, or a night-cap hastily thrown aside. Ink-bottles alternately with bread crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco boxes, periodicals, and Blucher boots side by side. Old Liza, his “bed-maker, stove-lighter, washer, wringer, cook, errand-girl, and general provider,” once a month forcibly entered his sacred precincts with broom and duster, which event he dreaded worse than the pestilence. There he fought his battle with dulness and darkness. There, with the soul of a man enclosed in his book, he was entertained with the best society.

But still his chief pleasure was corresponding with his mother. He confessed to her his confused, irregular reading of the Bible, but entreated her to believe that he was “sincerely desirous of being a good man, and firmly trusted that the same power which created us with imperfect faculties, would pardon the errors of every one who seeks truth and righteousness with a single heart.” This letter frightened his mother. She answered—“Oh, my dear, dear son, I would pray for a blessing on your learning. I beg you, with all the feeling of an affectionate mother, that you would study the Word of God, which He has graciously put into our hands, that it may powerfully reach our hearts. God made man in His own image, therefore it behoves him to be without any imperfect faculties. Beware, my dear son, of such thoughts. Let them not dwell in your mind. God forbid! Do make

religion your chief study, Tom. If you repent it, I will bear the blame for ever." Alas, poor mother! she must have known that if the Bible is true, that were impossible!

But Tom was really thinking as much of religion as ever his mother was, only his thoughts took a different and not so simple a form. "Oh!" he cried piteously to that beloved because so pious a mother, "do not despair of your ribe of a boy!" And she did not. None knew him better than she. In reality he did no discredit to her religious teaching. He denied and defied only what he believed to be false, and worshipped whatever he believed to be true. True poet that he was, he believed that the universe, though made up of fact, is nevertheless a mystery, and rests on a thousand mysteries, inexhaustible, unfathomable. The mysteries of life, death, time and eternity, of good and evil, filled his soul with awful wonder. Miracles there were in himself, in his body and soul and spirit, and he was surrounded by a whole world no less miraculous. But he never believed in an absentee God, sitting outside the universe, and seeing it go on anyhow, unconcerned, but that He, the Eternal God, owns and rules the universe—to whom all mysteries are as clear as to us the noonday. He believed that God is good and just, and that good is evermore with us. That evil also is with us for the present, but eventually must be conquered by the good, whose function it is incessantly to war against the evil. Were there no evil, what would be the exercise of the good? How could it be drawn forth? Between God and his own soul there was understanding, perfect, as between two mortals there can never be.

After thus settling his own faith, he passionately and persistently urges, commands, entreats the duty of earnest purpose, earnest work. Know thy work and do it, is his cry. Work while it is called to-day; the night cometh when no man can work. By faithful, life-long effort, one and all may forward and strengthen some small portion of God's kingdom. Such lessons, reader, are good for you and good for me.

He regarded his own body, and that of the whole human race, as a temple wherein dwells the Holy of Holies—the soul of man, a ray of God Himself. By religion is not meant merely the Church Creed which a man professes. That is important, but not all-important. Religion is the

thing a man really and truly believes at the bottom of his heart respecting his own soul and God. That is his religion. And Carlyle, having that, was a religious man.

Who can gainsay it? It was not the orthodox religion of the present day; nevertheless it was a true, earnest belief, according to the light vouchsafed.

CHAPTER IV.

"Thou shalt" is written upon life in characters as terrible as Thou shalt not.—CARLYLE, *Cromwell*, iii. 312.

To be wise and true, we all are under the terriblest penalties.

CARLYLE.

CARLYLE and Irving were for some time companions in Edinburgh, in which place the former alone felt at home. In the country he was a mere stranger and pilgrim. The two read, walked, and talked together, Irving declaring that he knew no one so capable of cheering a sad or solitary hour as his friend Carlyle.

The city had some social, many intellectual, and innumerable physical charms for our hero. Its romantic situation never paled upon him, as scenery of the grandest description does in time upon an inferior mind. He would sit silently for hours, wrapped in awe and wonder, as he gazed at the mighty expanse of ocean stretched before him, or listened to the changeless voice of the waves as they ebbed and flowed, or dashed with remorseless energy against the rough crags and black jagged masses of rock beneath. Or he would raise those deep-set, earnest eyes to the everlasting hills, darkly towering in the distance; and his heart worshipped incessantly the Mighty Maker of such an infinitely beautiful and miraculous world. Still he was very obscure, very retiring, wrapped up, as it were, in an armour of reserve. Irving penetrated his inner man, and prophesied that a day would dawn when he would be unearthed.

In June, 1821, these two friends took a long walk from Edinburgh to Haddington. It was a hot, sultry, dusty day; but discoursing pleasantly, they felt unconscious of fatigue. Irving was familiar with every stick and stone in Haddington. He was now going with the express purpose of introducing Carlyle to a young lady friend of his own, a certain Jane



JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Welsh, who was herself ambitious of literary fame. Irving thought Carlyle might give a bias to her thoughts, and render her substantial as well as beneficial aid in her miscellaneous efforts to wield her pen. She was the daughter of a deceased doctor of high repute, an heiress, and generally considered the flower of Haddington.

Carlyle was very agreeably impressed by his new acquaintance. She was slightly built, airy and graceful. Her eyes were large and brilliant, black in colour, as was her hair. But it was the vivacity and intellectual beauty of her countenance that was her crowning charm. Unfortunately she had her faults, like every other weak mortal, the worst of which were a fiery temper, and a tongue that cut like a sword. Her father alone had been able to manage her. She loved him intensely, and feared him most profitably. He was gone, and she mourned his loss through life.

Jane Welsh, like Margaret Gordon, had been a pupil of Irving's. Carlyle possibly wondered that the tutor had not chosen either of those two beautiful, gifted girls, instead of the prosaic, plain-looking Miss Martin, to whom he had so hastily become engaged. On this subject Irving seems to have confided very little to his friend, and Carlyle, believing him to be the soul of honour, looked upon him as good as married. In Scotland, unfortunately, an engagement is considered almost as binding as marriage.

The two friends spent two or three days together in this little country town, taking long, enjoyable rambles in the neighbourhood, spending the pleasant evening hours in the society of Mrs. Welsh and her daughter. Carlyle was much appreciated, especially by the younger lady, and before leaving obtained permission to send her books from Edinburgh. Thus began an acquaintanceship and correspondence that in time ripened into a true and open friendship.

On returning to Edinburgh, Carlyle resumed his work. Brewster continued to encourage and employ him in his literary labours, by which, with a few mathematical pupils, he managed to make about £2 per week. With this poverty was kept far from his door. He also began to correspond with London booksellers and publishers with a view of further literary work. His zeal for mathematics had considerably diminished. He had wandered into what he considered more "pungent inquiries." Inquiry had led him to doubt,—doubt to its accompanying miseries. He had battled

bravely, however, with that enemy of souls, and conquered. He wrote thus to his mother—"I respect your religious feelings, and honour you for them, more than if you were the highest lady in the land without them."

That their son should have religious doubts was quite incomprehensible to his saintly, peasant parents. With them the language of the Bible was accepted in its most literal sense. It contained all their knowledge, all their hopes for time and eternity. They were more familiar with the golden streets, the pearly gates, and the River of Life of New Jerusalem, than they were with the geography of any terrestrial city. And they would as soon have doubted the reality of the miracles, or the personation of the devil as a roaring lion, as they would have doubted the existence of "their Tom." Their Tom did all he could to comfort them concerning himself.

In November his prospects again improved. He had a personal interview with Brewster, who gave him fifteen guineas for some literary work. This was for him a considerable sum, and he at once proceeded to lay part of it out in purchasing a pair of spectacles for his worthy father. These he sent with a guinea for his mother, "to keep the fiend out of hussif." "You tell me," he said, in answer to their remonstrance, "that I am so poor, and have so few—but I am soon going to have plenty of them; and if I had but one, I cannot see how I could procure more enjoyment out of it than by sharing it with you!"

His parents, however, were not his only thought. His brother John was working hard at school, desirous of attending the medical classes at Edinburgh. Carlyle highly praised and encouraged him, longing to undertake defraying all his expenses himself. To help his family was his greatest luxury, and his mother's love his most precious possession.

Irving did not stay long in Edinburgh. Having entered the ministry, he became assistant to Dr. Chalmers in Glasgow. He invited Carlyle to share his rooms. Carlyle spent Christmas with him, and devoured greedily every book in his somewhat extensive library.

Not many months later Irving removed to London, having been offered the ministry of Caledonian Chapel. There, in a congregation composed of the rich and great of the metropolis, he made brilliant success. Every service was crammed with listeners, all alike struck with his eloquence and splendid

physique. He is thus described at thirty years of age by one who saw him but once—"He had raven locks flowing down his broad shoulders; a giant figure magnificently erect; eyes black and piercing, and features classically perfect. A cloak was thrown over his arm as he marched with giant strides down the street." Under this fine exterior dwelt a crushed, a miserable man. In spite of success sufficient to intoxicate any man with average conceit, and an assured income of £500 a-year, he writes to Carlyle—"Many things oppress my mind at the present moment." Why did he not trust his friend, open out to him his whole heart? Oh, would that he had! would that he had! But he did not; he deceived him, led him astray, and—paid the penalty.

Carlyle continued regular in his correspondence with Miss Welsh, and she frequently came to Edinburgh to visit an uncle with her mother. Carlyle often met her there. They were on the most intimate terms. She loved to relate incidents of her own childhood, and excelled in graphic descriptions.

Her father had been disappointed at her birth that she was not a boy, but as compensation, determined to give her the doubtful benefit of a son's education. As a wee child she went to school, and sat among the boys with other girls. On one occasion a rough fellow teased her, when she dealt him a blow on the face causing his nose to bleed. The master, hearing the commotion, came down upon them, and demanded who was the culprit. None of the boys, however, would tell of their charming girl schoolfellow, till at last she blurted out herself, "I did it." The schoolmaster burst into a hearty laugh, and called her, Scotch fashion, a "leetle deevil." And in our opinion she, in a certain sense, retained her character through life. She seems almost devoid of any religious feeling whatever. Her delight was in classical literature. Bible teachings were disliked intensely, and she would allow no preachments but what came from her father's lips.

At five years of age she imagined herself too old for a doll. In imitation of Spartan stoicism, she dressed it completely one day, gathered everything together belonging to it, piled up a heap of wood into a kind of altar, and sacrificed what was her heart's treasure to the flames. On seeing it burn she seems to have shrieked in distress, but did not rescue it—

certainly a strong but not a feminine characteristic. Later on, when she was about six or seven years old, Edward Irving was appointed her tutor, and was delighted with her precocious intellect and vivacious manner. She was a bright little creature, and he would be there by early dawn, and carry her half-dressed in his arms to learn the names of the stars, or set her on the table and teach her some other equally unnecessary items for her infantine mind. The tutor and child became much attached to each other, and if he ventured to punish her he did it with such evident pain that she submitted.

From Glasgow Irving wrote thus to Carlyle concerning his former little scholar—

“She contemplates the inferiority of others rather from the point of ridicule and contempt than from that of commiseration or relief, and by so doing she not only leaves objects in distress, and loses the luxury of doing good, but she contracts her own mind to a degree of coldness and bitterness which suits ill with *my* conception of female character and a female’s position in society. I would like to see her surrounded with more sober companions than Byron or Rousseau. They will never make any different characters than they were themselves. Unless she get more solid food I fear she will escape altogether out of the region of *my* sympathy and of any honest homebred man. In giving to her character a useful and elegant turn you will aid me, as you have opportunity.” Certainly this letter must have given Carlyle the impression that Irving scarcely appreciated Jane Welsh’s character. Carlyle was himself at that time quite heartwhole again, if such a man ever could forget his early love.

In 1822 an important change took place in his career, through the instrumentality of Edward Irving. Among the brilliant members of his London chapel was an East Indian Director, whose wife sought an introduction to the new star. This Mrs. Buller, a fashionable, but superior sort of woman, was the mother of three sons, about whose education she condescended to consult Edward Irving. He at once recommended Edinburgh University, with Carlyle as coach or tutor. The eldest son, Charles Buller, was to enter Parliament, the second to be a clergyman. Negotiations were entered into between Thomas Carlyle and the Bullers. Irving warned the fine

lady of his friend's peculiarities. She took no alarm, and as Carlyle consented, an arrangement was agreed upon, which brought him an income of £200 per annum. Times were very hard just then to his parents. The farm yielded but poor returns. For once, "their Tom" raised the hopes of the whole family, and with so many brave sons they never again were very hard pinched. The two eldest Buller boys shortly after arrived in Edinburgh. Charles was a delightful pupil, inquiring, manageable, intelligent; pupil and tutor delighted in each other. The friendship thus commenced was life-long.

Now it was easy to render John assistance. No more pecuniary difficulties, Carlyle living comfortably in apartments in one of the most respectable streets in the city. The evenings were all his own. When no longer under any necessity to write he was inwardly compelled to do so. His vocation he knew to be literature, though he rarely acknowledged his own gifts. When he failed in gaining the appreciation of the press he was only self-exasperated. He wrote essays and biographies, and translated different works from the German. He practised at any rate one cardinal virtue, that of perseverance. He repeated to himself times without end, "It is a certain fact. I must write a book."

Meanwhile the correspondence with Haddington grew more intimate. Carlyle corrected Miss Welsh's verses, and they proposed writing a book in concert. He once ventured on a few remarks more loverlike than she appreciated. She gave him at once to understand that the only terms they could be on was that of brother and sister. This did not affect Carlyle much; he was not at that time at any rate very deeply in love. Miss Welsh, he could not deny to himself, was, by position, far beyond his reach. Little he knew or guessed the real reason for her continued indifference.

Again Irving wrote to his friend almost prophetically, "Your powers of devotion will yet have utterance, and your deep-seated reverence of religion. The largest expansion and highest attainment of the soul, which makes your mother so superior to those around her, will yet make her son superior among the rich and literary men that are hereafter to company with him."

Such words cheered and inspired Carlyle to redouble his efforts to conquer a world cram full of "conventional limita-

tions," and he never forgot to be grateful to his friend for his constant faith in him.

Irving also wrote to Miss Welsh, but in a very different vein to that he wrote *of* her. Their correspondence did not disconcert Carlyle in the least, not even when the letters were sent under cover to him to deliver. Of course he knew nothing of their contents, but he *did* know that Irving was on the eve of marriage with Miss Martin, and he imagined he rather depreciated than admired Jane Welsh. It is quite evident that Irving managed to conceal from his truest friend the deepest feelings of his heart ; nay more, purposely deceived him. To himself and Jane Welsh alone was it known how deeply he regretted his unfortunate engagement with Miss Martin, who, however, had been true to her handsome lover through many tedious years.

It must have been a painful awakening in Carlyle's mind when he first learnt the facts of the case. "Only in novels, untrue to life, does a hero act with perfect propriety," says Froude, but not many are as deceptive, surely, as was Edward Irving. He acted a lie, and to Carlyle's truth-loving soul this lie must have laid like a dead weight. The man of all others whom he most trusted lied to him—to the friend who trusted him as his own soul, who would have laid bare his own heart if it had cost him his heart's blood rather than have deliberately deceived him. Well might he write so bitterly of lies as the very essence of social misery !

"The first of all gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever. Lies exist only to be extinguished ; they wait and cry earnestly for extinction."

And again : "When thou findest a lie oppressing thee, extinguish it. Think well, meanwhile, in what spirit thou wilt do it : not with hatred, with headlong, selfish violence, but in clearness of heart, with holy zeal ; gently, with pity." Poor Irving ! a secret attachment to Jane Welsh made life at once an elysium and a hell. Bound by every feeling of honour, according to Scotch law, to one, and heart and soul wrapped up in another. Duty called loudly, first in one way, then in another. A partially and foolishly-contracted bond could not be gainsaid, yet natural inclination was dead against its fulfilment. He suffered mental torture. Unfortunately he betrayed his love to Jane Welsh, and found it was passionately reciprocated. This but added to his perplexities. He informed her

of his previous engagement, and even urged her to elope with him. But Jane never lost her reason when she lost her heart. He was prepared for any consequences, but she knew that such a step would ruin his life and hers, and she was not prepared for any such folly. Patience was the one thing needful; but everything now was tending to make Irving more and more impatient. In a state of mind bordering on distraction, he at last took a long journey to Kirkaldy, confessed his weakness, and entreated to be released from his engagement to Miss Isabella Martin. The parents as well as the girl herself refused his prayer, and persisted in keeping him to the contract.

"To keep to the bond, or utter ruin," was Irving's only alternative. To avoid the utter ruin, publicity, Irving adhered to the bond; but no less did ruin dog his steps, for happiness had gone. He felt his very faith shaken, and his principles scattered to the winds. To marry one woman while his heart was entirely another's could not be right, and he almost seems to have ignored the wrong he did Jane Welsh.

This terrible disappointment embittered her whole life. Her deepest affections were completely crushed within her; her hopes of earthly happiness were all destroyed. We cannot but feel the deepest commiseration for the intense pain such a wrench must have produced. Irving could throw himself into a vortex of religious dissipation, the excitement deadening his pain in some degree; while poor Jane for ever turned a deaf ear to its call. Her religious adviser had blighted her life, and turned all its sweetness to bitterness.

Yet was Irving intensely miserable. From his wedding-day there was a new Irving, another impenetrable Irving, whose intellect seemed abandoned to one master passion, that of preaching. For years he more than met all the demands of his fashionable congregation. He was true to his wife; alas! he was also true to Jane Welsh, for he could no more change his love for her than a leopard could change its skin.

"A man can face a world's contempt when he has that within him that tells him he is true," is a very favourite quotation, but in many cases a great mistake. There are few men who would not rather face the muzzle of a revolver than the contempt of his fellow worms. Average men are rarely endowed with moral courage; they have mortal fear of public opinion. Women have their weaknesses—men a double share.

Irving would have been nobler and truer if he had figured

in a breach of promise case. By marrying a woman with a lie on his lips he made shipwreck of three lives.

Jane scorned to become one of his saints ; she would listen to none of his sermons, and asked none of his prayers. There was but one means left open to her to enable her to crush out her unfortunate attachment, with all its bitter but tender memories ; that was contempt for the man who had done her so unpardonable a wrong, and ambition to attain distinction. The first was a difficult matter—she assumed it ; the latter came more naturally. She hugged then this ambition to her as a friend, and from henceforth it became the master passion of her life.

And who was the victim of all these wretched blunders ? Thomas Carlyle, at first unconsciously, afterwards the willing, self-sacrificing victim, determined, as far as in him lay, to give his life for his friends—to bind the broken heart of the one, and undo as far as possible the evil committed by the other.

Nine-tenths of the misery of the world is incurred through ill-assorted marriages. Why should men and women persist in crushing body, soul, and spirit under burdens intolerable to bear ? They will not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead ; forgetting that in their own wreck they rob others of happiness as well. How often do little children enter on this world's stage not welcomed but endured, their earliest infancy embittered by the consciousness of an indefinable want in their homes—homes of wealth and luxury maybe, or homes of misery and penury. Hunger exists in both—hunger insatiable, and unquenchable thirst.

Had Irving been less powerful, intellectually or physically, he would have suffered with less intensity. The stronger the nature, the fiercer the torment. But we must leave him wrestling in his dumb agony, and consider Carlyle, who all this time was continuing the even tenor of his way, in blessed ignorance of the tempest in which his friends were tossed.

CHAPTER V.

Some people think the great business of Man is to be happy. Better—though goodness were the most wretched—I would be good.—CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was delighted with the accounts he received and the rumours he heard of his friend's marriage and popularity, and wrote him congratulatory letters of heartfelt sympathy. These letters stung the heart of Irving to the quick. His answers were no longer the frank, unselfish epistles of former years, but very different productions, written with apparent effort, suppressing the inner man, the true self.

"Ah!" thought Carlyle, "he is intoxicated with the adulation of the rich and powerful. Among them he will never find a truer if a more influential friend." He knew Irving was the topic of conversation among all the religious circles in town, the hero of the hour, adored as much for his personal advantages as for his zest and eloquence in preaching.

Of course he spoke of and wrote to Miss Welsh concerning the brilliant career opening out to their mutual friend. Jane, too, acted with Carlyle, and spoke with only a common amount of interest of the man who had spoilt her life, destroyed her peace, and was fast turning her into a hard, stoical woman, of all others the hardest to love. All that was visible of a change in her was a feverish restlessness, suppressed excitement, and at times a look of broken-hearted despondency. Carlyle with his observant eyes marked all this, and as she expressed affection for him, and was moreover an adept in the art of flirting, he may very pardonably have suspected this hidden grief was in some way connected with himself. He determined once again to let her know that the awakened attachment was reciprocated. But ever capricious, Jane

forbade him to assume the lover with her, and sorely puzzled him.

Mrs. Welsh possessed none of the strength of character of her daughter, and but little of her intellectual power. She was an elegant, well-dressed, pretty woman, and was well aware of all her personal and social advantages. To be the *élite* of a provincial town was to be of some importance in the world, which was the most desirable thing in life. No matter what one's intellectual or physical charms might be, if in a low position in society they were no inducement to cultivate the acquaintance of such a one. For a man or woman to be endowed above their station was only one of nature's freaks, to be wondered at and lamented.

Mrs. Welsh tolerated Carlyle, because Irving had introduced him as his personal friend, and because Jane was amused by his society. But she herself had not the slightest sympathy with his incomprehensible genius, could scarcely endure his bluntness, was angered at his careless indifference to dress and elegant manners, in fact to all social conventionalities; above all she despised his humble origin. From her Carlyle at that time neither expected nor received favour. They were at heart downright antagonistic—they knew it. Jane Welsh was not really a woman after Carlyle's own heart. When in the presence of these two women he was always conscious of his own superiority.

Jane had no veneration for sacred things, which was one of his chief characteristics—had no reverence for goodness. All the worship of which she was capable she bestowed upon brain power, to her the one thing needful. In Carlyle she recognized this brain power and bowed before it. Even Irving's intellect paled before his. But in other matters Irving suited her far better. They were both dramatic animals, excelling in tragedy. They both loved dress and personal influence in the world; such were absolutely necessary to their comfort and happiness. However able they were to recognize and admire genius, intellect, and moral worth, these would not suffice in their native state; they must produce great effects to be valued.

Carlyle read all through this; his searching eyes could penetrate through the clothes to the heart within, he could read their characters like an open book. But he never suspected them of deceiving him. In spite of all he saw of

imperfections and weakness, he loved them both, was grateful for their recognition of all that was good in himself, and marvelled at their capability of appreciating so disagreeable, so discontented a mortal. At the same time he knew what they expected him to become, and was bent upon not disappointing them. It was not what he was, so much as what he *was to be*, that aroused Jane's interest. Carlyle was almost foolishly grateful to those who understood him. They, however, were by no means the only friends he had to predict his future advancement. All who came into contact with him acknowledged his mighty mental capacity. His genius, like every other genius, was appreciated only by some, tolerated by a few, and detested by others.

Mr. and Mrs. Buller, the parents of the pupils to whom he was so much attached, were charmed with his company, marvelled at the brilliance of his conversation, and delighted in his wit and humour. He was not merely received into their house as an equal, but as a son, and his high attainments duly acknowledged. Such treatment was enough to turn the head of a less sensible man. Praise and flattery only aroused his native modesty, and made him shrink within himself. He tried to accustom himself to good society. He knew he was woefully deficient in the courtesy, the ease, the grace of manner, which go so far towards making a gentleman. Above all things a gentleman avoids making unpleasant speeches in a drawing-room, or introducing any topic which would pain his listener. It is, and rightly, the aim in good society to make everyone feel pleased with himself and those around him. To this high state of culture unfortunately Carlyle did not aspire. The common civilities of life were difficult to manage at times, without cultivating (which he would have had to do most assiduously to attain thereto) the art of pleasing. Even his truest friends, his most loving disciples, must regret this, and acknowledge that occasionally he even went out of his way to say a disagreeable thing when a pleasant one would have been more effective.

Between 1820-1824 Carlyle wrote sixteen articles for Brewster, and the *Life of Schiller*, prepared Charles Buller for Cambridge, and the younger ones for Edinburgh University. He and his pupils loved each other dearly. All pecuniary difficulties were at an end for a time. His brother John, who was studying medicine, shared his apartments in Moray

Street, and prepared his tea when he returned from the Bullers' mansion. They were some of his happiest days, if it had not been for the dyspepsia afflicting him at times. Many literary celebrities of the day gave him no encouragement. De Quincey, the once opium-eater, could never appreciate his German translations, and Francis Jeffrey, afterward Lord Advocate, a distant connection of Jane Welsh's, reviewed his book, *Wilhelm Meister*, most unmercifully pronounced it "absurd, puerile, incongruous, and affected," while he was forced to acknowledge the talent of the writer. These criticisms on a work not his own, but of another powerful mind, soured Carlyle, and disgusted him with countrymen who were unable to comprehend Goethe's depth and originality. It pleased him to watch and direct the literary attempts of Jane Welsh, whose abilities were of the highest order. Her family now treated Carlyle with more consideration. They were aware of her passionate attachment to Edward Irving, and could not entertain any serious apprehensions of her friendship with a man so inferior in position; for with whatever terms he was on with the high family the Bullers were known to be, he was only a tutor, a paid dependant. The Bullers treated him as a son almost—to their honour let this be recorded of them—but that did not alter the fact. Carlyle thoroughly appreciated their kindness to him, and was grateful; it was his nature to be grateful, as it is of all truly great minds. But he cared nothing for advantages others value. The habits of the family were expensive, like those of others in their social status; their meals were luxurious, and they insisted upon Carlyle being one of the family. But luxury was never to his taste.

He wrote amusing letters to his mother, describing his grand surroundings—"urns and china and other splendid paraphernalia," but assuring her that her "loving affection in their humble cottage made ample amends for loss of all earth's gorgeousness."

None of these things troubled his honest, hard-working mother. Her anxieties were all for his spiritual welfare. This anxiety she expressed so often that he thought she misjudged him. He would reassure her by telling her that in reality there was but little difference in their religious belief, adding, "that her religion elevated her into a dignity possessed by few high-born dames, and her hopes of a blessed future made her richer than kings."

This was no cant, no humbug, on Carlyle's part; at the bottom of his soul he believed it. When the term began, both the boys, Charles and Reginald, attended the classes during the morning hours, and Carlyle had not to present himself at the Bullers' house till two. This agreed with the continued delicacy of his health at this time, but he would sit up till midnight with brother Jack.

His mother persisted in sending him shirts and socks, at which he ventured to remonstrate, calling them "superfluities," and entreating her to spend more on herself.

On his 27th birthday, Dec. 4, 1882, he writes—

"What an unprofitable lout I am; how have I rewarded you for all your love and care!"

When in love Carlyle attempted to express his feelings in rhyme, which, however, he found as confusing, unnatural a dress for his thoughts as Saul's armour was to David for the battle. He soon relinquished poetical aspirations.

Mrs. Buller was a restless woman, unwearied in her efforts at killing "Ennui," that huge, haggard giant so tormenting to the wealthy. She tired of Edinburgh, and took a mansion in Perthstoun, called Kinnaird House. During the necessary inconvenience of removal Carlyle had a week's holiday, which he spent at his old home—a joyful week, terminating with a visit to Jane Welsh at Haddington. He found Kinnaird House a splendid residence, with pleasant rooms set apart for his especial use, as far from noise and disturbance as possible. The windows faced a handsome, well-kept lawn, where the singing of birds made the music in which his soul delighted. There he would sit, thinking of absent loved ones. Friendship with him was drifting into love of a certain kind. It was never reverential love he bore Jane Welsh; never such a love as he had given to Margaret Gordon. She was herself incapable of experiencing, or perhaps of appreciating, that kind of affection; but it is the highest of all affections—a love from which the grosser material, nature, is purified; it gives a kind of holy fear, lest we should say or do anything to offend.

There must be something of this divine nature in every soul, cultivated in some, trampled on in others, ignored by the majority. It was this divine nature Carlyle sought in his friends. He admired Jane's stoical endurance, her indefatigable industry, her indomitable determination to overcome

difficulties, her insatiable ambition, her courage to dare and speak and do, but none of these qualities could call forth reverential love. Beauty, intellect, wit, are rather admirable than lovable. Religion, tenderness, sympathy, were lamentably wanting in Jane Welsh, and for these he hungered his life long. He loved her then, but not passionately. "The human soul is infinite in its desires and aims, fettered by the finite body, but everlastingly there."

Carlyle's good peasant mother was to him the type of what a woman should be. He confessed, "he always judged her beautiful, religious nature superior to Jane's."

Whatever he fancied, however, Jane was by no means in love with him, and at that time never dreamt of marrying him. She was flattered and amused at his shy attentions. It was highly agreeable to have this great man at her feet, whom so many, even in his obscurity, acknowledged a genius, but to marry a man in his circumstances was a sheer impossibility. She could not forget her own birth and position, and what was due to them. She, a descendant of John Knox! She knew well that neither her mother nor a single member of her family would tolerate such a connection.

One day, at her uncle's house in Edinburgh, she teased, coquetted, and irritated the philosopher to such a state of excitement, that he left the room, banged the door after him, and rushed out of the house. He sent a note of apology, which she answered, comforting him with the belief that they had been both possessed with "a devil."

At last, one day, in a fit of spleen, when visiting some relatives with whom she could not agree, she wrote an unusually affectionate letter to her patient friend. She dated her letter as coming from "Hell." In it she thanked him for all his goodness and kindness to her, expressed her gratitude, &c. He took it all quite seriously, and thought that at last she had consented to be his wife, and wrote to that effect. She made haste to undeceive him—to let him understand she meant nothing of the kind.

"My friend, I love you! I repeat it, though I find the expression a rash one. All the best feelings of my nature are called forth in loving you; but were you my brother I should love you just the same. No, your friend I will be, your truest, most devoted friend—your wife, never—never, were you as rich as Cræsus, as renowned as you yet shall be."

Carlyle took the rebuke manfully, as a man might who was not deeply in love. "My heart," he said, "is too old by ten years, and is made of sterner stuff to break in junctures of this kind. I have no intention of dying, as in the Arcadian Shepherd style, for the disappointment of hopes which I never earnestly entertained, nor had a right to entertain."

Ten years since the Margaret episode. This letter, so unloverlike in tone, must have piqued her vanity a little. This great, strong man was not ready to cringe at her feet, whatever her charms or social advantages. She did not love him; why on earth could she not now let him alone? Perhaps his coolness about the matter nettled her, and with unpardonable littleness of mind she meant to make him smart for it, meant to bring him to sue for her hand with greater humility. He only a peasant born, and she a lady! Besides, Irving had gone out of her life for ever! Interest flagged in everything around her; the world seemed to have emptied itself. Poor girl! one could have pitied her truly, but for the way she tormented her generous friend—enticing him near, then driving him far; raising his hopes, then dashing them all to the ground, just for the sake of killing time.

She was quite romantic enough to wish to become a real heroine. There was no doubt about Carlyle's genius; it was universally acknowledged. Would there not be something grand in assisting him to celebrity? It was a great speculation, attended with great risk, but she would glory in having assisted him, if he ever did really become renowned. Through him all the world would hear of her too, and *her head* would be crowned with his laurels! The idea seemed gigantic, because the end was so far distant. As yet he had met with so little success.

She commenced a correspondence with her solicitor. Her father had left her a small estate, called Craigen-Juttock, not far from Annan, yielding about £200 a-year. This was the income upon which she and her mother lived. If she married she could claim this income. Perhaps from fear that she might be thus tempted, she insisted upon having it settled on her widowed mother for life, at whose death it was to be Carlyle's. This was indeed a generous filial act, and to the end of time will redound to her credit.

Now the Bulls enjoyed a very gay life at Kinnaird House, in which Carlyle was bound to participate, but did not enjoy

any further than the pleasure novelty gives to an inquiring mind. He went out to see the sports, but he only expressed disgust at the scenes. Cruelty to animals was no source of enjoyment to him, whatever the object to be attained thereby, whether for pleasure or in the pursuit of science.

Fashionable society bored him to death, and its members seemed to bore each other to an intolerable degree. He called them a "futile race—bed and blankets their most profitable way of spending their time." From the grand London visitors he heard that Irving was the popular rage there. He had brought out a book, very high-flown in language and ideas, on "Judgment to Come." Some parts of it Carlyle appreciated heartily, but now and then he would lay it aside with a burst of derisive laughter. Irving had been blown into the air with flattery, and was destined to be cast into a pit with abuse. Yet Carlyle called the theological lion, Happy Irving! He had found his life-work, and loved it. He had become a wonder of the day. Statesmen, lawyers, men of the world flocked to hear him for a time, and began to question if, after all, there might not be something in religion, while under the spell of his burning eloquence.

Happy Irving! Little his friend knew his real condition. Carlyle had witnessed his marriage; had given an account of what he had seen to Jane. He had exhibited an unnatural, forced hilarity so unlike his usual serious self, but to Carlyle easily to be accounted for, in the consummation of all his hopes.

It had been proposed, perhaps by Mrs. Irving, that Miss Welsh should make a visit to their London home, but Irving could not face such a trial. "He only hoped a day might dawn when he could. His dear Isabella had succeeded in a measure in healing the wounds of his heart by her unexampled affection and tenderness. His former peace and calmness were returning; he felt growing in grace and holiness, and in another year hoped to be worthy to receive his friend and to take charge of her."

Carlyle might have delivered the proposal of the said visit, but he did not see Irving's letter of objections. Miss Welsh still kept him in complete ignorance, though encouraging his affection. Her conduct was unpardonable, whatever influence Irving may have exerted in the matter over her.

Carlyle was quite satisfied to let matters so rest between

him and Jane Welsh. He was not at all anxious to be married, nor assured of his manner of life. To remain a tutor was far from his intention. He suffered much from intellectual fever and dyspepsia. He imagined these bodily sufferings were induced from not having entire control over his own sleeping, eating, drinking, and waking arrangements. Utter nonsense this. The fact remains there is no place of rest for such sensitive skins, such keen sensibilities, such restless, active brains, such tender sympathies and acute nerves as he possessed. If time could deaden them, old age might bring relief; while they were all in full power, sleep and calm would have no chance, under any circumstances, or under any roof. He persisted unfortunately in trying remedies for the incurable, which only added to his worries. To grin and bear it is the only true solace. Beside these imaginings, his stern Calvinism found much in the worldly family to offend him. He wearied intensely of Mrs. Buller's perpetual efforts to keep up her position and act the duchess. Irving tried to persuade him to go and settle in London. For this he was animated by selfish and unselfish motives.

Eventually Carlyle went up to town with the Bullers. Rooms were taken for him and Charles at Kew, and what irritated him most, Mrs. Buller was for ever changing his plans. She next desired her tutor to accompany them to France. This he bluntly refused to do; and, sick of what he considered his "despicable fetters," he threw up his tutorship, and parted in some dudgeon with the high and mighty dame. She, however, took no offence, but invited him to go and dine the next day to meet some influential people. He would not dine with a king, he said, but would go and have a cup of tea. This he did, and had the satisfaction of witnessing genuine grief in his pupils at parting from their friend.

When in town a closer correspondence than ever went on between him and Jane Welsh. Her mother was in an agony of apprehension, fearing that some day this most undesirable match might be made.

Irving now did all in his power to advance Carlyle's temporal interests. It was delightful again to enjoy his society. He persuaded a publisher to undertake Carlyle's biographical sketches at the rate of sixteen guineas a page. This was handsome remuneration, and made him comparatively independent. Carlyle was once more his own master, cast adrift

on a world by no means ready to receive him with open arms as a genius, as Jane Welsh had fondly hoped. There was no decided engagement between them, but she promised him she would marry no one else, and when he had made fame and fortune she would not refuse to share them with him ! Generous !

CHAPTER VI.

All that is good, generous, wise, right, whatever I deliberately and for ever love in others and myself, who or what could by any possibility have given it to me but One Who first had it to give?
—CARLYLE.

Was Mr. Froude or any other biographer wrong in disclosing unpleasant revelations of his friend's private history—in dissecting, as it were, a great public character? Most decidedly not, as Carlyle himself would say. If anything is said, let it be the truth. One must pay the price of celebrity or notoriety. If in accomplishing one's life-work much has to be suffered, let it be suffered bravely; it is the penalty of success. The great, the notorious, should at any rate be courageous; must brave the opinion, good or bad, of their fellow mortals, must not dread to appear before any earthly tribunal, nor weakly pray for a merciful judgment. Before acting they should anticipate consequences, and if not defy, endure them.

Jane Welsh, as well as Thomas Carlyle, was most essentially brave. If she had written an autobiography it would doubtless have been true. As the wife of one of Britain's greatest sons, she must have anticipated discussion on her own character and history, which have now become public property. Carlyle, with unheard-of generosity and self-aspersion, has endeavoured to throw his own character into the shade in order to vindicate hers, and to raise her into a perfect heroine. But it won't do. Her own confessions remain in black and white, and his friends and loving disciples must try to clear the noble character that has been so unmercifully defamed.

To continue our narrative. Marriage was at last mentioned, to Mrs. Welsh's intense consternation. She had more than once witnessed Carlyle's occasional ebullitions of temper,

and had had a life-long experience of Jane's irritability. She was therefore full of mortal dread as to how these two fiery natures could amalgamate. What scenes must inevitably take place between them! Besides, Jane did not even love this poor, this unmannerly, peasant-born genius! No one knew this fact better than Jane's mother. But Jane had taken her resolution, and some day meant to abide by it. She was inflexible to all counter persuasions. Was she bereft of her senses? What could induce her to throw herself away on a man she did not love, and who apparently had nothing to offer? She was possessed with an idea which had taken complete hold of her—a prophetic idea. This man, whom her mother so blindly despised, was in reality a great man, a remarkable man, one who some day would be the companion of the great and renowned men of his day. She felt intuitively a positive certainty of his ultimate success. Over her he exercised a power that mastered her spirit in spite of herself. She was always conscious of this, and this same power she felt sure would rule others, and must eventually be recognized by the world. She might safely, in attaching herself to him, sink all her literary aspirations in forwarding his. She need no longer wear and tear her brain for the distinction, the desire of which Irving so bitterly lamented in her. No! Carlyle would procure this for her. She had sufficient intellect to discern a superior intellect, sufficient discernment to know that her critical powers, her unceasing endeavours to incite and stimulate him, would be effectual in reaching the desired goal, her goal—celebrity—earthly glory. She aspired no higher—all beyond was a blank. "I did not love Mr. Carlyle," she writes years after; "I did not love him; I married him from ambition, and am miserable."

Carlyle gratified her ambition with the whole strength and endeavour of a life-time. Can he be blamed because after tasting the sweets for which she so hungered she found them so unsatisfactory?

We have nothing as yet to do with her marriage. She accepted Carlyle as her future husband; wrote pretty, cheery letters to him; received his dreamy, earnest replies; laughed at them, pondered over them; treasured up every grotesque, original expression; gloried in and encouraged all the eccentricities symbolic of his genius. He was engaged in trans-

lating one of Goethe's works, and sent the proof sheets for her to correct. She failed to become interested in his characters for the present. She was most concerned with his pecuniary success. He must ensure her an income. She had no idea of love in a cottage; in fact she imagined she had done with love. She was naturally an impatient, excitable creature. There was a kind of dare devilry about her that bewitched men, especially clever, brilliant men. Nothing simpering or affected could she tolerate, but she had studied and exercised the art of pleasing to perfection. Having all her life been accustomed to the society of gifted men, she was capable of conversing with them on any topic.

Carlyle, even then, must have been acquainted with her ambitious desires, but in his heart he believed them to be subservient to her love for him. He imagined himself her first love, and that she was coy in expressing it; and had no doubt that he should be able to mould her character after his mother's type, as she learned to love him more—teach her to be earnest, gentle, religious. Alas! she was already moulded by a master hand. Try as he might he could never undo the past, never alter the shape her mind had now taken, never make her other than she was—stoical, all-enduring, stern, sarcastic, brilliant, impulsive.

From London he wrote to her, "Do not mock and laugh, however gracefully, when you can help it. I would almost rather see you sad. It is the earnest, warm-hearted, affectionate, enthusiastic Jane that I love. The acute, sarcastic, clear-sighted, derisive Jane I can at best but admire. Is it not a pity that you have such a turn that way?"

By this we see that she gave him occasional glimpses of what she might have been under another's influence, under other and happier circumstances. She replies in the same mocking vein—"Pity that the follies of the world, and you among the number, should so often call for castigation, Mr. Quack."

She was no pliant clay to be moulded this way or that.

During 1824—1825 Carlyle was chiefly in London on visiting terms with Irving, wretched with ill-health and constant ferment of mind, to which Jane undoubtedly added considerably. He took lodgings in Southampton Street, in close vicinity to Edward Irving, and saw him daily. But it was no longer the Irving of former years, and Carlyle blamed

his popularity for his lack of confidence and coldness of manner.

It must have been a trying time to Irving. With his usual confidence in and love for the friend of former years, Carlyle would tell him of his own hopes of some day winning Jane Welsh for his bride—news bitter as gall, almost unbearable. Poor Carlyle felt intensely his friend's want of sympathy. Irving seemed to have far more patience with the mean people, jostling and crowding about him, tearing his life to pieces, than with his anxieties. He did not envy Irving his home-life. Mrs. Irving he describes as "bouncing, frank, and gay, by manner and talk always striving to be amiable. Ill-looking, a skin always under blotches, and discoloured; muddy, gray eyes, which never laughed when the other features did. Pock-marked, ill-shaped, triangular face, hollow cheeks, and long chin. A strong wish to be good, but did all she could to aggravate Irving's mistakes and weaknesses."

At times Irving seemed supremely miserable and dejected, so incomprehensible to Carlyle, who thought he had married the woman of his choice, however little he himself was able to appreciate her.

Irving's strivings to "talk and even to think big," to Carlyle were so very palpable, and ill-concealed his inward, confused dissatisfaction. He was full of extravagances and aberrations, but there was still much "seriousness, beautiful piety, and charity traceable." Still the old man, but the new element, seemed so false, so abominable. An infant arrival seemed to cheer him for a time. "Ah, Carlyle!" he exclaimed, exhibiting the precious morsel, "this little creature has been sent to me to soften my hard heart, which needed it." One cannot help feeling the deepest commiseration for this unhappy giant, who had made such a miserable mess of his life, insanely believing that he had no alternative.

During this time Carlyle made the acquaintance of Mrs. Strachey, sister to Mrs. Buller, a much more earnest-minded and altogether superior person, "a singularly loving, pure-hearted, noble woman." She took at once to Carlyle and never swerved in her allegiance. Carlyle often visited her, and was most agreeably entertained by his hostess and a niece, named Kitty Kirkpatrick, who evidently found a great charm in his peculiar fascinations. One cannot fancy the great man flirting, but he condescended to allow certain kinds of women

to show him marked preference, without love on either side. This Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick never forgot him during his long and chequered career.

Somewhere in —25 Carlyle visited friends in Birmingham, making London still his headquarters. During this time he corresponded with Mrs. Strachey, whom he admired chiefly for her unflinching veracity. She invited him to join Irving in a visit to her at Dover. As soon as opportunity occurred, he embraced the occasion, contemplating again settling altogether in London on his return, especially if Irving could receive him into his house. This idea was abandoned. He and Irving, with wife and child, spent some time together at Dover. From thence Carlyle went, with a selected party, over to France, to Paris, which visit he found later on very useful to remember, as he wrote his *French Revolution*. On his return he received £100 for his *Life of Schiller*.

Still residing in Irving's neighbourhood, saddened by the estrangement between them, one day, going by a Thames steamer, he recognized his old friend's broad-brimmed hat amid some passengers. He was with his wife and child. He would no longer hurry to meet them, but hung back. Irving the great, renowned preacher, he the obscure, unknown author, why should he court his notice? He felt as if parted for ever from his friend; old days were all past and gone. With such dreary reflections and a saddened heart he turned aside.

Finding his literary productions met with so little success, he wrote despondently to Jane and offered to release her from her engagement. But she was by no means desponding, and in no hurry to be married. Again she cheered and stimulated him to fresh efforts.

After fierce struggles in the big city, and disappointments innumerable, he wound up all his London business, packed his trunks, paid punctiliously every little debt, settled with his publishers, and left his first great literary productions to the neglect of the world, as he thought! After making his farewells—and they were by no means very few even then—he set off again, northwards.

Irving and he took a last walk together, with their usual interruptions. If Irving did not show him sympathy in his heart troubles, he did with his physical, dyspeptic sufferings, and his intolerable miseries from London noises. They could not proceed many steps without mutual greetings with men of

title and affluence. Conversation generally turned on prophecy fulfilled or unfulfilled, Carlyle inquiring sarcastically if Irving really expected to get any light whatever from such or such an individual. Poor Irving! His own mind was becoming so darkened that he would welcome the slightest illumination. They parted—Irving solemnly and earnestly pronouncing a blessing on the man who was unconsciously robbing him of every glimmer of hope.

On his way to Scotland, Carlyle passed through Birmingham; from thence to Manchester, and then across the wild Yorkshire moors. Places now smoky from blast furnaces and various manufactures, were at that time as exhilarating as his own Scotch hills. And what was he going to do in Scotland again, this peculiar, ever changing individual, who had renounced the Church, thrown over school-mastering, and every available means of earning an honest living? Well, he was going to continue wielding his pen. Of his own capacity in that line he had little doubt. At the same time he intended settling at a farm which his father had leased for him, and where his brother Alick would act as practical manager.

Haddam Hill was a picturesque little cottage, scarcely worthy the name of farm. On one side was a magnificent view. Here he would take long, solitary rides on his Irish horse, Larry, for many years his faithful companion, whose society never bored him, never interrupted his silent meditations. He established himself at Haddam in May, 1825. There he set up his small library, and wrote diligently ten pages a day. His mother and one or two of his younger sisters were generally on the premises, assisting in the house, and cheering him by their presence. There were petty troubles, but he always looked back upon that year as one of the happiest, most peaceful of his life. It was there he conquered all scepticism, all agonizing doubts; no longer felt any concern in the "Puseyisms, metaphysics, ritualisms, and cobwebberies," secular or religious, tormenting the outside world. He experienced a pious joy and gratitude "in the eternal blue of ether." He looked through time and space into eternity, and had become independent of the world, or so he thought. As a fact he was not, no one living can be; but in imagining himself so he felt happier, and gained health and spirits.

He only remained one year at Haddam Hill, owing to some misunderstanding with his landlord.

In May, 1826, his father removed to Scotsbrig with all his family, Thomas among the number. The same year Jane Welsh, being on a visit at Nithsdale, came over to pay his mother a visit, when she gained all hearts. In this she was always successful, if she only chose to exert her art of pleasing.

The break-up at Haddam hastened matters. Carlyle was a little in love, and in spite of Jane's assertions to the contrary, imagined her more so. And so she was, but not with him, unfortunately. The home at Scotsbrig was small, and with so large a family it must have been a difficult matter to find quiet hours for study. Carlyle grew restless and feverish. Some change was inevitable. He must have a house he could call his own; he must have something permanently settled. Jane must consent to wed him or decline to do so at once. His patience was becoming exhausted.

He acknowledged that it was too much to expect that a lady, reared in competence and luxury, should descend to his comparatively poverty-stricken and obscure level. But she had her choice. He offered her freedom, reminded her of every disadvantage, almost predicted the wretchedness awaiting her. She must, however, either grant or deny. If she accepted him he would devote his life to her service, if she denied him he would never blame her. He pointed out to her what he considered the blessedness of a married woman's lot—interests confined within four walls, time and thoughts all centred in her husband, in serving him faithfully; in household duties, in humble, pious, social enjoyments. A gentle, domesticated woman he would have made her, like unto his saintly mother. He distinctly objected to blue stockings. He wished her to aspire to doing the meanest, commonest things with more than common excellence, if she is to be his wife. If not content to do that, he fears she will only become discontented and wretched, perhaps "despicable and dangerous as a poor man's wife."

He did not see any chance of gaining a living by his pen, for no power on earth would make him write for filthy lucre. By that he meant that he could never write what he did not from his very soul believe, to please public opinion. Such authors he considered the most abject of men. Again he urges her to remember the difference between his uncultured, homely relations, and her educated friends, so utterly opposed

in every way, socially, morally, physically. He adjured her to give him up, to cast him out of her thoughts, and form a more desirable connection. He concluded this epistle with these words—"Yet I have a spirit in me worthy of this maiden."

This she acknowledged. But she was indignant at the decidedly matter-of-fact tone of his letter. To make her a domesticated working wife would sink her *below* his level! How could such an insane idea enter his generally over-wise head? She indeed! settle into a mere household drudge, with all *her* advantages, all *her* aspirations and ambitious designs!

She wrote him an answer equally matter-of-fact, equally precise, and to the point. She informed him that she knew she was capable of a passionate attachment, of a self-sacrifice, such as he demanded. But such a love she by no means entertained for him. Her love for him never for a moment robbed her of her reasoning faculties. He wanted to undertake farming Craigenputtock, the estate then untenanted, belonging to her mother; she assured him he was perfectly incapable of any such work. If he took to delving, the moss would swallow up both him and his spade. Besides, she could not be content to live one month in such a wilderness—not with an angel for a companion, much less with a morose, ill-natured, sickly man. When she married him against the wishes of all her own family she would at any rate have the approval of her own judgment. She must know that he had means to keep her in something the same style to which she was accustomed.

But still she declined to give him up because of the same spirit within him which she acknowledged was indeed worthy of her. *She* did not call Carlyle selfish in his anxiety to make her his wife. Why should *others* think so? She must to him have seemed bent on having him and no other for a husband; equally bent on waiting, like Micawber, for something miraculous to turn up, to make the way easy. He almost entreated her not to sacrifice herself; but he was getting weary of being sacrificed. He could see no vista of earthly prosperity, not even in the far distance.

So again he wrote, thanking her for her candour, and admiring the wisdom of her maxims. But as she was resolute, he too must be resolute. The most miserable of individuals are those who cannot decide. His life was being

wasted. To that he could not agree. Conscience cried aloud for him to put his shoulder to the wheel—to find his life-work, and do it manfully. He admitted that his affection for her was intertwined with every part of his life, must be necessarily, when she would not release him, while her affection for him seemed quite subordinate to other principles. Though she held to him so tenaciously, her happiness evidently did not depend upon anything connected with him. What she desired above all things was excitement and enjoyment. All he longed for was peace. If she loved him truly, she would be willing to make any personal sacrifice for that love; if she did not love him enough to find her entire happiness in him, let her cast him from her utterly.

For seven years he had been tortured by her one way or another. Having admitted to her that he loved her, he was bound to hang on to her; she alone could release him, and in fact he would have been thankful to her if she would do so, tenderly, kindly; for the renown, the wealth she anticipated, he feared would never be his. And we fear it was the hope of these alone that sustained Jeannie Welsh through those and succeeding trying years.

Mr. Froude says that Mr. Carlyle was so loving to his mother that he would not let the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly. That was love indeed; love lost in its object, thinking first how to guard and foster it. True, indeed; but let us remember what a debt of gratitude he owed that loving, gentle mother, and ask ourselves if *she* could ever have written such a cool, calculating letter as Jane's.

The fact is plain enough. There was a higher, nobler love between mother and son than between the lovers. In reply, she again declared she had said nothing to anger, only to disappoint him. How could he expect her to act as if under the influence of passion, when her affections were in a state of perfect tranquillity? All she asked or expected from him was to earn a certain livelihood, and to exercise the profession of a gentleman. Surely that was far from unreasonable. Some day, as her mind expanded under his direction, her heart too might enlarge, and she might learn to love him, as she was capable of appreciating his goodness and greatness. She generally managed to say something soothing to his vanity. What man is there inaccessible to flattery?

Thomas Carlyle must already have discovered that a

marriage between them could not be a happy one ; but he was destined to be still further enlightened, while the chains which bound him were even more strongly riveted.

She declared she could not part from him, the only living soul who understood her. She would rather marry him the next day. If it were his will it would be another thing. *Then* the bitterness all would be that he was unworthy. And he believed her : felt quite sure that to give her up would be dishonourable. (The very best thing to have done.) Part from Carlyle she would not ; marry into poverty and obscurity she would not.

But matters at last put a precipitate ending to her vacillation, of which she little dreamt.

CHAPTER VII.

If incurable grief be all steeped in tears, and lead us to pious thoughts and longings, is not grief an earnest of blessing to us?—CARLYLE.
There is no way of clearing muddy water but by letting it settle.—
CARLYLE.

EDWARD IRVING had made a confidant of a certain lady friend. It was a comfort to him, if scarcely prudent, to find a sympathizing ear into which to pour out his intolerable mental torture. Sorrows shared are considerably lightened. This lady was perhaps not very discreet, but she was staunch and true, to the best of her judgment. The burden of his secret weighed on her spirits, it was so unutterably, hopelessly sad. In her anxiety to do good to both Irving and Miss Welsh, she introduced herself by letter to Jane, as a personal friend of her old tutor. Dexterously she managed to write disparagingly of "the orator," as Carlyle now called him. She thought it such a pity that the poor young lady should still be infatuated with a man who was the husband of another; told her of the all-absorbing interest he took in his church and in his family, which almost left no room for any other friendship; in fact, he was no longer capable of giving any attention to other subjects than home and religion. In writing this her motive was good, but she did not write the truth, but a fabrication—Irving never forgot his friends, never ceased to love Jane.

Not satisfied with writing to Jane, this well-intentioned but rather officious person wrote also to Carlyle, knowing that he was the friend of both, and perhaps suspecting that he was being a little duped by the disappointed but fascinating Miss Welsh. She felt sure he must know something of the secret, so depressing to his two most intimate friends, and spoke of the affection being still "inextinguished" on either side. Could nothing be done to bring them both to their senses? She suggested that

Jane should come to London and have a glimpse of Irving in his proud surroundings, and imagine how little capable he was of considering any one outside his immediate circle.

Now for two years Jane had scarcely ever alluded to Irving but in a "most satirical, contemptuous manner." It was worm-wood and gall to her that anything could have prevailed upon him to forsake her for another; it was torture. She cultivated assiduously the faintest germ of contempt for the popular man. No one should ever guess or hear that she loved so insanely as that. She spoke of him with such bitterness to Carlyle that if he had not been a most unsuspecting character he must have guessed something, if only by the way she aspersed her old tutor.

But Carlyle seems not to have had the slightest suspicion of the truth. Mr. Froude thinks the lady's letter even failed to startle him, because he finds not a trace of his thoughts on the subject; but to a man of Carlyle's nature it would be such a blow that no words could adequately describe. From that day forth he would find out the inestimable use of silence, if never before. We can fancy him wandering solitary on the lonely moors in a passion of indignation, in such an *agony* of disappointment in his friends that would have shamed them to witness. But he controlled his indignation, and wrote calmly to Jane, enclosing the good lady's letter to him. On receiving her own epistle on the same painful subject, Jane answered it at once, informing her correspondent that she was engaged to be married to Mr. Carlyle. That was sufficient reply to her remarks. She had no intention of allowing any one to suspect she was incurring the loss of a false lover, the husband of another.

The lady was thunderstruck, but in no way daunted by this cool statement of fact. She implored Miss Welsh most earnestly to re-consider her determination before she took so irretrievable a step, so ruinous to a man already burdened with many sorrows and disappointments, unless she really loved him. She reminded her that Irving's love for her might be all the time indestructible, that accident might happen which would set him free, and unless at the bottom of her heart she preferred Carlyle she solemnly adjured her never to marry him. It would be such an unpardonable injury to one who had been so true a friend to her. And Jane's heart misgave her. For once she seems to have thoroughly despised herself. She felt

remorsefully conscious of the cruel way she had deceived one who so entirely trusted her. His very confidence in her made her guilt the greater. In her penitence and shame she determined at any rate to be true, then and there, whatever the consequence; to attempt no disguise, to make no excuse, but to throw herself on his mercy. And as she feared the effect of this knowledge might cost her his love, she felt it would be an irreparable loss, almost unbearable. After such humiliating confessions, if he chose to cast her off, she could never call him unworthy. She had purposely kept back the truth from him, and would endure her just punishment.

Poor Carlyle! what must have been his perplexity? If he had not been over head and ears in love before, he must be still less so after such a letter of revelations; and yet he was too generous to turn her adrift. He wrote patiently and sadly enough, that he quite lost hope of ever making her happy, but if the marriage was to take place, the sooner it was over the better for all. He did not reproach her, his soul was incapable of any meanness. Pity almost overbalanced his indignation. Carlyle's power of sympathy was his strongest characteristic.

Miss Martineau, who personally knew him, says—"His excess of sympathy was the master-pain of his life. He did not know what to do with it and its bitterness, seeing that human life is full of pain to those who look out for it."

Yes, like many another tender heart, he was the victim of pity. The same friend declares that "Carlyle's affections were too much for him, and were the real cause of the ferocity with which he charged himself and astonished others."

Finding it impossible to conceal anything from him further, Jane determined to go straight to his home, there to make acquaintance with his humble relations, his still humbler surroundings, and see if she really *could* tolerate such an existence as he contemplated for her. Besides, it would be an unutterable comfort to her to make a clean breast of all her past sorrows and errors, to hear him pronounce forgiveness, and draw him still nearer to her, from sheer pity for her wrongs and misfortunes. She knew the immensity of that great man's heart—knew he would never fail her; but in a noble forgetfulness of the unpardonable deceit practised upon him, would for ever protect her from future pain, as far as mortal could. She was so gentle, so subdued in manner,

as to be scarcely recognizable, for she really felt contrite and humiliated.

Having forgiven and condoned the past, he seems never once again to have referred to it. With unexampled generosity, he spoke of that first visit of his future lady-wife to his peasant parent home as sacred to him—so peaceful, so mournfully beautiful. For at least one short week Jane was the woman he wished her to be.

Truly there is no shock to the human heart so great but time will in a measure alleviate it; and he, at any rate, was spared the affliction of a coward conscience. Some weeks later he wrote thus in a note-book—it seems to give some insight into the state of his mind at this time—

“Conscience, like my sense of pain or pleasure, has grown dull. No wonder! and I secretly desire to compensate for *laxity of feeling* by intensity of describing.” After endless unhappy reflections, he ends with these words in German, which we will translate—

“Ach, Du Einzige, die Du mich liebst und Dich an mich anschiegst, warum bin ich Dir wie ein gebrochenes Rohr? Sollst Du niemals glücklich werden? Wo bist Du heute Nacht? Mögen Friede und Freude, und Liebe und Hoffnung Deine Gefährten sein! Leb wohl!”

“Oh thou (unique) only beloved, thou who lovest me, and to whom I cling, why am I to thee but as a broken reed? Wilt thou never more be happy? Where wert thou last night? May joy and peace, love and hope, be thy companions. Farewell!”

To whom could these words have been addressed? He had but just learnt how little Jane had ever loved him, and he had candidly told her that it was ten years too late for him to break his heart about her. At the commencement of the same page, ending in such passionate tenderness, in a foreign language, he states that his feelings are all numbed—all sense of pain or pleasure grown dull. It seems plain that he was thinking of his reverential love, almost worship, of the noble-hearted Margaret Gordon. Was he destined ever to see her again? We shall hear. But his destiny was to marry Jane Welsh. Marriage, it is said, makes or mars the man. In his case it did both.

But how to get married, when and where, was now the anxious question. What numerous schemes they made and

abandoned, both pulling different ways, with selfish and unselfish views, and much determination. Neither intended entirely to relinquish their old mode of life, or to separate from family connections.

Jane sadly wanted to continue living with her mother ; she being an only child, it was quite natural they should be anxious to live together. But Carlyle was inexorable when he had once resolved on anything. He did not want to share another's home, he required a home of his own, and to be complete master of it.

Mrs. Welsh's ideas and his did not, and never would, coincide. He neither cared for drawing-rooms nor drawing-room society ; luxurious living disagreed with him, gorgeous furniture was almost an eyesore to his unaccustomed eyes. The society of the good or the intellectually superior he could alone tolerate, ordinary people chattering and babbling meaninglessly on nothing bored him to death, however elegantly or superbly attired. How could he consent to spend his days in so uncongenial an atmosphere ?

Mrs. Welsh, though somewhat feeble-minded, had a decided will of her own, and having been mistress of the ceremonies so long, could not submit to a master mind in household arrangement. Haddington was now all alive with rumour. Tongues were busy indeed. Jeannie Welsh, the belle of the town, was about to wed with Thomas Carlyle, the impecunious tutor, the mason's son. What condescension on her part, what a *mésalliance* ! She the admired, the beloved young heiress !

Carlyle knew perfectly well what was being said about him, but Carlyle was no slave to public opinion ; that never weighed with him much. He knew his own motives for stooping to marry a woman whom the world considered his superior ; he knew they were neither selfish nor mercenary. What mattered poor blind, human judgment ! Surely he could face *that* storm for the sake of an unhappy girl who had thrown herself on his mercy, who had herself chosen and persisted in marrying him.

During this restless season there was no direct communication with Irving. We are not astonished.

Carlyle knew that Jane was full of brilliant expectations concerning his future career. In imagination he was already the renowned, successful man of letters, respected by everyone worthy of respect, and much indeed was due to her influence.

Carlyle would make her see things in their true aspect. These dreams of future glory might never be realized. He might live and die, unknown, unheard. What then? He entreated her to pause and think, to try and love the obscure Thomas Carlyle, poor and sick, and not the imaginary Carlyle, the renowned and wealthy. Real love, however, was almost absent as yet. They made almost superhuman effort to awaken it; they used most endearing expressions, but the very effort showed how weak it was. They had both an ideal, they had both found and loved that ideal. Whatever approached thereto was beautified, but neither could recognize that ideal in the other.

Now compare Irving and Carlyle, both great and good. How like Jeannie Welsh and Margaret Gordon, both beautiful, but as unlike as fire and water. Finding that Carlyle would not consent to share her mother's house, the ladies both gave in under compulsion. Carlyle was more than justified—he was right in his decision. The match was altogether hateful to Mrs. Welsh. She objected no less to Carlyle's want of fortune, of family, of prospects, than to his want of religion, as she ignorantly thought, of good breeding, of good temper. In everything she considered essential he was lamentably deficient.

With a mother-in-law holding these ideas how could they exist amicably together? But he was never selfishly inconsiderate. He was unwilling to put her to such immense efforts in tolerating his companionship. His chief objection, however, was, that Mrs. Welsh would wish to bear rule in his house, where it was manifestly his supreme right to rule. If, however, she would consent to forget her own riches and his poverty and scanty income, consent, in the spirit of meekness, to make him her guardian and director, he would no longer refuse to dwell with her.

Jeannie dared not even let her mother hear of such a proposal; she knew with what scorn it would be received. But Mrs. Welsh decided her own future. She would leave Haddington, now become so hateful to her, and take up her abode with her old father at Templand, about fifteen miles from Scotsbrig, where next Carlyle proposed living with his parents. He could consent to live with his own parents under any conditions, he so loved and revered them. But they had far too much common sense to harbour any such idea. They refused

point blank to allow a lady reared in affluence and extreme gentility to share their humble way of living. Not that they objected to her as a daughter-in-law at all. We daresay they admired her immensely for her venture; but they did not want her to live with them; it would be altogether unsuitable. The house itself was scarcely large enough to accommodate their own family, without any addition. So that plan was effectually knocked on the head.

He next thought of a humble cottage outside the noise and smoke of Edinburgh, but within easy access of it. He would have liked to have fitted up one such with the simplest furniture, resembling as much as possible that in use at Scotsbrig. He was never ashamed of his humble origin, had an honest pride in his noble peasant parents, as well as the deepest, unchangeable affection. He did not wish his surroundings to be much grander than theirs. He had money enough to begin life with, having already saved from his earnings £200, and he thought he saw his way to earning more. Why should a clever, intelligent woman, who had a grand object in life, desire luxuries any more than his dear old mother had? Having food and raiment provided for her, and all essentials, what on earth did a sensible woman need more? Of mental food she would be surfeited.

This proposal highly amused Jane. She sent him a characteristic reply, telling him how easily she could better herself and her fortunes by accepting some other suitor, of whom she had not a few. "A stammering Englishman wanted to carry her down south. A cousin, a doctor well established in Leeds, wrote that she was the first of her sex. A young widower would be glad to make her step-mother to his three interesting children." But she adds, "But what am I talking about? as if we were not already married, married past redemption. God knows what is to become of us!"

His reply is worthy of his noble heart—"I do not appreciate your proud boast of innumerable wooers. We are not married already; it depends still alone upon you if we ever shall be. I do not write this in vulgar defiance, which in our present relation would be coarse and cruel, but in disinterested affection. I cannot bear your fair destiny to be marred by me. Look around with calm eyes on the persons you mention, and see if there is one among them whose wife

you would rather be; I do not mean *whom you love better* than me, but whose wife, all things considered, you would rather be than mine. Then I call upon you, I, your brother and friend through every fortune, to accept that man, and leave me to my destiny. But if my heart and hand appear the best that this poor world can offer you, then take me, and be content with me, and do not vex yourself with struggling to alter what is unalterable, to make a man, who is poor and sick, suddenly rich and healthy. You weep when you think what is to become of us! It is unwise to weep. Alas, Jane! you do not know me. It is not the poor, unknown Thomas Carlyle that you know, but your ideal, the prospective, rich, admired Carlyle. Oh, Jane! I could weep too, for I love you in my deepest heart. These are hard sayings, my beloved child, but I cannot spare them, and I hope that though bitter at first they may not be without wholesome influence. Do not be angry with me. I swear I deserve it not. If you judge it fit, I will take you to my heart as my wedded wife this very day. If you judge it fit, I will this day forswear you for ever. More I cannot do, but all this, when I compare myself with you, it is my duty to do."

Mr. Froude criticizes this manly, straightforward, unselfish letter unmercifully.

Compare Carlyle's generosity and that of Isabella Martin. Had she been capable of a tenth part of his self-abnegation what different lives might have been written of the characters in this book. Could anything be more utterly unselfish, leaving himself and his fate for her to dispose of, utterly heedless of personal consequences?

Carlyle said he required neither the world's applause nor favours, puddings nor breath, as he calls them. "Quite a commendable conclusion," says Froude, "for himself perhaps, but that he should expect another person to share this unmoneyed, puddingless, and forlorn condition, was scarcely consistent with lofty principle. Men may sacrifice themselves, but have no right to marry wives and sacrifice them."

Now this is surely sufficiently insinuating that Carlyle was over-persuading the comparatively wealthy Jane Welsh to share his penury—a most unfair charge. He could not have done or said more to persuade her *against* such a fate. She, however, would not be persuaded. In a most decided manner she writes that she had chosen him for her husband, and

should not change her mind. It was indeed she who had chosen him more than he her. Since she so insisted, he begs her to wed at once her wild man of the woods, and share his cavern! But she was in no hurry to share his peculiar paradise, no hurry to part from her mother, and as yet they had settled on no home.

When Mrs. Welsh decided to leave Haddington for ever, Carlyle immediately thought that the old house, so dear to Jane from old associations, would be exactly suitable for them to occupy. Rather inconsistent, for one of his chief objections to residing with Mrs. Welsh was the society she kept, "intruding fools," he styled most of them, from whom, when master of the house, however, he could easily protect himself. "A sort of deer he could easily dispatch."

Now considering these good people were Jane's old friends, to say the least, we will hope she was not much attached to them. Indeed, she herself could not tolerate stupid people, so their absence would have been as great relief to her as to him, if such they were.

Jane, however, refused also to live at Haddington. Carlyle trusts Jane to accommodate her wants to her means. "It is only our own stupidity that makes us straitened or contemptible." He told her that he knew a man, a perfect example of a happy man, Wightman the Hedger, a man who hoped that after hedging and ditching were over, heaven would be his inheritance. Of course Wightman's wife contributed in no small degree to that man's happiness. She washed and cleaned, scrubbed and scoured, cooked and sewed the day out and in. Did he expect Jeannie Welsh thus to spend her days? She was not quite bereft of her senses.

At last a house was found and settled upon at Comely Bank, Edinburgh. It was situated on the outskirts of the town, contained dining and drawing-rooms, a study for the master, and several bedrooms, altogether a bijou residence, furnished to perfection by Mrs. Welsh. Here, at any rate, she could visit her beloved daughter from time to time. Then the wedding-day was fixed and drew on apace, and Jane wrote to an astonished relative and described her husband; her special property to be then—ours now.

"People would say he was poor, of humble origin, unpolished, ill-looking, but in her estimation he was among the

cleverest and most enlightened men of the day; that he possessed all the qualities she deemed essential in a husband; a warm, true heart to love her, a towering intellect to command her, and a spirit of fire to be the guiding star of her life; a scholar, a poet, a philosopher, a wise and noble man, one who holds his patent from Almighty God. 'Will you like him?' she asked. 'No matter whether you do or not, since I like him in the deepest part of my soul.'"

Surely this was language reassuring enough to satisfy them of her perfect contentment.

As the wedding-day drew near, they both grew terribly nervous; forewarnings perhaps that all was not really as well as it seemed. It was an irrevocable step they were going to take, and they both felt its solemnity; truly the most solemn, the most important event of a life-time.

"He is gey ill to live wi'," had said his loving mother, and he himself doubted if he could make any woman happy. Forty years later Mrs. Carlyle said earnestly to a young friend, "My dear! whatever you do, never marry a man of genius!" An expression certainly uncomplimentary to her husband. "The mountain peaks of intellect are no homes for quiet people," says Mr. Froude. And we would ask why not? For quiet people, we should say, the exact place to suit them best. For an intelligent person to dwell with one void of understanding one should think the greatest misfortune that could happen to him or her. At Comely Bank there is no record that Jane was otherwise than perfectly contented.

But the course of my story has been broken off. There is still something to say of the grand event itself. For days previously Carlyle felt "splenetic, sad, sick, sleepless, void of faith, hope, and charity." He knew well what he was about. He was taking to himself a wife, who was not marrying him for love, but for ambition, and he felt uncertain as to the result of such an experiment. The banns had to be proclaimed in both churches, at which he felt too both ashamed and abashed. They were to be married from her maternal grandfather's house, at Templand church; to breakfast there, and the same day proceed to their own home at Comely Bank. Carlyle suggested that they should travel by coach, or that John should accompany them. Both seemed quite frightened at the step they were taking. Jane saw all the whole affair in a semi-tragic, comic way, both ludicrous and incongruous.

If they had been going to the scaffold, they could scarcely have tried to console each other more. She entreated him to be more resigned, more benignantly disposed, or the ceremony would be heartbreaking, and turned her sick to think about. Whatever it was, it would soon be over. "Nothing for us, but, like the Annan Congregation, to pray to the Lord." It was Jane Welsh's delight to deride religion, then and always.

Poor Carlyle tried to ease his mind, first by reading German metaphysics, and then by Scott's novels. "Let no cold shudder come over you," he wrote. "Do not call it an odious ceremony, but rather a blessed ordinance, sanctioning by earthly laws what is already sanctioned in heaven, uniting *two souls* for worldly joy or woe, who in God's sight have chosen one another from amongst all men."

To all her further arrangements he had but to say—"Be it as thou hast said." For once he was obediently conformable; only stipulated for three cigars; if even refused that consolation, will not break off the match.

"My mother's prayers," he writes, "(I speak in all earnestness), are, I do believe, not wanting for either you or me; and if the sincere wishes of a true soul can have any virtue, we shall not want a blessing."

He was loving his vivacious young bride, in spite of so many things to deaden what was never the highest love of which he was capable. Fortunately few human hearts are narrowed to one exclusive love, banishing all others. The heart is immeasurable in height and depth. Thank God for that! and if we are debarred from perfect earthly bliss, by separation from our one ideal, we have much remaining, deep and unchangeable, and in eternity once more re-union! It is only the cold, unloving nature that need despair of hope. A cold heart is of itself a hell.

At last gloves, clothes, wedding paraphernalia were all ready and waiting. Jane headed her last to Carlyle thus, both sad and pathetic—"The last speech and marrying words of Jane Bailie Welsh."

Again the instinctive piety of Carlyle's mind effervesces—"Let us pray to God that our holy purpose is not frustrated. Let us trust in Him and in each other, and fear no evil that can befall us."

It was a very quiet wedding that took place October 17th,

1826, at Templand Church. Of Carlyle's relatives only John was present. They drove off to their gem of a home in a post-chaise, unaccompanied by Brother John, nor is it recorded that the happy and nervous bridegroom indulged in one cigar. They arrived early in the evening at Comely Bank, without any mishaps befalling them, and there we will quietly close the door upon them till we open it on another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

There seems indeed to be something in the idea of grim necessity, which silences repining. When you know that it must be, your sole resource is—So let it be!—CARLYLE.

THIS is no work of fiction. Our story does not end with wedding bells. It is not a case of married and done for, but rather married and begun for.

On entering their new career, husband and wife had each a master passion. That of the wife, ambition ; that of the husband, to work and gratify *his* ambition. Both equally determined to do their duty. The confession remains—"I did not marry Mr. Carlyle for love, but for ambition." The consequences of such a marriage has to be told. Thomas Carlyle once believed that love alone had prompted her to an act of such self-sacrifice.

It must have been a terrible blow to a man of his calibre to find out that this chosen wife was actuated by no such motive ; that instead of sacrificing herself for him, she had been already sacrificed, and looked to him to redeem the bitter past. With grand, unselfish generosity he accepted the charge, and resigned himself to the inevitable. When a wise man is a fool, he is a fool with a vengeance. The question is—Was Thomas Carlyle in this uncongenial marriage of his a fool, a knave, or a martyr? Something of a fool, more of a martyr, nothing of a knave. A fool because he expected good to come out of evil ; a martyr, because he almost gave his heart's blood for her gratification ; a knave he never was, he never could be. He was like many another strong-minded man, victimized by a feeble woman. He never victimized one. The lion entrapped and fettered by the mouse. So it is. So it will be.

But, alas ! men are never strong to suffer. Little troubles

are ten times harder to them than to the poorest-hearted woman. Minor miseries kill them. This is one other fact which is an unaccountable mystery. This Mrs. Carlyle soon found out, and from these she sheltered him through life, as far as human power could. Mr. Froude tells us why. Not from love, oh no ; but "lest his work should suffer."

He never swerved an inch from his high aims, and she ever urged him on in his intellectual pursuits. Oh that she had gone a step higher, and that she could have been his true helpmeet ! Her aims were all of the earth, earthy, as must be the aims of the most intelligent soul that has no faith, no hope of its own immortality. Carlyle himself never lost this faith or this hope. Jane seems scarcely ever to have entertained them. This alone was enough to alienate the two. They had entered married life without much love on either side, but, like many others, expected it to grow. This is a dangerous speculation for peace and happiness. Not even the highest "mountain peaks" of intellect can exist satisfied, without love. Love is of itself alone happiness, though passions are torment.

These two original characters commenced life at Comely Bank, determined to make the best of everything. Jane wrote to her husband's mother to tell her "how much happier and better Thomas was, now finally settled at Comely Bank, and congratulating herself every hour of the day on her own happy lot. He was so kind, and just the man after her own heart, so tender to her when sick, and never a harsh word, unless richly deserved. They saw a great many people, but were never happier than when alone. To look at her husband even was as profitable as any other occupation."

Though still not well known, Carlyle not being particularly affable, they had chosen friends. Dr. Brewster, De Quincey, and Sir William Hamilton were frequent visitors. They did not reside long alone—soon Brother John was invited to share their home,

Comely Bank life was simple, nay beautiful. After early breakfast Brother John and Mrs. Carlyle retired to the little drawing-room, exquisitely furnished like a "lady's workbox." A most amusing place for our great philosopher to contemplate later in the day. The morning hours he invariably spent in "softly scribbling, meditating, wrestling with the powers of dulness till one or two."

He translated a German romance, wished most eagerly to commence an Annual Register, with biographical notices of noted characters lately deceased, essays, sketches, &c., but no one seemed to take up the idea. What a loss was their dense stupidity to future generations! However, he determined to do what he could, and not to despair, particularly not to despise the day of small things.

He longed ardently for work and plenty of it, feeling conscious inwardly of his own capabilities. Besides, work was as necessary to him as meat or drink. At two o'clock he took a constitutional, wandering by the seashore or into the city. At four they dined. Carlyle was remarkably simple and frugal in his diet, by choice and necessity, a well-cooked mutton-chop, with vegetables and a little milk pudding, being all that agreed with him. No elaborate cooking was required, so that, supposing Mrs. Carlyle did it all herself, the work would scarcely have been overpowering.

They kept one decent servant, and she, with the help and superintendence of such a perfect housekeeper as Mrs. Carlyle, would surely be able to keep clean a gem of a house, wherein dwelt never a chit of a child.

Whatever Mrs. Carlyle did she was determined no mortal should surpass her in, and she was just as anxious concerning her husband's literary labours. If ever he flagged, his wife spurred him on to renewed efforts. A veritable task-master she proved, and in her criticisms as sarcastic as steel.

It seems sadly strange that Carlyle's constant complaint was "utter loneliness"—he still lived alone and worked alone. His wife could not penetrate into his heart of hearts—the eye of love alone can do that, and read all that is hidden there. No! she was a true prophet, an incentive to go on and on, but no true sympathizer.

Her very anxiety for him to succeed was too manifest. She made haste for the renown she so coveted, and it seemed so long in coming. She failed miserably to ease that overburdened heart and brain. Both toiled incessantly, says Froude, but we do not think Mrs. Carlyle at that time at all exceptionally hard worked, nor really at any time in her history. Many a gentle lady marries into a life of much greater loneliness and poverty, and in sickness and weariness rears a large family of children. Carlyle was her only care; his success, her one grand object in life.

He writes that his wife surpassed his hopes; she might easily have done that, and adds—"Why am I not happy?" "A sick stomach, a heart full of bitterness and gloom. Why? My readers must satisfy themselves."

On December 7th, 1826, two months after marriage, he writes in a note-book—"My whole life has been a continual nightmare, and my awakening will be in hell!" What a retrospection! What an anticipation! Steady occupation, however, never failed to restore him to health and spirits.

He sent his mother (after whom he seemed to long through life) a volume of the *Life of Henry Martin*, telling her his own hopes of future usefulness. He entreated her to believe that in a certain sense he too would be a missionary to the British heathen, an innumerable class then as now. He begged them never to forget how truly he loved them all.

Jane cooked, and that seems to have been the extent of her menial work at Comely Bank. She also did a certain amount of sewing, but as an only child she did not care much for that art. In the evening she studied foreign languages with her husband and his brother until bedtime, or sometimes the now learned doctor would go up-stairs and gaze through an open window at the stars. As it was winter time, we are not surprised to hear that he came down to his porridge supper, with "nose dripping at the extremity."

It was a trim little cottage they now so peacefully inhabited, far from all town nuisances—the noise, the smoke, the people. Surrounding it was a little flower garden. Certainly no purgatory, though inhabited by a man who often expressed himself as deserving such a place of torment! He took some little pride in his visitors, and we never heard of his having once shut the door in the face of intruders, wise men or fools.

People came on foot, on horseback, in carriages; and after all the fuss he made, he really enjoyed his little drawing-room reunions in those early days of married life. They had also invitations to dinner. These they decided neither to give nor accept, under any circumstances. To a chosen few, selected for some special good in them, Wednesday evening was set apart for a cordial cup of tea and pleasant social intercourse. Only decent, intelligent people would care to attend these little gatherings. For them there was ever a hearty welcome.

One day he was gratified by receiving a letter of introduction to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, a certain Francis

Jeffrey, who turned out eventually to be a kind of distant cousin of his wife's. Carlyle, taking the letter with him, called upon the grand little man, who at once recognized in him a master mind. This acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and he became a frequent visitor at Comely Bank. He was one who invariably appreciated the society of pretty, intelligent women.

What was much more important, however, Jeffrey gave Carlyle a real launch into literary work. Hitherto he had only enjoyed occasional employment, now it became constant. His first articles were full of humour, originality and spirit, and attracted immediately the notice and admiration of the reading world. They were, moreover, devoid of the grotesque eccentricity of style that distinguished his later works. He had at last secured a platform, and an audience for his passionate, soul-stirring thoughts. He was heard, but was not so successful in convincing as startling his readers.

His first paper in the *Edinburgh Review* appeared in June, 1827, and attracted considerable attention. As months advanced, Carlyle could not be ignorant of his many disadvantages. True, he occasionally found himself in congenial society, and was acknowledged a remarkable man, but in every town there are purseproud, ignorant parvenus, high-born, haughty aristocrats, and people of pretensions who can never overlook social status. The most devoted of wives could not shield him from many unavoidable annoyances of a petty kind. He had a most imaginative mind, wonderfully sharp ears, and most scrutinizing eyes. Would it be possible that he could be unaware or unmindful of all the comparisons drawn between him and his wife? He, the low-born man of genius, the Annandale peasant, the stonemason's son, a mere nobody; who had married a born lady, the heiress of Craigenputtock. The world would not know, that it was not until after being married sixteen years, when he had made his mark, and enjoyed the fruits of his labours, that he benefited in the least from his wife's income, which was enjoyed by her mother solely until her death.

A healthy mind makes a healthy body, a mind worn with grief and sadness robs a man of strength and vigour. Carlyle's physical powers were sacrificed in proportion to the extra force he had to exert, to control his mental emotions, which were all of prodigious strength, and often at agony point.

It mattered not what false prophets prophesied, or what was

said by unsympathizing friends, Mrs. Carlyle had always a steady faith in her husband's powers, and hope in his ultimate success. From the very first she had formed her opinion of his abilities, his kind-heartedness and powers of sympathy, and it never flinched. She approved of him entirely—proudly. Oh that she could have loved him as thoroughly as she was compelled to admire and esteem him.

One memorable day Comely Bank was honoured by the visit of a no less distinguished man than Edward Irving himself. Some time had elapsed since he had seen either of his two friends. He had of course heard of their marriage, and came to see with his own eyes how they fared—to see if Carlyle had succeeded in eradicating the image of Edward Irving from the heart of Jeannie Welsh. Yes, Jeannie Welsh—she had refused to drop her maiden name. She determined not to change Welsh for Carlyle, but to add Carlyle as an appendage. What Irving discovered we can only guess, for as this is a true story one dare not invent.

Carlyle describes the visit—"Irving called in quite a formal way; was cold and stiff, altogether unlike his former self; made a few remarks on the state of the weather, and discoursed on prophecy."

He remained but a short time. Before going he insisted upon praying with them, to Jane's consternation. This he did in a standing posture, and then the door closed for years upon that giant figure. He had found that little house exquisite in its arrangements, the home of refinement and taste. Its surroundings were congenial; there was then "no isolation, no wilderness, no forlorn puddingless existence." Jane Welsh Carlyle, proud of her new position, and full of admiration for her unselfish, heroic husband, sustained, we believe, perfect self-possession, and gave Irving not the faintest shadow of suspicion that he still reigned supreme in her heart.

Well done! Poor broken-hearted Jeannie Carlyle!

CHAPTER IX.

The biographies of men of letters are for the most part the saddest chapters in the history of the human race—except the Newgate calendar.—CARLYLE.

LIKE most men Carlyle may have had many secrets, but as murder will out, so also do things one could wish to remain buried for ever in the pages of the past. But now he has gone and those nearest and dearest to him, we have his life's history plainly recorded in his own reminiscences, in his wife's letters and memorials, and in the published testimony of personal friends; thus we may try and penetrate into the inmost recesses of his mighty heart. He was undeniably an unhappy man.

In marrying Jane Welsh he made a fatal but not a wilful mistake. His motives had been far from selfish. He had no cause for self-accusation, but the effect of that self-sacrificing step was the chief cause of his melancholy misery. The heart hunger, the utter isolation in which he spent his days and nights, is unspeakably sad to think about.

To Carlyle the affections were of far deeper importance than intellectual pursuits, however absorbing whilst engaged in them.

Nor did a life of public success compensate in any way for his private domestic sorrows—sorrows he felt bound to hide from the world. Work was an antidote, but it never healed his wounds, which day by day bled afresh, embittering all his earthly life.

His honour and chivalry kept him silent, it is true. Reticence was imperative. Had it been possible it would doubtless have eased his aching heart to have poured out his griefs to some sympathizers. But even to his wife he was bound to be silent, and his whole life was one ceaseless effort to

compensate to her for the grief another had inflicted, and to forgive the deceit practised upon himself. He hoped and intended that his secret disappointments should be known only to his Maker, that they might be buried with him. But time and pen have revealed all. Fortunately for us who would know and understand all the workings of the mind of our beloved master, Mrs. Carlyle was not nearly so reticent as her husband. From her chiefly we learn the truth, whether she meant us so to do or not, and we thank her for her candour. God knows her powers of endurance must often have been stretched to their utmost tension. Carlyle poured out his soul in books that have immortalized them both. She in her beautiful letters has interpreted much of their contents. Both great hearts, though sadly crushed, were never wholly broken.

It has been urged that the miserable secret of Carlyle's life was his patriotism. Absurd idea! Scotland, his native land, he left voluntarily; England, his adopted country, he called a dog-kennel; he never quite approved of it, and pitted himself against all its ways.

Man was the object most interesting to him. He cared intensely for the welfare of his fellows. Intense pity was his chief characteristic. But of this he never made the slightest secret. He had married his wife through pity, and through life would shelter her as far as possible from further sorrow, would never relax from his strenuous efforts to conquer the world by his pen, that he might give her the only joys left, friendship and fame. When his searching eyes met her hopelessly sad ones, he was filled with unutterable yearnings to console and comfort her, but he knew that though wed, there was a gulf between them, an impassable gulf that no esteem, no renown, no earthly honour could possibly bridge over. Both hearts were desolate. Incapacity always irritated Carlyle, and his utter inability to fill up this void in his wife's heart rendered him not only unutterably sad, but impatient. He blamed himself, then he blamed her—but all in silence.

Irving's no less miserable fate lay like a dead weight on his mind. Every new evidence of the distracted state of his soul stabbed Carlyle with the reflection—How he loved her! and alas how she loved him, with a love as indestructible as the grave. His own heart was naturally racked with inexpressible gloom and dissatisfaction. If Irving had only been strong and

patient, what sufferings unutterable he would have spared himself and his friends.

The happiest moments of Carlyle's life were those in which he was absorbed in his work, when he became oblivious to his own past, present or future, when he lost his own identity by entering heart and soul into the characters he has so graphically portrayed, bringing them before his own mind and those of his readers with marvellous reality.

By force of imagination he followed the hero, the martyr, the soldier, the saint, yes, and the sinner, through all the inner workings of their souls. Into each and all he incorporated himself. He felt stronger with the strong, both to suffer or conquer. With the wretched he grew to despair. With the martyred saints his religious enthusiasm kindled, sympathy giving him powers of utterance, by tongue or pen, that must once have animated them. Sometimes life to him was the persistent contemplation of goodness, at others he entered into the spirit of evil in its most diabolical moods, and would feel himself horribly oppressed with the guilt of their crimes. His own character was unchangeably true as adamant, and when able to shake off the influence of painful subjects, his "grimly tender smile would soften every rugged feature, and beautify the natural stern expression that was the outcome of his terrible earnestness and manifold disappointments."

It was ever his most ardent wish to find some daily employment by which to earn his bread, and to make literature the wine of life. He knew he was capable of many practical things, "from the making of shoes to the engineering of canals, or the architecture of palaces." Bodily exercise, moreover, was a necessity to him. Yet in Edinburgh no practical door of usefulness was open to him. This added to his depression, and made him feel himself pitted alone against the rest of humanity, and he grumbled perhaps immoderately, but was never ill-natured or unkind.

Finding, however, that literature was to be henceforth his avocation, he wisely determined to deliver himself up to it, to devote the whole energies of his gigantic mind to the perfecting of his work. He was always diligent, sometimes desperate. He found it very difficult to write up to the public taste. His employers complained that the opinions he expressed were impracticable, his theories and ideas saturated

with German mysticism, that his language was un-English, grotesque and uncultured. And yet the editors and publishers were all after him; and his articles, though cruelly criticized, were ravenously read.

Carlyle was never satisfied with his work, he never reached the standard he had set for himself. Yet he persevered indomitably. The babbling of criticism appeared to him sometimes in his loftiest moments as unworthy of attention. The world in general would shut him out from their society as an inferior, yet he hoped by his works to influence the world. The immense mass of mankind he believed "were very poor creatures, poor in heart, poor in intellect."

Reader! look round on the majority of your acquaintances and ask if that conclusion is true or false. Remember, too, that already he had tasted something of social ostracism, during his struggling career; that alone would be quite enough to add to his belief. He was no longer surprised or disappointed at meeting with so little sympathy. It was an accompaniment he expected through life. Yet, what he wanted was to influence this "huge haggard world," and he did, and does, and will do.

Besides being thus useful, he had his destiny and his wife's to carve out. A gigantic task. There was his wife's ambition to appease, his future greatness to secure. She must not be disappointed after so heroically determining to share his arduous pilgrimage, no, not if it cost him his heart's blood. To do this, solitude for contemplation was absolutely necessary. He must make tremendous efforts to be original, startling, new, as it were apart from his fellows mentally. And Jane urged him on persistently, allowing no relaxation. And yet with more than a woman's inconsistency she grumbled; because he was so uncompanionable! And the reading world has taken up her tone, and given her all the sympathy, all the pity, and him all the censure. Besides this hidden motive, to which he was a martyr, his writings were sacred to him. He never penned a line merely to please; never for money. Every word proceeded from some inward inspiration, and what he wrote he spared no labour to make perfect to the finest fibre.

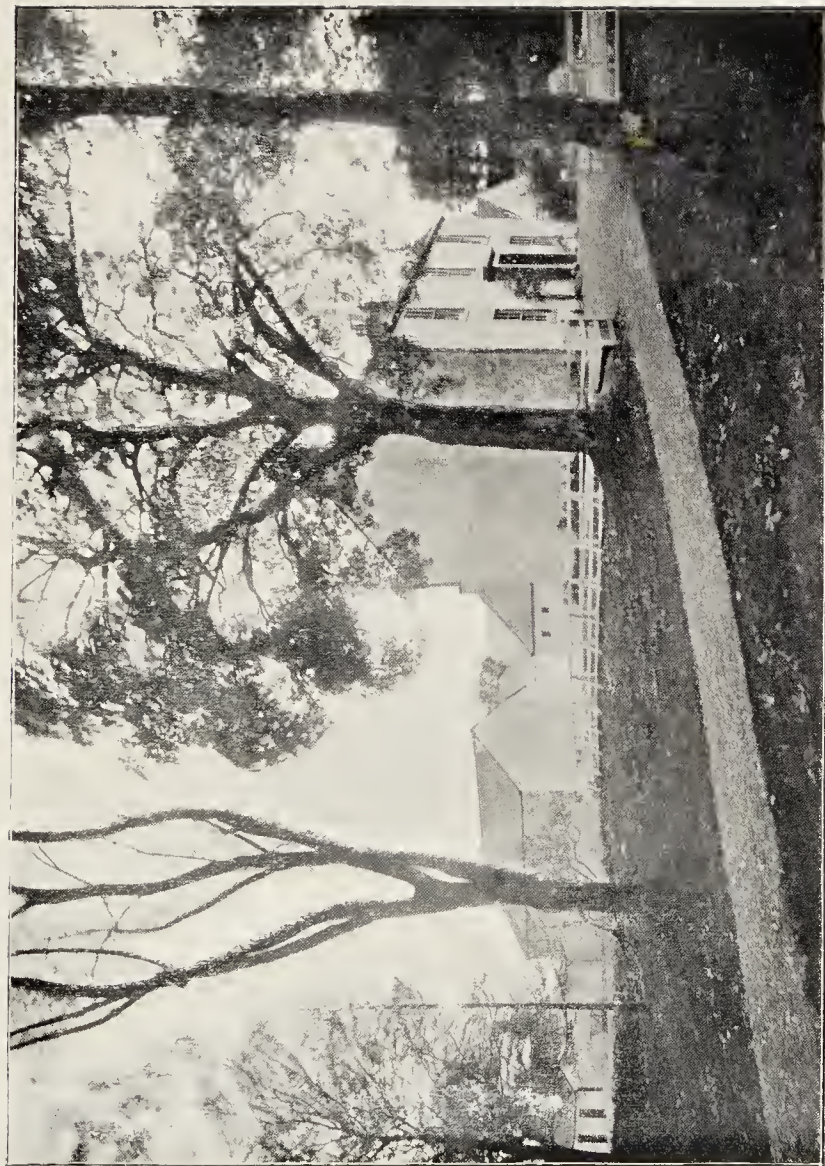
Now what did this strange man imagine his mission work to be on earth? He had indeed much to say, and divers people to whom to deliver his message, for the whole world

was his field. He had words of prophetic warning and entreaty to the money-lovers, the pleasure-seekers, the idle, the selfish, the canting members of society, and to all those who forget God; words of approbation for the earnest, the true, the diligent, and words of encouragement for the feeble, the weakly-striving, of whom there are so many. He, from his quiet study, could reach the hearts of the earthly sovereign, the statesmen, the nobility, the rich, the poor, master and servant, the ruler and the ruled. Mighty indeed is the power of pen and ink!

Yes, he had a message, and he groaned in pain to deliver it faithfully. It is in our possession now for all time. If any intelligent man or woman can read any of Carlyle's books without improving by them, or without discovering in each page some short, pithy sentence directly applicable to them—we pity them.

Of all beliefs he considered that of belief in God the most essential. Next he would convince every man and woman that they had some special task appointed for them on the world's stage, and that it is all important how that task is accomplished. Again, he impresses on every mind the positive, urgent necessity of truth, the hatefulness and contemptibility of a lie. A man must know himself, must examine minutely his own capabilities and incapacities, his peculiar virtues, if happily possessed of any, and his own certain faults, however deplorable or despicable. Conquer them victoriously in the latter case; make the very most of those in the first. He insists—for though dead he still speaks—he insists that whatever work a man has to do, if only the making of a clay brick, he should use all his energies in making it to perfection, looking to God, not to man, as the Master. He believed no one too great for manual labour, was firmly convinced that a certain amount daily was beneficial and never degrading. "Oh that I may write my books as my father built his houses!" was his exclamation—and he did. He taught, moreover, that prayer to God, audible or inaudible, is the aspiration of poor, struggling, heavy-laden souls towards the eternal Father; that to pray formally is an insult to the Almighty; to chatter meaninglessly on religion is irreverent; to babble about unspeakable mysteries, desecration of the Holiest of Holies. Total silence is far safer, far more befitting the finite in contemplation of the infinite, the creature of the Creator.

To try and fathom the unknowable is presumption. Therefore on religious subjects, or rather theological subjects and all the religious "isms" of the day, he has little to say. All religious speculations were hateful to him. To show mercy, to fear God, and keep himself unspotted from the world was Carlyle's religion; and this he followed throughout his long eventful life, as these pages will show.



CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

Carlyle's Residence from 1828 to 1834. Here in the solitude, "almost druidical," he wrote "Sartor Resartus,"
Photo. J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

To face page 80.

CHAPTER X.

God is good. All this life is a heavenly miracle, great, though stern and sad.—CARLYLE:

CARLYLE'S reputation was evidently growing ; with it his spirits rose, and his hopes with them, hopes of one day being "one and somewhat among his fellow men." Hitherto he had held a peculiar and undefined position in society. He had longed for social intercourse of a deeper kind with the great and influential, and knew that by his own tremendous efforts alone he could force open the door of good society and be at one with it. By high society he meant the learned, the intellectual—the great actors on the world's stage ; not the idle, the luxurious, the effeminate, simply because they were rich and of good social status. With his limited means, however, he felt himself debarred from the society then available. The £200 was gradually dwindling. The simplest home cannot be upheld without expense. He had, moreover, impoverished himself by assisting his own family, especially his brother John. His earnings, though at times considerable, were uncertain, fluctuating, and in gloomy moments dark visions of future debt and difficulty obscured the present brightness.

Carlyle looked ahead. It was not in him to be satisfied with mediocrity. He knew he had written well ; he knew he could write better. To do so, however, positive solitude was essential for him. At Comely Bank this was an utter impracticability. He began to indulge in waking dreams of a Robinson Crusoe life at Craigenputtock.

This was a solitary farmhouse, surrounded by steep rugged hills and wild desolate moors, belonging to his wife's mother. The rent would be less, which was a great consideration, dress would be as unnecessary, as to fashion, as during the forty years

in the wilderness, and food, from their farm produce, infinitely cheaper ; all grave matters for contemplation.

His wife above all things was desirous for his literary distinction, and when he urged upon her his own conviction that in that lonely spot he could conceive and bring forth thoughts that would raise him above his fellows, her ambition more than answered to his.

Immediate removal, however, was out of the question. For eight months the subject was duly considered with all its pros. and cons. It was very reluctantly that he saw the necessity of renouncing every other but a literary occupation. He would gladly have retained that as a luxury.

Hearing that a professorship in London University was vacant, he was easily prevailed upon to apply for it, hoping that with Irving's influence he might be the successful candidate. But the attempt failed. Irving, though still popular, was not all-powerful by any means.

Poor Irving ! his day was on the wane already. He had imagined that the world at large was going to be aroused once more into reality and enthusiasm by his thrice-blessed means. He expected to achieve the unattainable ; to regain the lost paradise. His new ideas were to permeate all minds. He had infinite faith in the peculiar agencies he commenced in the religious world. But he found out his fatal mistake ; his congregation gradually changed in quality if not in quantity. The great and the wise dwindled away one by one, either disgusted or grieved by his wild prophetic language, his extravagant canting terms and his unknown tongues. They could not discover, as did his old friend Carlyle, "the real and precious truths that still animated him." He was sermon preaching, praying, or prophesying from early dawn till late at night. During every holiday he laboured incessantly. By these means he braced himself up to endure the heart-breaking disappointment of his life. Religious frenzy made him forget. The wear and tear would at any rate shorten the life he valued but little. To spend and be spent was his aim. He fought and wrestled manfully and mightily against sin and weakness, "clutched and struggled after unattainable perfection," with a giant frame growing gaunt and feeble with his gigantic efforts.

Carlyle was always reluctant to blame Irving for any of his extravagances. He believed the blame was intrinsically due

to the "prurient darkness, confused pedantry, and ostentatious vanity" of modern Babylon, which almost intoxicated him with overdone flattery, and was already contemplating casting him into a pit of despair by its derisive abuse. Not yet; the process was gradual.

When Carlyle hinted to his Edinburgh friends his idea of inhabiting Craigenputtock they were all loud in their protestations against so wild a scheme, and used every argument they could to dissuade him against it. They did more. Hearing that Dr. Chambers had vacated his professorship at St. Andrew's University, they prevailed upon him to make another attempt as candidate for that post. Always resolute in using every available means to improve his position honestly, Carlyle at once complied. After a few weeks of anxious suspense he was again doomed to disappointment. Another "less original and extraordinarily gifted" man was appointed. This was no doubt a severe trial to both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, but to them, and the world at large, an inestimable benefit.

Again, and almost as a last resource, he turned his thoughts to Craigenputtock, as the most desirable spot on earth for making his reputation as a literary man. He had many demands for articles from different magazines, but it was never easy work to Carlyle to write. The slightest noise or interruption scattered his thoughts and threw him into a fever of excitement, unaccountable and overwhelming. At Comely Bank he did his best, but these interruptions could not always be avoided in such a place as Edinburgh. Craigenputtock, bleak and desolate as it was, would be far more in accordance with his mental necessities. He had always done his best, but he wanted to do better. At Christmas he persuaded his mother to visit him at Comely Bank. His joy at her presence, and his delight in showing her all the beauties and wonders of their own Scottish capital, were unbounded. She, dear old lady, enjoyed pleasing her gifted son far more than she did the sightseeing, or the enforced idleness of a lady's life. She had never been idle as many waking hours in her whole previous career as she was during those days spent in Edinburgh. She remained with them three or four weeks, and he vowed he would not change her for ten other mothers. His poor old father he could never prevail upon to pay him a visit.

When the spring advanced he took his wife with him on a return visit to Scotsbrig, and from thence they drove over to

Craigenputtock on a visit of inspection. The house was situated ten miles from Dumfries, which was the nearest town and station. It was surrounded by wild moors, huge rocks, steep, rugged hills. This sounds grand in description, and yet no one who has seen the place has ever called it a beautiful spot. The immediate surroundings are rather flat, and unusually devoid of trees of any beauty. The house itself was a plain cottage, with a front door in the centre, a window on each side, and three at the top; anything but picturesque in appearance. A smaller cottage and outbuildings were separated from it by a large yard. This was inhabited by Carlyle's younger brother, Alexander, who was again to be farm-manager, as at Haddam Hill.

Mrs. Carlyle shuddered as she gazed on that dreary scene. It seemed a desperate venture to take up their habitation within those unfriendly walls; the silence, the solitude were awful in their intensity. But she knew her husband's heart was set upon this scheme—she understood his reasons, she agreed with true prophetic instinct to share his exile in the midst of silence unutterable, that the world might hear. It was a noble resolve—had it been less interested, however, it would have been nobler.

We are glad to think that this terrible isolation met with the desired reward. They returned to Comely Bank with minds fully bent on bidding it farewell at the earliest date.

Many repairs were needed at both houses. There ensued a season of wretched confusion and upheaval. Carpenters, charwomen, workmen, were necessarily employed, and our irritable, sensitive philosopher found life at home a burden, and sought out the libraries as oases in the desert, while his wife, a thoroughly domestic genius, stayed in the house and superintended the moving operations. It is our own firm belief that she enjoyed the bustle and the excitement in the midst of her unutterable "wae."

The last fortnight they were safely sheltered, and most hospitably, at the residence of Lord Jeffery, who promised to come and visit them in their Crusoe retreat at no very distant date. Six carts conveyed their goods from Edinburgh to their place of exile, and when they arrived, friendly hands had tastefully arranged the handsome furniture in the different rooms, trying to make it homelike for them.

Matters might have been much worse surely! They had

the services of a very faithful domestic named Grace, and Alexander Carlyle continually ran in and out. The natives were, of course, illiterate, crude, rough, but as they went there for the express purpose of avoiding society, they had no cause to complain because they found none. They kept horses, and when weather permitted, had daily morning rides together. A cow lowed in the yard, the poultry cackled, the birds sang incessantly, and they declared they could "hear the sheep nibble the grass." So sound was not absent, even pleasant sounds, nor the music most tolerable to Carlyle, the twittering of birds.

When Lord Jeffery called with his wife and daughter, they found everything bright and beautiful within that wilderness home. He declared he expected to find Mrs. Carlyle hanging on a door nail, instead of which he found her quite as ready as in former days of carrying on a mild flirtation with him. It was his custom with all charming women, and she perfectly understood him. Carlyle was thoroughly amused and grateful to him for cheering the grim life she led by his side. His great soul was high above all suspicion, meanness, and jealousy. To see his sad little wife's face brightening could be only joy to him. He knew his tongue was never formed for soft flatteries, or endearing epithets. He could write them far easier than he could utter them. She wearied awfully of the very earnestness in which he spent a life in devotion to her interests, while he rarely found words to express love or sympathy, or the tender pity none felt more deeply than he.

Now Jeffery was the most egregious flatterer imaginable. He never could drop that habit, it was his most conspicuous and worst fault, all say that knew him. This famous little gentleman became Carlyle's little Jeannie's "openly declared friend, or quasi lover," resembling a little lap-dog. And, moreover, Carlyle declared that "if flirting were a crime, his Jeannie would have had a chance of being hanged a good many times," for in those days nearly all crimes were punishable by death.

Their visitors remained with them three days, and a very pleasant change they found it. Mrs. Carlyle surprised them by the information that the pancakes they were eating, and relished so much, were made and tossed by her very own hands. That fact itself must have improved their flavour to the taste of the admiring Jeffery.

They all parted with mutual regret—their guests back to the busy world, they to their lonely duties.

To Jane the solitude at times grew intolerably oppressive. Carlyle was unable to bear the presence of a second person when busy at his desk. After sacrificing so much towards the attainment of an end, however, she would not be so mad as to prevent the possibility of its fulfilment by miserable complaints. She stood between him and everything that could hinder him in his work. She read and criticized his articles, fostered and encouraged his peculiarities, baked his bread, cooked his food, mended his clothes, like many another equally noble woman, and thus helped him to devote himself heart and soul, uninterruptedly, to reach the celebrity she so coveted. It was only for a time she laboured. Earthly distinction was her sole desire. She scoffed at all religion, and used language peculiar in any lady, and utterly impossible to a Christian lady.

It must remain a matter of doubt as to whether Jane Welsh was ever religious. From Irving's letters we should decidedly think not. In one enclosed to Carlyle he says,—“Were I established in the love and obedience of my Maker, I should rise toweringly aloft into the regions of a very noble and sublime character, and so would my highly gifted pupil, to retain whose friendship shall be the consolation of my life. To have her fellowship in *divine ambition* would make her my dear companion through eternity.”

Again he writes—“Your desire to be distinguished by achievement of mind is equalled only by your contempt of all other distinction. I could wish that your mind were less anxious of being enrolled amongst those whom the world has crowned with their admiration, than among those whom God has crowned with His approval.”

Thus we see that there was not perfect agreement between Irving and Jane Welsh in matters so essential as that of religious belief. In those days, however, she was not the “Pagan” her pious aunts named her later on.

This irreverence for everything pertaining to the Highest life no doubt weakened her influence over Carlyle's naturally devout mind. He hid from her his deepest thoughts, so that at his best moments he was inevitably, as he expressed it, “the loneliest man in all creation,” totally apart from his wife, who was deliberately unwilling to sympathize, as well as incompetent,

Buoyed up through six years of tedious poverty and isolation, with an unfaltering faith in her husband's future greatness, she thus describes her life from day to day in the "wilderness"—"I am very content. I have everything here my heart desires, except society, and even that deprivation is not wholly an evil. My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire. Every fair morning we ride on horseback for an hour, and then we eat such a surprising breakfast—home-made bread and eggs, &c. Then Carlyle takes to his writing, and I, like Eve, studious of household good, inspect my house, my garden, finally betake myself to reading, writing, making, or mending, or whatever work comes fittest. After dinner I lie on the sofa, sometimes sleep, oftenest dream waking. In the evening we walk on the moors, &c."

Surely this is not the heartrending terrible life of a neglected wife! Not, at any rate, altogether a tragic fate, "a strain on heart and nerves from which she never recovered." The very idea seems preposterous, when one considers the millions of lives spent in tenfold greater hardships.

"Entsagen," was one of Carlyle's favourite expressions. It means a fixed determination to do cheerfully without the pleasant things of life.

Jane had declared formerly that she would as soon think of building her nest on the bleak Bass Rock as of making a home at Craigenputtock, but she did not find it quite intolerable, evidently, by her own account. To Carlyle, the "sight of her elegant, graceful figure, flitting daintily amid the wild heather of the lonely moors, and the sound of her clear, ringing laugh in the dense solitude, was a blessing." It seemed to him, as he looked back on his humble past, a wonderful condescension on her part, to have married so uncultured, if learned, a boor; for he always depreciated himself, was the shyest of men, though by no means the meekest. Dumfries was fifteen miles by the road from Craigenputtock, and it was not always possible to send there for meat and provisions. Fortunately, therefore, there was generally a fowl ready to be killed and eaten in the poultry yard.

On one occasion, there came an unaccustomed visitor when the larder was nearly empty. Undismayed, Mrs. Carlyle mounted her horse "Harry," galloped off to Dumfries, and returned to cook the repast, showing little signs of having

accomplished a thirty miles ride previously. Does not that prove that at that time she had considerable physical strength. She was pre-eminently brave. For that alone her husband might have loved and admired her, as well as for her many other noble qualities. There is another anecdote of their early years at Craigenputtock, which must not be omitted. It was the depth of winter. The servant Grace obtained a holiday to attend some fair. A terrible storm of wind and snow came on. It was utterly impossible for the girl to return in such weather, and useless to expect it. The night passed, and the next morning there was nothing for it but that Jane herself, or her husband, should get up, light the kitchen fire, and get breakfast ready. They occupied separate rooms. Mrs. Carlyle must have felt heroically inclined that morning, for without rousing Carlyle, she descended into the cold, empty kitchen, and began operations. She was necessitated to go into the yard for coal or wood, but found without assistance this could not be accomplished, as the door was positively blocked up with snow. There was no help for it, she was compelled to arouse Carlyle, who at once came cheerfully to her assistance. He forced open the door, and with spade in hand, carved his way through the snow, returned with some wood to chop, fetched the coal, and did for her everything he could, that was beyond her strength. He then retired, leaving her to her household labours, and she continued her task indomitably. There was soon a steaming breakfast ready, of which they both hungrily and heartily partook, wondering what had become of their valued domestic, and where she could have found shelter.

After breakfast Mrs. Carlyle determined to complete her labours as maid-of-all-work. She washed up the tea-things, and commenced vigorously to sweep and clean the kitchen, actually going on bended knee to scrub the floor. Having completed all to her satisfaction, she turned into the scullery. Suddenly she heard an unusual sound in the place she had left, followed by an unmistakable smell of soot. Hurrying into the kitchen so lately swept and garnished, she saw a disaster that turned her heart sick. All her labours had been exhausted for nothing. The clean floor was covered with soot, everything coated in the dust therefrom. She called aloud to Carlyle, who immediately answered her summons, and witnessed in dismay the wretched catastrophe.

More than that, he did what he could to help, he cleared away the soot. Jane was disheartened. She felt quite unequal to the task of going over again the uncongenial task of washing the floor; once in a life-time sufficed for such drudgery. So she turned her back on the uncomfortable scene, and betook herself to snugger quarters.

Ere evening closed necessity again took her into the gloomy kitchen. While pottering about, the outer door burst open, and to her intense surprise and delight she found herself wrapped in the arms of her faithful Grace. Braving wind and snow, this humble friend had made her way across the wild moors to the solitary dwelling. "Oh, my dear mistress," she exclaimed, "I dreamt you were dead."

Such an incident of devoted service is surely worth recording, but we must remember, that this is the solitary instance we have on record of Mrs. Carlyle "puddling with the soot," of which so much has been said.

CHAPTER XI.

With him strong feeling was continually a call to vigorous action.

He possessed in a high degree the faculty of conquering his affliction, by directing his thoughts, not to maxims for enduring them, but of plans of getting rid of them.—CARLYLE, *Life of Schiller*.

AT Craigenputtock Carlyle wrote four or five pages of print every day. He was, while writing, quite lost to humanity. For thinking in, no place could be more favourable. Here he wrote his *Essay on Burns*, his *Miscellanies*, and *Sartor Resartus*, pronounced to be one of the greatest of all his works, in which he strives to give utterance to the pent-up thought of years. Penetrating through the clothes of the man, he proves that the spiritual, the supernatural, is the real, the inner man, not the outward, the all-important. It was not his aim to amuse his readers, yet no writer could be more humorous. If possible he longed to let some light into their souls, to enable them to see how best to do their duty to God and to each other. In all his writings there lurk forcible applications to daily life. His endeavour was to divide light from darkness, to distinguish friends from foes, truth from error, solid shams from pure truth, to strengthen the heart as well as the arm, for the conflict between good and evil. He could conceive no happiness except as the reward of virtue gained over the deadly enemies of the soul, raging incessantly in his own passionate heart. It was not to be great (except for his wife's sake), but to be useful, that was his own heart's desire.

A book must be the outcome of a man's highest nature, and might be of infinite use for all time, teaching, cheering, comforting, advising. Books verily govern the universe. They are essentially the fruits of the spirit—whether that spirit be good or bad. In Carlyle's books we have the essence of his

mind. He never wrote from the surface, but from the deepest depth of his heart.

Necessarily Jane was much alone. Of that she ought never to have spoken complainingly, however regretfully. Such complaints were totally unworthy of one who so ardently desired distinction. She did complain, however, and the record must inevitably be to her discredit. It was rarely she did so to her husband, lest it should retard or discourage him in his work, but she did so to others, which was worse. "Carlyle never asks me to go out with him, never looks as if he desired my companionship. The exile is dreary and disheartening," she wrote. In the evening, however, he invariably joined her in the drawing-room, kept as beautiful in its arrangements, in the Desert, as at Comely Bank.

Carlyle's wonderful powers of language had no doubt won her for his bride, raising her intense admiration as she listened to him. This gift seemed to grow with years. After hours spent in almost unexampled silence and solitude during the early part of the day, he would sit at her feet in the evening and pour forth whole volumes of thought, to which she listened with wonder. But he complained that she herself had so little to say in answer. It may not have been easy to answer such a man, but surely she must have been aware how much he needed her sympathy, in words as well as deeds. His own thoughts oppressed him; his endless strivings after originality of expression, as well as idea, which was the sole hope of earthly success, must inevitably have been a severe strain on his mental powers. No effort to relieve or comfort him ought to have been left undone on her part, yet she does not appear to have made any special attempt to make him happier, merely gave the encouragement that spurred him on. She who to others was so communicative, and in society so vivacious and full of repartee, showed *ennui* in his presence; was silent; indeed, so unresponsive that at times he would entreat from her some sign of life. In reply she would bend her head and impress a quiet kiss on his forehead. "Better than nothing," she would say in excuse. They were not even congenial companions, though each extraordinarily gifted, for surely such scenes are the saddest imaginable.

They were not without visitors, dropping as if from clouds, at Craigenputtock. In 1830, Margaret Carlyle, who was in very delicate health, made a fortnight's stay with them,

Though far less educated, she was more companionable to her brother than was his wife. Though seriously ill, she was invariably cheerful. Later on she was taken from Scotsbrig to Dumfries for better medical advice, but fruitlessly. On June 20th, 1830, Carlyle was roused up at midnight by a rap at his window. Sister Margaret was dying. He and his brother Alick hurriedly mounted their horses, and under the midnight, moonlit sky, galloped sadly over the fifteen miles that divided Dumfries from their Desert home. Carlyle entered the house at once; Alick repaired to the stables to put up the horses. They were too late—Margaret had passed away. The brothers' grief was bitter, yet, though memories of her were sad, they both had faith in reunion. A firm belief in the immortality of the soul sustained Carlyle in every bereavement. No man could have felt them more keenly.

It must have been that same or the following year that Irving visited Craigenputtock, literally, "The Bill of the Hawks." He came alone, unencumbered by wife or child, and was franker and happier than he had seemed for a long time.

It was beautiful summer weather, and the two old friends sauntered lovingly "in the safe green solitudes," conversing on topics interesting to both. Such a season of renewed friendship reminded them pleasantly of "auld lang syne," though they could never be unmindful of the changes which now divided their interests and their lives. They strolled once more over the fields, across the wild moors, so silent, save for the songs of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, or the murmuring brook. It grieved Carlyle to hear his friend's ravings on tongues and prophecies, and miraculous gifts of healing. But he felt sure that with Irving they were matters of real conviction; so, though he pitied, he never despised him for them.

For real honest belief he had ever true respect. They spoke rather uncharitably of Wesleyanism; considered it only fit for gross and vulgar-minded people; "cowardice and hunger, terror of pain and appetite for pleasure, being the essence of it." As Wesley was a founder of a new sect, so also was Irving. Alas! every additional sect but makes confusion worse confounded. It is not our intention to compare their tenets, or to notice their respective results on humanity, but as we look back on the vista of years, we see how much more powerful and more extensively recognized are those of John Wesley than those of Edward Irving.

Carlyle drove Irving over to Dunseore Church and heard him discourse—probably for the last time. The sermon seems to have made but little impression upon our philosopher, however eloquent, for he could not even remember the subject. Jane did not go to hear. She remained at home superintending domestic affairs. She had never appreciated much her lover's preachments, and would scarcely have patience to hear him as the husband of another. What poor Jeannie felt and thought during this strange visit who can say? The years of mental torture were no doubt telling upon him and her, for they had not the contempt that would cure. The two days' visit was soon over. Irving wrote of it thus to his wife—

“My dear wife, beloved in the Lord,—At Dunseore, Thomas Carlyle came to meet me, and drove me up to Craigenputtock, where I was received with much kindness by him and his wife. My dear wife, what I owe to you in love and gratitude. The Lord reward you and *enable* me to cherish you as my own self! Sweet home! the dwelling-place of those I am most *bound* to in this world. What a blessing is a faithful wife; but for your bearing and forbearing with me, what might I not this day be? Your love to me has been very great.”

Surely there is much cant, almost amounting to humbug, in this letter—a letter enough to turn Mrs. Carlyle sick had she read it, and yet have filled her soul with intense pity. But Jane's pity was of a peculiar turn. “Beloved in the Lord.” Ah well! that meant something, no doubt; we leave it to the initiated to guess what. The gratitude he owed her must have been that she had given him cause almost to curse the day of his birth, having blighted not his own only, but the life of another, more dear than self. He would cherish her as his own self. Poor woman, if that were all! He would have but little merey on her. Bound! Yes, verily, but the fetters she had tightened upon him were no less of an iron grasp because so feeble a hand had forged them.

Poor Irving! Our heart aches for him as we write; yet he drove away with apparent cheerfulness from the solitary home of the woman he had so wronged! Surely that was a miracle of itself. However, he knew the magnanimity of Carlyle's great heart. He knew there would be no limit to his patience, mixed, as it must have been, with pain unutterable when he once more bade her farewell. And who can tell the storm

that raged in unhappy Irving's great passionate heart as he wrote that curious epistle to the wife he so *strove* to love?

From Craigenputtock he rushed into further religious excitement. He went to Glasgow, the scene of his early ministerial labours. He wrote home of a certain Mary Campbell, who on a sick bed, inspired with superhuman strength, began to speak in an unknown tongue, to her own and everybody else's edification! His mind was evidently giving way under the fearful pressure put upon it.

Then followed, as may be supposed, several other examples of hysterical religious frenzy, especially among the young, to which Irving gave credence. To him personally the gift of tongues was never vouchsafed, nor could he by all his prayers and entreaties save his own little darlings from their early graves. When his only son was sick unto death, his religious fervour was so great that, having an hour to spare, instead of spending it upon his boy, he wasted it on an explanatory chapter on the Apocalypse! To him, religious meetings were all engrossing, and he calmly reposed wife and babes to the Lord's care, Who in His mercy gathered them in His arms, leaving Irving with but one little girl to survive him.

It is awful to think how much wrong-doing is perpetrated for fancied honour, or in the name of religion and virtue! Carlyle's solitude, as he expressed it, was as sad as Golgotha, but Irving's religious world was mad as Bedlam. "Oh that God would give rest to Carlyle and instruct him in His truth," prayed Irving. "May God deliver me from the religion of my friends," must have been Carlyle's petition.

CHAPTER XII.

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe. It is a seed grain that cannot die. Unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a Banyan Grove after a thousand years.—CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*.

AFTER three years' diligent laborious plodding, *Sartor Resartus* was completed at Craigenputtock in 1832. Carlyle admitted it was a kind of mystical autobiography, not so much of his actual life as of the workings of his inward, spiritual man. Conscious himself, in a certain degree, of its literary merits, he contemplated taking it to the metropolis with the hope of selling it advantageously to some London publisher.

This book was the outcome of his solitary rambles on the wild moors surrounding his Craigenputtock exile. He had been passing through a fiery trial, and in writing gave utterance to all the intellectual and speculative thoughts that crowded upon his brain concerning God—His universe, and man's position therein. He came to the conclusion that no earthly paradise ought to be expected by any man. The true-abiding home lies beyond these scenes. Like a true Puritan, his aim was always to reach the individual heart. He gazed at man from his hermitage with strange impartiality. To high and low, rich and poor, he had the same message, burning thoughts uttered in burning language.

What he despised, and would teach others to despise, viz. earth's treasures, pleasures, fashions, forms, manners, shams, cant, and all oppression and wrong. What he loved was God above all, and his fellow man, pity for distress, industry in work, sacrifice of self, honesty of purpose, truth in word and deed, purity of heart, good works anywhere and everywhere. This is the end of all Carlyle's teachings. His language is strong, marred perhaps by his deep study of German writers,

whose sentences have been declared to "commence one week and finish the next."

True he had not had much intercourse with high society, what he had had he did not over value. It was not his aim to pamper to the tastes of the higher classes. He was one of the people, belonged to them, and was never ashamed of the fact. He wrote for their benefit.

He emerged from each solitary hour of reflection, true to God and his own soul, and from his heart hurled fiery darts against all the wretched shams, vanities, and tyrannies that dominate all classes. For the world then, as now and ever will be, was burdened with sloth, luxury, and falsehood.

His wife bravely insisted that he should go to London with his manuscript, leaving her behind. How anxiously she awaited news of his success; but it was the old, old story. Publisher after publisher scornfully rejected such a peculiar work. In vain he paced the busy thoroughfares, unrecognized and unknown, trying in vain to sell his MS., feeling himself more solitary in the midst of crowds than on the desolate Scottish Moors.

He soon sought out his first friend, Edward Irving, whom he found deep in prophecy and other "futile aberrations," surrounded as usual by innumerable weak imitations of himself, all in almost hourly expectation of the second coming of Christ.

An anecdote is related of a terrible storm bursting over the church where Irving was preaching. The windows were darkened by black thunder clouds. Suddenly the whole building was brilliantly illuminated by a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. The preacher paused, the silence was intense, the darkness deepened. Then the orator's grand tones fell on the ears of the terrified worshippers with wonderful power and harmony. "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." The effect was marvellous. At that time the gift of tongues had fairly broken out, like an epidemic, among the weakest members of the church.

Carlyle was both disgusted and saddened at the mad course his friend was taking, effectively alienating all but wild fanatics from his church.

"Poor Irving!" he exclaimed, "come to this. 'How are the mighty fallen!'"

Carlyle was not long unrecognized in London, though still

unsuccessful in the sale of his book. He became acquainted with many kindred spirits, and, at any rate for a time, thoroughly appreciated their society—his old pupil Charles Buller, whose friendship and esteem he never ceased to value inestimably; John Stuart Mill, the “Mocking Hayward;” Jeffery, the Lord Advocate, Mrs. Montague, Allan Cunningham, and others, all of whom saw in Carlyle a master mind. These men were all known for their superior intellect. What comparison did the peasant’s son bear with them? His Jeannie should come and see with her own clear, far-seeing eyes. He missed her sorely whenever absent from her. With him indeed absence made the heart grow fonder. It was never “out of sight, out of mind” with him.

He wrote and bade her come to him, and she was quick to obey. In September she joined him in London. They took apartments in Ampton Street, where they lived in the strictest economy. We can imagine how proud he was to introduce his cultured, charming, lady-wife to his new acquaintances.

Mrs. Carlyle was never constitutionally strong, and never as well as at Craigenputtock. During her London visit her health was very precarious, but did not seem in any way to interfere with her thorough enjoyment of her new life. Her indomitable energy, her delight in the society of the distinguished and brilliant, her stoical endurance of all the ills of life, and her unfailing spirits never deserted her altogether.

Too much of the very best society, however, was beyond Carlyle’s powers of endurance. Solitude had become habitual to him, and it was an immense advantage to him that he could so safely leave his friends to be entertained by his wife, agreeably and intellectually, when he retired to his den.

They early made acquaintance with Leigh Hunt, poet and author of great renown, which ripened into a hearty friendship, of whom more hereafter.

They did not see much of poor Irving, perhaps it was undesirable that they should; but even when Carlyle called alone, Mrs. Irving had always some excuse for her husband’s non-appearance. On one occasion they both called, were admitted into the “Orator’s” presence, and had the doubtful benefit of hearing for themselves the miraculous gift of tongues.

Mrs. Irving was engaged with the devotees in one room, while Irving remained with his guests in an adjoining one,

dandling his last baby on his knee, and looking peculiarly uncomfortable. Presently, wild shrieks were heard from the sacred chamber, which Irving calmly explained was the miraculous gift of tongues finding utterance.

The Carlyles could scarcely contain their impatience. The former quite agreed with his wife, who declared "that had Irving married her there would have been no speaking in unknown tongues." Of that there is not the slightest doubt. It was his unsuitable marriage that proved his ruin. It would perhaps have been better for Irving if they had entirely dropped his acquaintance, but it was hard to wrench asunder the life-long friendship which existed between these three remarkable people. They never seem to have contemplated such an idea. The mere suggestion might have had a harrowing effect on the sensitive mind of the most wretched among them, Edward Irving.

After pacing the streets fruitlessly for months, calling first on one publisher, then another, Carlyle disposed at last of his manuscript, and thought of returning to his desert home. Before doing so they paid a farewell visit to Edward Irving. These interviews must have been terribly trying to Carlyle to witness, but he never seems to have raised the least objection to them, looking on with mixed feelings of bitterness and pity. Both Carlyle and his wife, curiously, had a mutual and intense dislike to Mrs. Irving. On this farewell visit she had the audacity to kiss Mrs. Carlyle, who resented the act with unutterably bitter disgust. How could she erase the impression of that hypocritical kiss! Carlyle quite agreed with her, that it was an indignity to which she ought never to have been subjected, a pain she ought to have been spared. Poor Carlyle! How palpable was the fact that even yet in his wife's heart he held only a secondary place. Partially he had himself to blame. In that grand, unselfish letter, giving her the final choice of marrying or making the destiny of both, he gave her permission to love another better than himself, even if she decided to marry him. He knew not what he did. But that fact must have been another strong inducement to keep his own lips for ever silent on that subject, and he did it religiously.

So once again they rolled away from the mighty city, from the faithful hearts of appreciating friends and kindred spirits, from scenes of intense business and activity, to the awful still-

ness and unbroken solitude of Craigenputtock. There for two more seasons they remained in almost complete obscurity, cheered by letters from absent friends, and perseveringly following their daily pursuits, however dreary.

But Carlyle's fame was spreading farther and deeper than he imagined. Across the wide Atlantic his published works had reached the heart of an American genius, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was irresistibly attracted and peculiarly influenced by Carlyle's powerful mind. He determined to cross the ocean, and become personally acquainted with the author of those soul-stirring thoughts.

Arriving at Dumfries, he hired a conveyance to conduct him to the Craigenputtock hermitage. Great and joyful was the surprise of the lonely inhabitants to be honoured by such a guest. They clasped hands as brothers, and gazed in each other's faces to trace the impress of the inner man produced thereon. They were neither disappointed. There were the unmistakable signs in the deep-set earnest eyes, the grimly tender smile, the massive brow of the one, and the delicate refined features, the calm unwrinkled brow, the suave, gentle manners of the cultured American.

"I found the house," says Emerson, "amid desolate, heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Amid granite hills and bleak morasses the estate stands forth a green oasis in the desert. Surely the loneliest nook in Great Britain!"

Emerson was no stranger to Carlyle. In his way he was scarcely less solitary than his great contemporary. Each longed for human sympathy, each recognized in their writings a kindred spirit, struggling and wrestling continuously, in the great battle, between the spirit and the flesh. Precious indeed was this interview between man and man—when soul met soul, stripped of all earthly trammels; social status, clothing, nationality, all forgotten, as they met face to face. It was a memorable event in their lives, never to be forgotten.

Mrs. Carlyle declared their visitor descended upon them from the clouds in their desert home, and left her weeping that he stayed but one brief day. As for Carlyle, with tears dimming his eyes, he watched him depart like a vanishing angel.

Emerson came upon them like an apparition, and comforted them in their desolation like a ministering spirit in those few

short hours. The result of this visit was a correspondence which commenced immediately, and was continued from time to time to the very last—forty years. It is now given to the public. Thoughts and sentiments which, if taken to heart, may be of incalculable benefit to their readers of generations to come, are contained in these unsurpassed epistles.

Emerson declared that "Carlyle's gloomy views of modern civilization always ended with a laugh that cleared the atmosphere, and that he was the most amiable and lovable of men, the most catholic philosopher, forgiving and loving everybody."

Carlyle pronounced Emerson not only lovable, but an intellectual lion, and a true man whom he could revere. To find such a one was joy unspeakable.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself.—CARLYLE, *Cromwell*.

It was during his last visit to London that Carlyle lost his father. Before taking that journey south he had paid a visit to Scotsbrig to see his honoured parents, and had enjoyed pleasant chats with the old man, who was fast ageing, and somewhat ailing. Little, however, did any one anticipate his death. The Saturday previous to his sudden departure he was slowly moving about as usual, and took his customary pipe before the kitchen fire. He had always experienced, not only a physical dread of the great change, but a spiritual fear of the "King of Terrors." He was mercifully preserved from a knowledge of the dread summons, passing away in his sleep, unconsciously changing this mortality for immortality.

When Carlyle received the news of his bereavement in his London lodgings, he betook himself to a solitary ramble in Hyde Park, watching the brilliant equipages, and the knights and dames of fashion prancing along the "Row." Even at that sad moment he would not have changed existences with the brightest of fortune's favourites.

How much gratitude and admiration he owed the humble stock from which he sprang! Over and over again he repeated the words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." He too "felt his feet upon the Everlasting Rock, and through Time, with its Death, could see, in some degree, Eternity with its Life." Surely his father's humble career had been that of a true hero.

Is not the life of any man "remarkable which has been a continuously faithful work in the vineyard of the Highest, in whatever capacity?" His father had been no ordinary man.

He had possessed "immense originality and rude uncultured worth;" working for no earthly fame, but under the searching eye of the great Taskmaster.

"I have reason to think my father was proud of me, not vain," says Carlyle, "for unless provoked he never bragged of us. Here too he lived to see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in His hands. Oh, was it not a happiness to me! The fame of the planet were not half so precious."

Yes, he had had a noble faith in his gifted son; had educated him against the advice of all his friends, who prophesied that he would grow up to despise his ignorant parents. When at the height of his celebrity, in alluding to those days to Carlyle, the old man added pathetically, "Thou hast not done so; thank God for that."

No, indeed; to his father that son declared he owed far more than existence, a noble, inspiring example, which he tried to imitate in writing his books. Carlyle did not believe exactly as his father did—no man ever does. His father had stood on the verge of the old world, while he stood on the threshold of the new. Both were, however, equally true to their convictions, and dared to act up to them.

But throughout his unusually long life Carlyle was more or less dominated by the remembrance of the lessons taught by father and mother. They never ceased to influence his mind. Their reproofs, their admonitions, their approval were never forgotten. All the mad ideas which animated the great outer world, for ever changing in its opinions and customs, as it does in its clothing fashions, failed to change Thomas Carlyle.

"We are not to be passive buckets to be pumped into," he said, "mere receptacles for ready-made ideas, but men capable of being roused into independent activity." So Carlyle, though never unmindful of early lessons, and devoutly grateful for such parents, used his own independent judgment, and acted up to the light vouchsafed to him.

His father, no less, had been endowed with a grand stoical independence. All the wealth of the Indies would not have constrained him from unflinchingly plodding at his monotonous labour. He never desired any pecuniary benefit from his son's success. Carlyle had given proof enough, surely, that members of one family had a right to call upon each other from the common purse. Indeed, his generosity to his family, when almost in abject poverty himself, was almost Quixotic.

And yet, since his death, it has been said that he selfishly hoarded up his money, and stinted his wife. Enough of these contemptuous slanders at present.

There are several anecdotes worth relating of the venerable James Carlyle. When our philosopher visited his old humble home, he never thought it beneath his dignity to lend a hand at any work, however menial, in which any member of his family was engaged.

On one occasion he was energetic in assisting his father to hoe turnips, and while doing so gave him one of his graphic descriptions of Turkey and the "unspeakable Turk," to the old man's infinite amusement. He had as strong a sense of the ridiculous as his own son had; indeed Thomas firmly believed that had his father had *his* intellectual advantages his genius would have far outshone his own. No two men ever more thoroughly enjoyed each other's society, none were more humorous or could laugh louder or longer than they.

"How much lies in laughter," writes Carlyle, "the cipher key wherewith to decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what is called laughing, but only sniff and titter from the throat outwards, and at best produce some whiffling cachinnation as if they were laughing through wood; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for stratagems, treasons and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

When Carlyle and his lady-bride paid their first visit to Scotsbrig the old man was out. Coming in later on from his farm labours, dressed in his working clothes, face, hands, and clothes besprinkled with marks of the soil, with true filial respect, Jane, disregarding all, offered him a dutiful kiss. But the old man drew back.

"Nay, nay, Mistress Jane," he said, too respectful towards his gifted son's lady wife to call her by her Christian name; "I'm no like to kiss the likes of you."

"Hoot, man!" cried his wife, distressed by the apparent rudeness, though not without her share of the same feeling. "You'll na refuse when it's her pleasure."

"Na, na," persisted the old man, softly putting her back, full of admiration for her beauty and condescension.

He then disappeared, leaving the whole party somewhat

disconcerted at such inexplicable behaviour. In a short time, however, he reappeared, washed and shaven and dressed in his spotless Sunday clothes, "with metal buttons and all his rustic bravery."

"If you will, I will give you a kiss now," he said.

Truly Jane Carlyle must have felt that among all her higher acquaintance she could never have met with a truer act of noble chivalry. The politeness of the old Hebrew patriarchs, whose lives he studied daily, and whose innate courtesy came as natural to James Carlyle as to them, was a courtesy the modern courts of Europe could scarcely exceed. And now that grand old man was gone from them for all time, not for ever.

Carlyle did not mourn his dead as one without hope. He firmly believed that his father had been translated to be perfected; he had gone from error to truth, from faults to virtue, from suffering to bliss. The soul's prison was broken through and had escaped to perfect freedom. His father's aspirations had ever been for immortality, and had the Creator endowed a man with desire that should be for ever unsatisfied?

"It is a remarkable law in nature," says Addison, "that there is nothing waste and nothing meaningless in the feelings and faculties wherewith living creatures are endowed? Now, but for the doctrine of immortality, man would be an exception to that law. He would stand forth an anomaly in nature, with aspirations in his heart for which the universe had no antitype to offer, with capacities for thought and understanding that were never to be followed by objects of corresponding greatness, through the whole history of his being."

James Carlyle was gathered to his fathers, but his spirit had gone to God who gave it. The fool alone has said in his heart, there is no God. Thomas Carlyle was no such fool! "Not lost, but gone before," he believed to the letter. Though a true poet, Carlyle rarely indulged in rhyme. This is, however, one of his rare productions—

BELIEF.

"It is an old belief, that on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief, dear friends shall meet once more
Beyond the sphere of time, and sin, and fate's control;
Serene in changeless prime of body and of soul.
That creed I fain would keep, this hope I'll not forego,
Eternal be the sleep, if not to waken so."

Nothing, however, comforted Carlyle more, in his sore bereavement, than the beautiful resignation of his dear old mother. "It is God who has done it," she wrote. "Be still, my children."

And Carlyle acknowledged the Hand, and inaudibly gave answer, "Yes, it is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth Him good."

CHAPTER XIV.

For a man of high qualities it is rare to find a meet companion; painful and injurious to want one. Solitude exasperates or deadens the heart, perverts or enervates the faculties.—CARLYLE, *Life of Schiller*.

AFTER the somewhat excitable visit to London, Craigenputtock seemed dreary and isolated beyond endurance. Carlyle himself named it "The Devil's Den." Being debarred from all social intercourse with cultured minds and kindred spirits seemed to both of them an incalculable evil. They could not resign themselves to such wearying obscurity, such dense solitude, cut off from all human communication.

They now spoke more often to one another, and the burden of their conversation was, "life in London." They had both great and valuable social powers. Their society was a boon in any house. It was not society, however, that had fascinated Carlyle. He continued throughout life to grumble at it and its ways, though he never had expected much from it; but the very fact that it had once ostracized him, made him determine to conquer it, by virtue of his own brain efforts, as many had done by much less powerful means.

Though his peeps into society had not quite infatuated him, he enjoyed exchange of thought with lofty minds. So he listened complacently to Jane's suggestions of leaving the Hermitage, sympathized entirely with her dissatisfaction, and considered matters over. The cholera was then scouring the country mercilessly. Every heart trembled in anticipation of its deathly approach. Every morning startled eyes sought the columns of the newspapers to ascertain its ravages. Ejaculations of horror and dismay were heard, first from one and then another in our vast cities, as if the dread summons had searched them out. Secret fears were betrayed in look and

voice as eye met eye. Every earthly care was absorbed in thoughts, first of prevention, then of cure. Prevention, alas! was often too late and cure impossible. The poor, who were generally left to toil in misery and die in squalor, were then the object of intense solicitation, lest by neglect of *their* necessities the disease might spread. The awful pestilence was no respecter of persons, when he stalked abroad.

But its influence acted as a great social reformer for the time being; no less a teacher, than a scourge. Beside plague and famine, riot and revolution were hanging like two-edged swords over the land.

Carlyle did not fear much for his own safety; but he felt for the distress and danger of the convulsions that threatened the country. He hardly knew which was or might be most direful in effect, the cholera or the anticipated revolution. The latter disease had swept off in Paris several thousand souls in the space of one day. Could cholera be more destructive?

Carlyle sought out day and night the cause of these terrible national disasters. In his books he has given us the results of his research. The Bishop of London declared that it was by the providence of Almighty God that cholera came in our midst; so did most of the religious world. The physicians' opinions were that the cholera arose from some pestiferous exhalation from the interior of the earth. The superstitious ascribed its visitation to the expected appearance of a new comet; and even poor Irving's tongues were supposed to have emanated from the surrounding "amphitic" atmosphere.

Carlyle believed in none of these theories, nor did he imagine that a universal fast insisted upon would in any way mitigate the evil. Few indeed were the ills of life he ascribed to a beneficent Providence. These were brought about chiefly by stupid, human means. Wretchedness and want, filth and starvation, the enormous overplus of wealth among the upper classes, and the absolute need of the necessities of life among the millions, brought the accompanying scourge. The rich were even *then* liberal enough in support of the spiritual wants of the people, contributing no less than £300,000 annually towards religious causes, while starvation and want were more abundant than Bibles. What was meat for the soul was not meat for the body.

Plague and famine are inseparable. Let us look to the

cleanliness and the larders of the masses of our over-populated cities, and the ravages of disease will considerably lessen.

But the awful pestilence was not confined to the crowded cities, it crept silently but surely even to the distant hamlets. Whether it really reached Craigenputtock we cannot remember, but if it had, it would have been met with no coward fears. "Man who has reconciled himself to die, need not go distracted on the manner of his death. God make us all ready, and be His time ours!" That was the spirit in which Carlyle met the approaching danger.

Of the other danger of revolution he had much to say. He knew that the greatest evils in Great Britain were the toil that could scarcely earn its bread, and the hands that could find no work. He was no party man, he was born for mankind, and if for the good of mankind he had belonged to a party, he would have sacrificed both himself and it, for universal good. Our laws were then barbarous in severity. The punishment of death was denounced on innumerable criminal offences, though never carried out but on twenty, now only on one. Ought not laws to be loved because they are good, not tolerated because they exist? If bad laws are passed, is it possible to uphold and respect them? Political happiness can only depend on political virtue. If men pay hypocritical obedience to a hated constitution, without attempting to reform its evils, they are only worthy of contempt. Magistrates in those days sat in judgment on persons, and sent them to prison, for breaking laws which their own sons broke every day. Influence and authority, wealth, learning and ingenuity, combined to resist a reform that would lessen the privileges they enjoyed and vindicate abuses that they contended were bulwarks of the constitution.

The slightest improvement was of the highest importance, and wherever a salutary change was necessary, Carlyle would invariably advocate such change; but never by violent measures. "Where violence might reign, let magnanimity supersede," was his advice. The evils that menace a country ought to make the highest in the land pause and see if any remedy be possible, by amending the law or by acceding to public opinion, if possible without endangering one's own conscience. Where a truth could be discovered, or an error detected, Carlyle marked them out—forced his readers to acknowledge the one, and urged upon them to seek for a remedy for the other. He

was not all-powerful, he could not even attempt a great social revolution; but he could detect where society was all wrong and out of joint, and point it out for the workmen to remedy. It was not his function to set it right, and he never pretended it was. He was more an onlooker than an actor. A master can often find errors in workmanship that for the life of him he could not rectify.

He knew the facts—"That the Poor were perishing like neglected, foundered Draught Cattle, of hunger and over work; the Rich, still more wretchedly of Idleness, Satiety, and Overgrowth. The Highest in Rank, at length, without honour from the Lowest, scarcely, with a little mouth-honour, as from tavern-waiters, who expect to put it in the bill. A world becoming dismantled: in one word, the Church fallen speechless, from obesity and apoplexy; the State shrunk into a Police Office, straitened to get its pay."

Any observant soul who considers the state of the Church in those days, and regards it without impartiality at the present time, must acknowledge that her clergy at any rate have found great remedies and adopted them. No longer sloth and obesity, no longer surfeiting and even drunkenness, but mighty efforts at reform, and visible results therefrom—activity, zeal, temperance, charity. Carlyle has not spoken in vain in the mouth of his Teufelsdröck; nor has the State been without its reforms. But "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

In 1833 *Sartor Resartus* was read far and wide, brought out first in *Frazer's Magazine*. Early in '34 Carlyle received the following letter from Ralph W. Emerson—

"May I use the word? I thank my God whenever I call you to remembrance. I receive with great pleasure the wonderful professor. I feel like congratulating you upon the cold reception which you say Teufelsdröck has met. As it is not earthly happy, it is marked of a high sacred sort. I like it a great deal better than ever, and before it was all published I had eaten nearly all my words of objection. But do not think it shall lack a present popularity; as God maketh the world for evermore, whatever the devils may seem to do, so the thoughts of the best minds always become the last opinion of society. Truth is ever born in a manger, but is compensated by living till it hath all fools for its kingdom. The good word lives for ever, the impure word can only

bury itself in the gross gas that now envelopes it, and will sink altogether to ground as that works itself clear in the everlasting effort of God. Strange to me that you do not sympathize with Socrates—so ironical, so true, and who tramped in the mire with wooden shoes whenever they would force him into the clouds. I seem to see him offering his hand to you across the ages which some time you will clasp." Then he expresses a joyful hope that Carlyle will cross the ocean and settle in America.

Again he writes—

"I write to implore you to take care of your health. You are the property of all whom you rejoice in heart and soul, and you must not deal with your body as your own. Oh, my friend, if you would come here and let me nurse you and pasture you in my nook of this long continent, I will thank God and you morning and night. Come and make a home with me, and let us make a truth, that is better than dreams."

Carlyle was so nearly yielding to his friend's persuasions, that Emerson actually gathered for him every item of necessary expenditure, arranged a series of lectures, and offered to shelter and entertain them both for a year.

But Carlyle reconsidered his decision. He felt himself too old for change. He doubted whether America would suit his peculiar taste any better, or as well, as the old country. If he hated the pride of purse and pedigree, he feared he should hate the purse without the pedigree still worse. He had little interest in the spirit of commercial enterprise; great wealth with its accompanying slavery in the attainment, and idle luxury in the enjoyment, had no charm for him. But he sincerely loved the American Emerson as a kinsman and a brother; cried over his speeches, declaring nothing was like them since Schiller was silent. "May God grant you strength, for you have a fearful task before you to do—great, the greatest. Can I ever forget or think otherwise than lovingly of the man Emerson? Write and tell them that I have still a brother soul left me in this world, and a kind thought-memory far over the sea."

CHAPTER XV.

He whose pen we yet thank sits there, in stoical, meditative humour, oftenest silent, accepting what destiny will send.—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

HAVING decided against emigration, Carlyle once again turned his thoughts towards London, with its old associations, its thousandfold historical interests, its innumerable resources, of such infinite delight to literary characters. Husband and wife were both of one mind. Craigenputtock must have another tenant; they must, metaphorically, “burn their ships and march.”

It took them some time to arrive at a decision; having reached it, they were not long in putting it into execution. Leaving his widowed mother was the sorest trial of all. “God be thanked, she was still surrounded by loving sons and daughters,” and would not be left alone.

When she learnt their determination to leave their native Scotland, however deeply affected, she made little sign. No tears were shed by that wise old mother. Her face bore trace of firm resignation, mixed with unconscious pride. She had unflinching faith in her son’s genius; but her hopes of his earthly distinction alternated with fears for his immortal soul.

Carlyle’s love and reverence deepened as he witnessed her beautiful conduct, and he prayed “the Father of all” to be ever near her, and grant them all a grand reunion in a higher country. He wrote thus to Leigh Hunt—

“It is actually true that we are coming to London. So far has destiny and a little resolution brought us. The kind Mrs. Austin, after search enough, has found us a house (we imagine)

which is not far from you. It shall be farther than my widest calculation if I fail to meet your challenge, and walk and talk with you to all lengths. I know not well how far Chelsea lies from the parish of Kensington, but it is within sight of the latter that we are to be, and some trysting tree is already getting into leaf, as yet unconscious of its future honour, between these two suburbs of Babylon. Some days too we will walk the whole day long in wide excursion. My best amusement is walking. Innumerable, immeasurable, grave forebodings hang over me as I write. Meanwhile there is one good assurance—the feeling that it is a duty, almost a necessity. My dame is also full of resolution for the enterprise, whatsoever may follow it. I am writing nothing. As for the unhappy *Sartor*, none can detest him more than my present self. There are some ten pages fused and harmonious, the rest is only welded, and may be thrown to the swine," &c.

Some time before they quitted Craigenputtock Edward Irving had been expelled from the Scottish Church on account of his heresies.

Carlyle defines orthodoxy as My doxy, heterodoxy as Thy doxy. Nothing could be more expressive. Irving had been summoned to appear before the religious tribunals, and was found unworthy to continue one of Christ's ministers, not on account of extravagant language, his prophecies or speaking in unknown tongues, but because he believed that our Saviour when Incarnate was indeed Very Man, endowed with every faculty of man, able though never guilty of committing sin. That was his chief heresy, and for that he was condemned.

On that visit to his native land he did not call at Craigenputtock, but continued preaching in the fields, as he was forbidden to do so in the churches. Crowds everywhere flocked to hear him, among them Carlyle's youngest brother Jamie, who dearly loved the "Orator," and brought home full accounts of his sermons and personal appearance.

When the Carlyles had resolved to take up their residence in London, they did not deem it advisable to inform Irving of their intention. Many and various were the motives that actuated them. They knew him only too well, and could understand how deeply he would feel the humiliation of his deposition. They both truly loved him, and dreaded to see

the dire effects. "Surely the worst of madmen is the saint gone mad." But it was becoming more and more evident that his troubled soul was fast verging towards insanity. His passionate emotions were exhausting his physical and mental powers alike; they were quite beyond his control in their vehemence. The sighs of the heart-broken, the shrieks of the despairing, the cries of the penitent among his hysterical flock, each and all found an answer in his own dumb agony, and powers of imagination.

But to return to Carlyle. In May 1834 he started for London, leaving Jane to superintend the packing operations, and his dear old mother to bear her company. So kind and tender-hearted was she to her daughter-in-law, that she offered to sit up all night by her side, that she might sleep more comfortably; we need scarcely say, that she was not permitted so to do. Having arrived in London, Carlyle at once repaired to his old lodgings in Ampton Street, where he was warmly welcomed, the good people of that house having quite an affection for both him and his wife.

For days he tramped the streets in search of a house, returning in the evening to the dreary apartments, where he had neither books nor company, nor any available resource for distracting his gloomy thoughts. Every house he inspected had some insurmountable drawback. Kensington he declared was dirty and confused. What place in London could look anything else to a man lately emerged from scenes of such silence unutterable, and cleanliness unspottable?

To add to his minor miseries, his feet became sore with pacing the London flagstones—generally the case with country people, and must be endured. One day while resting and ruminating in Kensington Gardens, who should rise up before his astonished gaze but Edward Irving—but how changed! His figure, gaunt and emaciated, looked like that of an old man; his raven locks were fast turning white, the dark handsome face bore indelible lines of sorrow and disappointment; his tall figure, though still erect, had lost all its elasticity.

Irving's astonishment was exceeded by his distress, that his friends should have undertaken so important a step without consulting or even informing him. Carlyle said what he could to soothe him, for he was deeply grieved to see his

visibly declining health. That he was a dying man he felt intuitively. But it seemed quite impossible to arouse in Irving's mind either anxiety or interest concerning his own health. The summer weather he expected would set him to rights again, was all he said. Carlyle chatted as cheerfully as he was able, and managed to draw a smile and even a laugh from his solemn friend. He was glad to have met him, and to feel that if wanted he would be within call. A closer intimacy was impossible, owing chiefly to the miserable jealousy of Irving's weak-minded wife.

This meeting with his first old friend did but tend to increase Carlyle's melancholy; happily for him he was compelled to continue his house hunting. What endless botheration he found it we can well imagine. In business he was always prudent, and he was fully determined, whatever his choice, he would finally decide on no house without his wife's judgment. He wrote to her of his "poor Edward," and gave her a full description of the various neighbourhoods he visited, and the houses he inspected, bidding her to come as soon as possible and decide for herself. There was one house in Chelsea that made an excellent impression upon our eccentric philosopher.

Leigh Hunt, who lived in the neighbourhood, had pointed it out to him, and taken him over it. Its age, its dimensions, and substantiality took his fancy. Chelsea, formerly the city of palaces, was then but an unfashionable though genteel suburb of London. The Embankment was not made till forty years later. Boats and barges lay on the river, moored under shady trees, while an odour of shipping and tar pervaded the breezy atmosphere. The little street, with houses only on one side, ran down almost to the water's edge. Exactly opposite the house in question were lime trees, where now a great ugly building, after the Peabody style, rears itself, effectually concealing from view what might once have been fields and orchards.

At the back of the house was a long, narrow garden, badly cultivated, looking into what was once a bishop's pleasure-ground. Bishops were in dreadful bad odour in those days, through their determined opposition to the Reform Bill. The interior of the house pleased Carlyle immensely. The lofty rooms, the walls wainscotted almost to the ceilings, the marble

chimney-pieces, and the shelves and cupboards, enough to satisfy the most "covetous Goody"—a favourite name he had given to his wife, in contra-distinction to the one he gave himself, "Illy." The rent seemed, however, enormous, £35 per annum. Should they make such a venture or not? He called the area "The sunken story."

Battersea Bridge, now disappeared to make room for a new one, was very near Cheyne Row, beyond which were the far-famed Surrey Hills, and Wimbledon and Clapham Commons, over which he could wander for hours together, with or without a companion.

After hearing that Carlyle had really found a house agreeable to his peculiar taste, and in a neighbourhood within easy access of green fields, wise Jeannie made no further delay. Returning one evening from a solitary ramble to his lodgings in Ampton Street, Carlyle was greeted by the well-known chirping of their little canary, "Chico." Mrs. Carlyle he knew had arrived. She had retired to rest, wearied out with her long journey. She had not travelled alone, having brought with her a remarkable maid, named Betsy Barnet. The next day they all visited No. 6, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Mrs. Carlyle quite approved of her husband's choice, and the house was finally taken.

On June 10th, 1834, a damp, cloudy day, they all set out from Ampton Street in an old hackney coach—Thomas Carlyle, his wife Jane, Betsy Barnet, and Chico the canary inside; luggage without end outside. During the day the weather brightened, thereby reviving their spirits.

So Craigenputtock was left behind, and the house at Chelsea was in confusion, apparently almost inextricable; furniture, boxes, books and carpets, here, there, and everywhere. Perhaps it was a blessed thing that Carlyle was still his wife's sole care. No little feet were ever heard pattering about in hall or on staircase, to interrupt with their innocent prattlings the household operations, or disturb its habitual quietude. Better so for both of them—yes, better so. She had therefore nothing to do but to set bravely to work to change that scene of discomfort into the little paradise it soon grew to be, the centre of a brilliant circle of distinguished men and women, among whom Thomas and Jane Carlyle were destined to be the most distinguished. Carlyle writes—

"From the ever-silent whinstones of Nithsdale to the mud-rattling streets of Piccadilly there is but a step! I feel it the strangest transition, but one uses himself to all. Our upholsterers, with all their rubbish and chippings, are at length handsomely swept out of doors. I have got my little book-press set up, my table fixed firm in its place, and sit here, awaiting what time and I, in our questionable wrestle, shall make out between us."

His literary fame was soon acknowledged; his mind and heart then, as ever, were full of all generous impulses. Having settled in London, occasional visits to Edward Irving were peremptory.

On one occasion Carlyle accepted an invitation to dine with his old friend in Newman Street. He found him solemn and sad, his mental agitation fast wearing him out. No earthly power could reach the disease from which he suffered. There was not the slightest allusion to his church affairs, nor to his peculiar views, considered so heretical, but the sympathetic Carlyle was thankful to return to his own little paradise. Jane intensely enjoyed society, but strictly avoided any extravagant ways. It should never be said of her, that "the wife's pleasure proved the husband's ruin." Their daily life at Cheyne Row was about as quiet as at Craigenputtock, the evenings only brightened by distinguished visitors.

John Stuart Mill became a frequent guest, and assisted Carlyle by loan of books and arguments innumerable. Leigh Hunt sent constant little notes whenever he failed to put in an appearance. They designated him a "talking nightingale," his voice being particularly low and melodious, and his conversation inspiriting and cheerful, rising in power and eloquence as the night advanced. Darwin soon became a frequent visitor—"Always to be got," wrote Mrs. Carlyle. Scotch Allan Cunningham rather annoyed his host by persistently speaking only of Nithsdale, as if Carlyle's interests could extend no further. The amiable Charles Buller, the clever John Stuart Mill, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Buller, and a little later on Miss Martineau were constant visitors.

Besides Carlyle's towering intellect and marvellous conversational powers, his personal appearance was also striking. His tall, muscular, spare figure was almost military in its erect bearing. His complexion through dyspepsia was "yellow,"

as Jane described it, but when animated, tinged with the colour of perpetual youth; his eyes Leigh Hunt declared to be the very finest he had ever seen, clear, penetrating, and burning with latent fire under his massive brows. His manner was that of a perfect gentleman, as modest and retiring, yet with complete self-possession; while his laugh was the most genial thing about him, clearing the very atmosphere from the gloom or irritation his frequent fierce language provoked.

He had no sooner settled in London than he contemplated writing his *French Revolution*, reading, studying, ransacking the British Museum for that purpose. The weather was intensely hot, and going so suddenly among the children of fashion, he, poor fellow, at first felt bound to do as they did, and was incessantly grumbling at the brimless hat, which was then the order of the day. He grew wiser even in such matters, and wore exactly what suited him best. He had turned his eye towards London with a true scholar's appreciation of its many advantages, but he met at first with some bitter disappointments. His brain was always seething with some kind of wild thoughts, unmanageable, inexpressible. No words could he find strong enough to express his feelings. In *Sartor Resartus* he had made some attempt to give utterance to the volume of ideas that oppressed him. The book, however, perhaps from its peculiar style, at first met with little success. Critics wrote freezingly or utterly condemned. The thinking and reading world acknowledged the unknown writer to be a man of power, but without the refined tastes of good society. "Is it then a certain fact," he wrote bitterly, "that taste and riches are indissolubly connected? That truth of feeling must ever be preceded by weight of purse, and the eyes be dim for inward and eternal beauty, till they have long rested on gilt walls and costly furniture?"

A contemporary magazine declared Frazer, in which Carlyle's *Sartor* appeared, to be a "coarse, stupid, illiterate, foetid magazine."

Such criticisms stung Carlyle keenly; but there are two ways of establishing a reputation—immoderate praise and immoderate abuse. Our hero received both without stint, administered by wise men and fools respectively. By these means, at any rate, *his* reputation is secured for future generations.

He had travelled enthralled over the whole field of German literature, translating and making much of it clear and beautiful even to English eyes. Unfeigned gratitude to him for that! Now he had come to London to seek bread and work. What did he find? He was then thirty-nine, without any remunerative occupation whatsoever, and in vain he sought it for weary, weary months. He was literally one of the great unemployed. By no means idle, however. He had a wondrous talent, and God forbid that, whether recognized or unrecognized, he should hide it under a napkin as an unprofitable servant. Though mortal man refused it, the great Taskmaster had given him work to do in His vineyard, and faithfully he did it. Honour him for that, all ye who are incapable of giving the great departed any other favourable judgment. And does he not speak to you, ye poor suffering millions, who endure, even as he did, the tortures, physical and mental, of seeking work, remunerative work, and finding none?

Patience, patience, my poor fellow-sufferers, he would say. There is an Eternal God, a present, all-seeing God overhead. Wait; seek *first* His kingdom and righteousness, and the rest is sure to follow. Never despair; never be hopelessly, unutterably despondent. Neither be ye buyable or saleable, but true men, scorning to do, even for bread or wealth untold, what would tarnish your soul in the performance thereof. God has given to each a talent, perhaps only one, and that a little one, but it is *there*—it is God-given—despise it not. Seek it out, use it in His name, and it will bring forth. It is God's own decree; it *shall* bring forth, perhaps thirty, perhaps sixty, or even a hundred-fold.

That time, that sad, dreary time no one wanted Carlyle's services. Editors all turned their backs on him. His language was not sufficiently polite for high society, and they particularly wanted to pamper to the taste of cultured people.

The editor of the *Times* offered him work, but on his own condition, he must write his articles to advance party cause. Carlyle would none of it. "Parties might come and parties might go, and self-interest go on for ever," but never lead by Carlyle. He belonged to all alike, declined to barter conscience or individuality for all the wealth of Europe, and defied poverty to do its worst. His wife entirely coincided with this grand independence. In writing of her later on he says—

“ Beautiful poverty ! triumphed over and victoriously bound hand and foot by his too unacknowledged little heroine.”

And he too could wait and work on indomitably, writing to his beloved mother, that however desperate his circumstances, or however successful, he meant to live worthy of her. A grand resolution, and difficult to perform in those days, as in these.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the huge mass of evil, as it rolls and swells, there is ever some good working imprisoned, working towards deliverance and triumph.—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

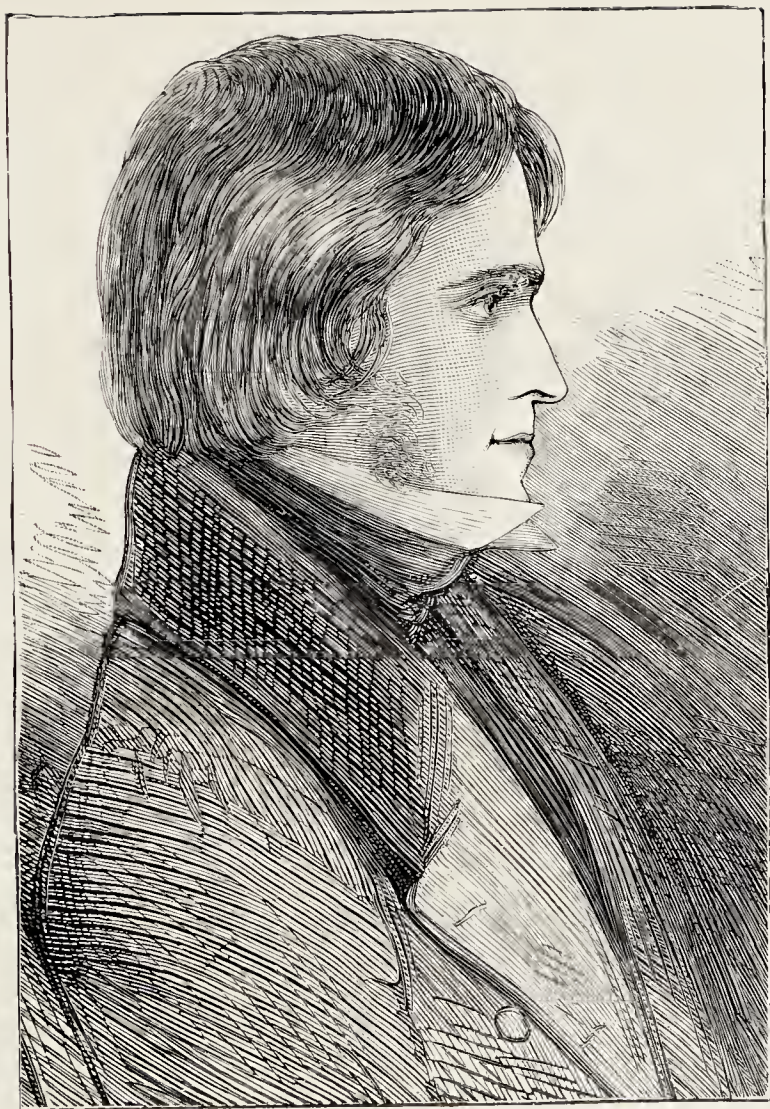
The final mercy of God appears to me the deliverance from life, which has become too hard a task for us.—CARLYLE.

NEITHER poverty, solitude, nor private sorrows ever succeeded in entirely crushing the spirits of the Carlyles. Pressed down almost to earth, they invariably reasserted themselves, rose erect, conquered difficulties, and marched on their way triumphantly.

During this time of forced failure, as it seemed, Carlyle was never idle. Indolence was not only detestable, but a sheer impossibility to such a man. Nature itself compelled activity of mind and body. Undauntedly Carlyle continued his unsuccessful literary occupations, and worked in his little garden, while Jane worked in the house—he with no helper, but his wife invariably with either maid or charwoman.

They had brought with them, with their usual common sense, shrubs and plants from Haddington and Craigenputtock. These he planted and tended assiduously. He kept neat and trim the tiny plot of grass, and frequently washed the flagstones immediately outside the scullery door. Here he would sit and smoke, grimly contemplative, or entertain his more successful but not more gifted acquaintances and friends.

To them he made no secret of his difficulties. Of poverty he was never ashamed. Concealment of anything but another's wrongs and weaknesses he abominated. Of his own faults and mistakes he was nobly candid; and if by maligning himself, without a deliberate lie, he could exalt



THOMAS CARLYLE.

From a sketch by Count D'Orsay, drawn in 1834.

a friend, he would scarcely have demurred. But truth was precious to him, and neither for friend nor foe would he condescend to lie.

No doubt his friends would have helped him but for his sturdy independence, which seemed to put it out of their power. His views were so peculiar, and his convictions so strong, that they could scarcely comprehend him. Let us try and see wherein he differed from others in those early years of London life.

Excess was the order of the day in all grades of society—in religion, in politics, in art, in wealth, in poverty. Religious intolerance, extreme party views, minute details in art, often almost disgusting in character, excess at table, among the rich; starvation, famine, and disease among the oft-degraded poor. All these met Carlyle fresh from his Craigenputtock simplicity, and horrified him wherever he went.

The kindly optimist poet, Leigh Hunt, thus describes the routine of a rising young man of the day—

“A young gentleman of position went up to town to haunt the lobbies of theatres, to destroy his constitution by vicious living, and to bestow the remnants on some young lady of his own rank in life, and then settle down into a proper Church and King man of the old leaven, perhaps a member of the society for the suppression of vice. This gave one the right to be didactic; exceeding want of faith in the spirit, excelled only by exceeding faith of the letter of Christianity.”

Again he says—

“There was licenced contradictions of all sorts between Christian doctrine and Christian practice in this world.” So there is, alas! at all times. Is it to be wondered at that London society astonished, charmed, and disgusted Carlyle alternately, the disgust predominating? “Carlyle was one of the kindest, the best, the most eloquent of men, though not always kind in tone.” Boiling over as he was with contempt and indignation, how on earth could he be “kind in tone”?

Hunt wished heaven might prosper his denunciations, which even *we* can see heaven mercifully has deigned to do, for things *are* improving; but he “regretted that poor Carlyle felt so terribly in earnest about them, that he had the habit of looking at them on the antipathetic instead of the sympathetic side.”

A vain regret. Carlyle had no sympathy with vice or even

with weakness weakly yielded to. He expected to see every Christian professor trying to do manfully his duty to God and man, to abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul ; and unless he did that as a professing Christian, he was a hideous sham.

A Christian's aim and chief happiness must consist in a perpetual warfare against vice, till he, with the manifold weapons he possesses, tramples it under-foot. Basely to yield to vicious habits was to be a coward deserter to the cause, and should be treated with the contempt it deserved. Therefore a drunkard, a debauchee, a profane person, or an habitual liar calling himself a Christian was a most contemptible biped, scarcely worthy the name of man. An atheist, an agnostic, a theorist like Robert Owen, who dropped all creeds, was far more worthy of respect.

Carlyle and his wife had both a voracious appetite for intercourse with their fellows ; but some equality of mind was necessary to make it pleasurable or profitable. In his hermitage he had dreamt of a society being possible not "founded on cloth," a society of highly gifted, intellectual, virtuous people, who would be bright, inspiring examples of godly life rather than godly *talk* ; who would let more light into the peasant-born soul, widen his sympathies, perfect his moral perceptions, open out to his vision a higher life than ever yet he had attained. Such souls he was ready to honour, to love, to revere ; but, alas ! they were few and far between. A society of such seemed impossible in "huge smoky London." Here an individual, self wrecked, verging on eternity ; there another far over the deep blue sea.

Few indeed were Carlyle's friendships, but they were all lifelong. When disappointed he retired within himself, looked back to his peasant home, and believed verily that the purest, the noblest, perhaps the most cultured society lay there. The Bible he ever regarded as the greatest civilizer and best book. No one well read in old Hebrew lore could possibly be ignorant or uncultured, no one totally unacquainted with its pages could be perfectly educated. Its inspirations breathed the purity, gentleness, courtesy, honesty, truth, law, order, cleanliness. In sublime poetry, in splendid prose productions and quaintest proverbs it has never been equalled. Well studied, it could not fail to teach every essential for man's or for national welfare.

Such culture now-a-days is within the grasp of every child, and though esteemed among the least of educational advantages, is in reality the greatest ; allowed to be so by the most learned intellects the globe has ever produced. Drunkenness, far more common in those days than in these, he never laughed at or pitied as a weakness, but loathed as a disgusting vice ; so was gluttony, sensuality, and deliberate lying. He never posed before the world as an apostle or a saint, but he never allowed animal passions to dominate him. For a man with God-given intellect to debase himself to the condition of a brute beast was conduct no words were strong enough to condemn. He had more toleration for teetotalism, though it is a kind of maudlin acknowledgment of human weakness being excusable, and an encouragement to people by sympathizing with their vicious propensities, instead of making them downright honestly ashamed of them.

All classes were dominated by aristocratic tendencies. A lord, a duke, a man in high position were venerated, not for any virtue they possessed in themselves, but merely on account of their social advantages.

To a man devoid of wisdom, be he a king or a beggar, Carlyle could yield no reverence, neither could he tolerate bishops and clergy, who were more renowned for surfeiting than for their good deeds. Professed piety and selfishness going hand in hand, and comfortably tolerated, gave a contemptuous bias to Carlyle's mind. In the most exalted stations low habits were the custom. "Righteousness alone exalteth a nation," and national righteousness was the dream of his life. He hated the constant quibbling on theological subjects, "splitting dogmas and doctrines into hairs," but he never complained of too much Bible or too much real religion. At Craigenputtock he regularly read it aloud to his household, and throughout his life his creed remained much what he had learnt at his mother's knees.

He went to some dissenting place of worship when first he came to Chelsea, where he heard an illiterate man speak on what he knew nothing about. It was an intolerable infliction. Next time he went to the Church of England, where he heard a discourse from a highly-educated, cultured man, who, however, in Carlyle's opinion, also spoke of things he knew nothing about. It seems deplorably sad that such a deeply earnest, religious character could nowhere find food

for his soul in church or chapel ; but the state of the English Established Church was then almost at its worst, the spirit of Christianity being almost entirely sacrificed to the letter. The clergy seemed to think themselves and their church either "miraculously celestial or nothing," and were saturated with dogmas and doctrines, with which they unmercifully dosed their hearers, without giving proof by their deeds that they even believed what they taught. But the Church, though State-established, is not responsible for the state of the country or for the conduct of her clergy. As Luther says, without any intentional irreverence, in his blunt, straightforward way—

"We tell our Lord God plainly, that if He will have His Church He must look after it Himself. We cannot sustain it, and if we could we should be the proudest of asses."

The clergy needed indeed, then and now, to remember their tremendous responsibilities, to gratefully acknowledge their advantages, spiritual and temporal, and to tremble at their unbounded even if unacknowledged influence upon society. But the Church of England is not dependent upon its clergy. As a part of the visible Church of Christ, she is the Church triumphant ; her very continuance and success, century upon century, proves indeed that God Himself *has* "looked after her."

"Well is it," said Carlyle, "if we have a printed litany to read from, and yet not ill, if we can pray even in silence, for silence too is audible there."

Being brought up a Nonconformist, and still retaining his veneration for the simple services of the Ecclefechan meeting-house, to him "ever the most sacred of temples," we cannot be surprised that he disliked all other systems, forms, or sects. Later in life he spoke with much greater sympathy of the Church of England.

Duels were almost of daily occurrence. Gentlemen thought little of repairing to the field to settle their differences, where they shivered, fired, and generally wound up their affairs by violent hand-shaking.

There were no gentlemen's clubs to frequent in those days, but though they met to smoke and sip at public taverns, they were not forced to be habitual drunkards, nor were they, though such were very leniently looked upon, especially if they were men of rank.

Having thus given our readers some insight into polite society of the day, we will continue our narrative.

In a contemporary magazine of August, 1834, appeared this announcement—whether Carlyle saw it we know not—

“The infatuated Mr. Irving has now taken to field-preaching, in garments ancient enough to have belonged to one of the veritable apostles. The bailiffs, it is said, are at present his most zealous followers.”

True or not, it was a fact that Irving's popularity was deserting him. The intelligent were alienated through his absurdities, the people through his strenuous opposition to the Reform Bill and his anti-democratic views.

Carlyle grieved over his still well-loved friend's misfortunes. He and his wife heard much of Irving's sayings and doings from Eliza Mills of Ampton Street, who was one of his most devoted disciples, and they resolved to go together, and make one more appeal to turn him from the wild course he was pursuing.

Irving received them both kindly. With his head buried in his hands on the table before him, he listened in total silence to the earnest, passionate remonstrance of his long-tried friend. Jane stood by in silence, feeling even more intensely what a wreck her ever-revered tutor had made of himself and of her.

When Carlyle paused Irving raised his haggard face and looked at him with such unspeakable sadness, uttering only the simple words, “My friend.” That friend's heart ached to bursting. He turned aside to hide his emotion, and could say not another reproachful word.

Then they came away, leaving Irving to his sad reflections. Once again they saw unhappy Irving, and only once. He had been ordered to Glasgow by his doctors, and came to Cheyne Row on horseback to take what proved to be a last farewell. Husband and wife were sitting in the room on the ground floor when their mutual friend was admitted. He looked ill, but had no disease traceable by any doctor. He was steeped in failure, sick of life, and ready to die. Despondency was his constant attendant, and the grim shadow of death hung visibly over that giant frame. But “though the vials of heaven's wrath seemed poured out upon him, yet even then his heart was filled with trust in his God and gentle patience.”

They both looked at him with unutterable but suppressed

grief. No earthly power could undo the past; there was therefore no remedy possible. He sat with them about half-an-hour, behaving towards Jane with a "fine chivalrous demeanour;" complimenting her on the beauties of her household arrangements, all so simple and graceful, saying sadly, "You are like an Eve, and make a little Paradise wherever you are." His manner was tender and affectionate, but with ill-disguised grief, knowing that *he* must not linger in that paradise.

After showing interest in Carlyle's historical labours, he rose to go, bidding them both a "last, loving farewell." Carlyle accompanied him out into the starlit night, and held his horse's bridle, while the great sick man slowly mounted. He then watched him down the street, till horse and rider were lost in the darkness, never, never more to be seen by the disconsolate wife or her burdened husband. He died the December following at Glasgow, aged only forty-three, of no disease, but simple weariness of life.

Surely the unique friendship between these remarkable people cannot be passed over without comment. The innocent affection between tutor and pupil deepening into love is no new thing, but that this love should continue indestructible as the grave, after both were married to another, is, we sincerely hope, no common occurrence. The peculiarity of it consisted in its open acknowledgment; there was no miserable secrecy. Carlyle and Mrs. Irving were both perfectly cognizant of the fact that they were not best beloved by their respective partners. Such a case proves that if people are unsuitably married, the possibility and stringent duty remains to be faithful till death, for rather death than infamy. Edward Irving and Jane Carlyle's attachment never abated, and never for a moment assumed indifference, from their wedding-day till their last parting. Their respective partners knew their inevitable burden, and with heroic patience devoted their lives to alleviating their sorrows and administering to their wants. The weaker mind gave way to useless jealousy, the greater never stooped so low. He trusted his wife, he trusted Irving implicitly; they proved they were worthy of his trust.

But this noble confidence shows the immensity of Carlyle's own heart, his magnanimity, his boundless sympathy and compassion, his generous unselfishness. Knowing the depth of

Irving's love for his wife, he still believed that it was equalled by his unflinching integrity. There were no stepping-stones to ruin—no stolen meetings, no secret correspondence, no unseen kiss. As he was capable of grand self-control and stern endurance, so also he knew were the noble hearts of Jane Carlyle and Edward Irving.

We cannot but mourn over so pathetic an end, such tragic circumstances; but at the same time we thank God for giving such power unto men, and learn from this sad story that, with His almighty help, all things are possible. That such marriages ought ever to be contracted, under any circumstances, is another question. It is our firm conviction that any marriage formed for filthy lucre, for ambition, for social status, from spleen, or on compulsion, must inevitably be miserable, more miserable, or most miserable. From such contracts, good Lord deliver us.

CHAPTER XVII.

Story and Tissue, faint, ineffectual Emblem of that grand Miraculous Tissue, and living Tapestry named *French Revolution*, which did weave itself then in very fact, on the "loud sounding Loom of Time."—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

JANUARY 1st, 1835. Carlyle writes thus in his diary—"Twelve o'clock has just struck the last hour of 1834, the first of a new year. Bells ringing to me dolefully—wet winds are blustering. My wife in bed, ill with a foot which a puddle of a maid scalded three weeks ago. I, after a day of fruitless toil, reading and re-reading about that Versailles 6th of October still. It is long since I have written anything here. The future looks too black to me, the present too infinitely doleful. I am too sick at heart, wearied, wasted in body to complain even to myself. My first friend E. I. is dead. I am friendless, or as good as friendless as that. My book cannot get on, though I stick to it like a burr. Why should I say peace when there is no peace? May God give me strength to do, or to endure as right, what is appointed me in this new commenced division of time. Peace be to my mother, and all my dear ones that yet live."

Noble-hearted, brave Jeannie had resolved to make that Christmas, of all others, the most cheerful—that Christmas when her beloved tutor was laid low in the grave, for ever hidden from her sight. She felt she had cause to rejoice. At last he was at rest, to which for years he had been a stranger. "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended, Jordan past." And for herself, for Carlyle's sake, she would not grieve. That Christmas should be a happy one. She even decided to be merry, and told Carlyle so.

"I shall be glad if you can realize any fun," he replied

laconically. Useless to try by such methods to hide from his far-seeing eyes her bleeding heart, her hopeless despondency, her undying regrets.

"Edward Irving, his first friend, was dead." Ah! there was no relief to Carlyle that his rival had departed; only sorrow, unmitigated and deepened. As it happened, the attempts at merriment were never commenced, for that Christmas morning found Mrs. Carlyle laid up as he described her, with a scalded foot; and had it not been for his loving care, she must have remained a prisoner to her room during that festive season. But he cheerfully carried her from room to room in his strong arms, like an infant. Indeed, his relations towards her were more like those of a fond father compassionating a much-loved, spoilt, disappointed child than those of a husband. But there were times when she showed herself both the strongest-minded, sternest, and least affectionate of the two.

That same somewhat indiscreet lady friend, Mrs. Montagu, wrote Jane a letter of sympathy on the death of Edward Irving, and proposed paying her a visit of condolence. From the latter infliction Jane was happily spared, and only longed, with longings unutterable, that she might bury the past with all its exceeding bitterness. Surely that year, 1835, opened dolefully enough; but another sore trial awaited Carlyle.

On the 7th of February he finished his first volume of the *French Revolution*. It had been a labour of all-absorbing interest, intense study, and great fascination. But it both tortured and wearied him exceedingly, and it was with infinite relief he placed his MS. into the hands of John Stuart Mill to peruse, to correct, or to criticize.

It is a coincidence worthy of note, that Thomas Carlyle first saw the light just after the French Democracy had exterminated itself by the guillotine, fire, and sword. We know not how long Mill had the manuscript in his possession, when one evening he was admitted into their room with a face as white as "Hector's Ghost."

"What is the matter?" they both exclaimed in utmost alarm. With strong emotion, he soon informed them that the manuscript, that precious manuscript, which had cost its writer such infinite trouble, had accidentally been burnt. Words could not describe Carlyle's inner man on the disclosure, though we know that he successfully assumed an air of perfect self-control, uttered no reproach, but made

noblest efforts to assuage his friend's distress. Mill remained talking till long after midnight, while Carlyle's whole being was literally writhing in torture at the intelligence just received.

It seems strange that no explicit account of such an accident has ever been fully given. In Mill's Autobiography the fact is not so much as mentioned. As far as Carlyle is concerned, it mattered little to him how his work had been destroyed. Perhaps it had been explained to him minutely enough; but the loss was so tremendous, that the fact alone could be considered. The blow had been given, and the force stunned him almost; the manner of it mattered nothing to the sufferer.

Mill must have known that no money could make reparation for such intense, mental labour, and would scarcely imagine that Carlyle could go over again that whole, harrowing field of the terrible French Revolution. In its destruction he felt that such a graphic account must be lost for all time. He marvelled at Carlyle's calm, philosophic bearing under such a trial, as much as he must have lamented his own carelessness.

At last he rose to depart, to the intense relief of the victim, who immediately turned to his wife, saying, "We must try and not let Mill see the extent of the injury he has done—he is terribly cut up about it;" or words to that effect.

Truly no nobler episodes in the life of any man could ever be found than in that of Thomas Carlyle. In his diary he thus writes of his irremediable loss—

"But, on the whole, should I not thank the Unseen; for I was not driven out of composure, hardly for a moment. Walk humbly with thy God. This morning I have determined that I *can* write a history of the French Revolution, and will do it. Nay, our money will suffice. How I long for some pieties and prayers that I could have uttered—that my loved ones could have joined me in."

Again—"Oh, that I had faith—oh, that I had! Then were there nothing too hard or too heavy for me. Cry silently in thy inmost heart to God for it; surely He will give it thee. At all events, it is as if my invisible schoolmaster had torn my copy-book when I showed it, and said, 'No, boy; thou must write it better.' What can I sorrowing do but obey—obey and think it best. To work again—and do, may God be with me, for this earth is not friendly. On, in His name!"

And on he went, surely a magnificent instance of direct answer to prayer. Faith was granted, the gigantic labour renewed. His grain of faith was in reality strong enough to erect an immortal monument to the glory of the Unseen, who gives such gifts unto men.

He determined to write no bewildering complaints to his mother or his brother until he was fairly launched once again into the spirit of his work. He knew perfectly what a stupendous task it was to go over again those terrible scenes ; but he manfully set about it at once, with fresh paper, pens, and ink. In writing thoughts often seem to spring from the nib of one's pen instead of from one's own brain. Carlyle's pen and paper did not succeed at once in inspiring him, in spite of their newness. He sat over them and mused, trying in vain to recall what had been inscribed on those lost, lost pages. Hour after hour he sat persistently, believing that thoughts *would* return, that power *would* be granted, inspiration come. Had he not cried to God for it—*his* God? Day after day he returned to that writing-table, to stare vaguely at the clean writing-paper, the voiceless pen, the self-consuming ink. He sat on and waited.

Mill sent him £200 as compensation, but not even £200 could buy for him an ounce of inspiration. He calculated minutely the value of the time expended on that lost MS. and reckoned it at £100. So this he accepted, and deliberately returned the other half with his usual grand independence.

His wife did what she could to lighten his burden. It was not much, though surely it has been made much of by some who could never comprehend Carlyle's necessities. She never joined with him in prayer to their mutual Father. By her, alas ! He, the immortal, the invisible Schoolmaster, was ever ignored. But she did what she could. She managed the little household cares—they could scarcely be great for those two ; she *half* managed her constantly changing domestics, or the unfaithful charwomen, and kept his surroundings quiet and comfortable.

She was truly grieved for his disappointment ; she was unusually kind and sympathetic, and Carlyle gratefully acknowledged it. Her own heart, moreover, was full of hidden grief, and the destruction of that manuscript seemed as if the success of her ambitious hopes were still further protracted. She had much common sense, and a true estimate of

her husband's immense capabilities, so she did not despair of his accomplishing any task he set himself.

After being in solitary seclusion hours every day, Carlyle would emerge from his den with the same grim expression of defeated resolution—no work done; occasional pages written, but always torn up—they would not do.

This state of things lasted for weeks, and became very oppressive to poor Jane. Carlyle stoutly refused all invitations, the society she craved was as unattainable as at Craigenputtock, and she as miserable, for society was as much a necessity to Jane as work was to Carlyle. At last his mental state became intolerable. His feelings of enthusiasm, of pathos, of horror, would *not* be excited, and unless he could *feel*, he knew it was utterly useless to write. So as a last resource he determined to do what seemed forced upon him—to rest, not to give up. God has made *rest* a human necessity. It is folly and wickedness to disobey His laws, so Carlyle rested, locked up his paper, turned his back on his MSS., lounged in the parks, read novels, and wrote long, chatty letters to his beloved old mother, in which he seems to turn himself mentally inside out. With her he had no reserve.

John Carlyle was now (through Thomas's unexampled generosity) the great man of the family. Gladly would he have repaid fourfold the benefits he had received from his brother. Every member of that family seem to have been endowed with the warmest hearts, the most unbounded generosity and gratitude, the usual accompaniments of great minds.

John Carlyle was now resident doctor to a lady of title, who through ill-health and mental sorrows spent most of her time abroad. He at that time wrote to Chelsea that he contemplated a holiday of three months, half of which time he would spend with them, and the rest of the time he hoped Carlyle would spend with him at Scotsbrig. This plan delighted the almost distracted Thomas, who believed that a few weeks companionship with one of his own kin would restore his mental activity. But he was again destined to disappointment. Lady Clare—the delicate, unhappy, capricious lady of fashion—changed her plans, and John could not be spared.

Carlyle detested women's caprices; but sorrow in rags did not command any more of his sympathy than sorrow in silk. Sorrow he knew was there—that was enough for him, whatever

the cause ; sorrow invariably met from him nothing but pity. As John could not come, neither would he go to Scotland till his task was completed.

Once again he determined to lose himself to humanity, to shut himself out from the world, even from the society of his wife, till he had written what he knew he *could* and determined that he *would* write—a full, graphic history of the terrible French Revolution. Jane, however, was not to be left alone. As if he were going abroad, he cared for her wants, bade her send for her mother to come and keep her company, that she might still enjoy society, and go anywhere and everywhere she listed during his voluntary exile. Jane consented ; her mother arrived, and Carlyle departed.

He was so full of his subject that at last his heart as well as his intellect was enlisted in his work. Then he was successful. Page after page of that mighty work was written with the same minute care and graphic powers of description as shown in the destroyed MS. The same inimitable humour, pathos, and passion—one knows not which exceeds.

Peace of mind could scarcely be compatible with the subject that so engrossed him, but he experienced an inward content at his ever-increasing ease in delivering his burden. The horrible scenes upon which he was forced to dwell entered his very soul, affecting health and spirits. But, undismayed, he toiled on.

With such powers, in imagination he suffered more than in the reality was endured by many. The sufferings of the tortured millions during that frightful reign of riot, when the worst passions of diabolic men were let loose with as unsparing pity on the innocent and helpless as upon the tyrant and oppressor, were as actual to Carlyle as if he were himself a victim. Day and night his ears were pierced with the shrieks of the maddened mob, the piteous cries of the defenceless ; while Death, grim Death, in its most horrible forms met him at every page—in the palace, in the street, the hovel, and on the scaffold. Death everywhere, the awful Eternity hanging overhead, and the All-seeing Eye witnessing silently the terrible havoc of all things.

But Carlyle believed that as revolution was the outcome of wrong, so even revolution was right. Instead of famine or pestilence, God had sent the sword, which of all evils is the

most revengeful and cruel. God is Love itself, therefore Justice itself. Injustice cannot go hand in hand with love ; guilt and innocence cannot receive the same treatment. For every wrong punishment is appointed, and carried out too, to the letter.

It is right so. To those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, a departure therefrom is Hell itself ; to those who seek it not, other punishment is awarded. Revolution is letting the Devil loose on a nation which has been serving him. Their master is allowed for a season to rule absolutely, giving his worshippers a taste of his power. Such an experience may be an incentive to its people to turn to the God they have so persistently ignored, and He in His infinite mercy may, after punishment, have compassion. Surely such lessons, so awfully inculcated, ought never to be forgotten, should prevail indeed in convincing a nation that a heaven on earth is preferable to a hell, but that heaven can be won by faith, love, and good works alone, and not by famine or sword.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Work exacting—pleasure more exacting.—CARLYLE.

WHILE Carlyle was thus devoting himself heart and soul to his work, Jane was initiating her mother into London society, a labour she enjoyed intensely. She had formed a new friendship with one of her husband's most enthusiastic admirers, a certain young clergyman named John Sterling. He, in a measure, filled up the gap the death of Edward Irving must inevitably have made. He was indeed one of the noblest of men, and in very delicate health. This correspondence continued briskly for ten years, checring and interesting both. During this time Sterling's mental condition underwent great changes, probably due in some measure to her influence.

What Mrs. Carlyle most appreciated was recognition of her own intellectual gifts. This was given her without stint by all the distinguished characters which now so frequently haunted that little bye-street at Chelsea. Her wondrous powers of narrative, her brilliant repartee, her sarcastic wit, her criticisms of men and women, of things animate and inanimate, were all duly acknowledged; and she herself, with her sad dark eyes, her faultless attire, her affable graciousness, like some "lady abbess," was much beloved. Not by ordinary people;—ordinary people could find nothing congenial in either of the Carlyles. Such were endured as bores. They both detested being bored. How can larks soaring heavenward be the constant companions of ducks or snails? Impossible! "A character that never utters anything new or interesting to you, it may be good, better, or best, but you have a right to say, 'He tires me to death.'" .

Thus, though now the door of society was open to them, they were very difficult to please in their choice. Social status was of least importance, educational advantages next, native sense, natural gifts of some kind most essential. But at this time Mrs. Carlyle had nearly all the society to herself. After being absorbed in his work so many hours her husband was little fitted for any kind of company. But he would be persuaded to enter the charming little drawing-room for a short time, to pour forth a volume of monologue, head and heart brimful, pressed down, and running over. But he soon returned to his study, leaving his guests in bewildered admiration of the wonderful "monster" come amongst them.

Their pecuniary difficulties were known, lamented, and most generously would have been relieved if Carlyle would have allowed it. Indeed costly presents poured upon them, all gratefully accepted, except money unearned and work that conscience denied.

Carlyle resolved that if his *French Revolution* failed he would have done with literature, take spade and trowel, and emigrate to the backwoods of America—a fate poor Jane dreaded above all things, as another and worse edition of dreary Craigenputtock. In one of her letters to John Sterling she says she has three wishes—"First to remain in Cheyne Row, the second that he and his family might come and settle in Cheyne Walk, the third, like a thrifty Scotchwoman, she would hold in reserve." The two first were granted. The terrible American speculation still hung over her head as a last resource.

Meanwhile Carlyle continued his arduous labours, growing very yellow over it, and somewhat irritable. Jane wished he would be a "little more peaceable when he emerged from his solitude."

Mrs. Carlyle speaks of living under the "shadow" of the characters her husband writes of with such enthusiasm. She herself seemed constantly under the "shadow" of some luckless maidservant or inefficient charwoman. One ridiculous maid pinned on three dusters for a bustle, then the rage. Truly necessity is the mother of invention.

Mrs. Leigh Hunt, who lived close by, was still more unfortunate in her domestic arrangements. Her income amounted to no less than eight guineas a week, and yet she was always

in muddle and discomfort, often in difficulty, always in debt, and continually borrowing articles of domestic use from Mrs. Carlyle. But the Hunts were highly intellectual, literary people, and appreciated Carlyle's society; so the intimacy increased, and little drawbacks were overlooked.

Mrs. Buller, the high-born lady of fashion, still cultivated the society of her late tutor, and invited both him and his wife to her fashionable assemblies, treating them with every honour and respect.

Mrs. Carlyle would array herself in all possible splendour for these "routs," but poor Carlyle was literally dragged into them when he did go. He had no enjoyment for the brilliant scenes, no appetite for the well-furnished tables, no heart for the talk, while his soul was absorbed in his grim subject. Mrs. Carlyle was again in her glory, and writes that Cheyne Row was "out of sight" more suitable for her than Craigenputtock. Trouble too and bereavement had drawn the hearts of husband and wife nearer together. At that time, at any rate, they had no one to come between them.

Mrs. Welsh also enjoyed the society her daughter now entered so freely, and took delight in assisting her in her drawing-room arrangements in anticipation of distinguished gatherings. Entering the room one evening, Jane was horrified to find it literally filled with a flood of light—wax candles ablaze here, there, and everywhere.

"What will people say and think, mother?" she exclaimed; "simply that I am ruining my husband by my extravagance. They know we cannot afford such display."

She at once blew out some of the offending candles, and thereby pained her poor mother extremely, who would have willingly shared, if not entirely defrayed, the extra expense. Seeing how her impetuosity had grieved the mother she truly loved, Jane carefully folded up two of the largest wax candles and carried them up-stairs, making on her way a pathetic resolution respecting them, of which more hereafter. She never again saw them alight. She then returned and comforted her mother, and they spent another delightful evening. But, strange enough, she could not get along with her sole remaining parent. Every day witnessed a scene between them, and every evening a reconciliation. Jane was irritable, her mother irritating.

Mrs. Welsh and her son-in-law remained ever after the wedding-day on most amicable and even affectionate terms. Carlyle was the most chivalrous of men, and Mrs. Welsh ever gratefully acknowledged any personal attention received from him.

Meanwhile all through those hot summer months Carlyle perseveringly toiled at his desk. He was longing for an exhilarating breath of his beloved Scotch hills—for a chat and a smoke with his precious mother.

And here we must say a few words about the habit of smoking, then so prevalent among the women of the poorer sort. It proves, at any rate, that a peasant's instincts are not wholly selfish. Gentlemen of means, whose wives have little to do but to endure the pain of ennui, look upon their less fortunate fellow-men as callous or heartless, because they can witness quite unconcernedly the toil to which their women necessarily submit. Carlyle had been blamed for occasionally allowing his gently-nurtured wife to soil her hands. We must remember that habit is second nature; that to Carlyle his wife was immeasurably raised by stooping to such things; that manual labour he considered degrading to no one to whom the Almighty has vouchsafed a pair of hands.

When men saw their mothers or wives as hardworking as they were, they gladly extended to them the soothing, comforting pipe, and would prefer leaving their own empty than that these should lack the cheering weed. Why should the stronger sex selfishly monopolize any of God's good gifts?

A story is told of Carlyle as follows—

He was once suffering intolerably from dyspepsia, and consulted a doctor, who asked him seriously if he *could* give up tobacco. *Could* indeed! Carlyle replied, that he could, if necessary, take an axe and chop off his left hand with his right. Then he was advised at once to cease smoking. He acquiesced. For months he discontinued his pipe, and though he was not any better, but rather the worse, he persevered. One day he was crawling about on the heath, not one whit better in mind or body, from tree trunk to tree trunk, tobaccoless and weary, when he saw, lying on the ground before him, what appeared to him a literal godsend—a long clay pipe and a tobacco pouch. Gleefully, gratefully he seized both, and without

pausing to think, struck a match, lighted the pipe, and puffed away there and then to his heart's content, exclaiming—"I will endure this diabolical farce and delusion no longer!" From that hour he determined never to give up what in his case was the most soothing, comforting alleviation for all his sufferings, corporal and mental. Who can blame him? What is health to one is death to another. Now, as he believed tobacco to be one of God's good gifts, at no time did he enjoy it so much as when shared with his revered mother; it was but another bond of sympathy between them.

The custom, we believe, is gradually dying out, chiefly for the sake of respectability, having got into bad repute. Perhaps it is to be regretted, perhaps not. The dear old smoking women we remember were generally remarkable for their industry, thrift, piety, and cleanliness; were home-abiders, no busy-bodies, gossips, brawlers, or drunkards. We hope that when the smoke is vanished all other evils will vanish with it, and not enter in and take its place, making the last state infinitely worse than the first.

Carlyle's love for his mother was almost idyllic, and never marred in the least by their combined fumes of the noxious yet delectable weed. In his letters to her he showed himself as he really was. To be insincere to her was an utter impossibility to him. She alone penetrated into his soul, and read all the latent pieties, the deep reverence, the hunger and thirst after righteousness that oppressed it. She knew that when wandering away from the simple faith of his childhood he was most miserable.

Surely Carlyle's history is of itself a special study for mothers, reminding them of their immense responsibilities. How indelible are early impressions; how indestructibly the lessons taught at a mother's knee cling to the children from the cradle to the grave, however long and weary the distance! A mother's influence is undying; surely it is *worth considering* what that influence is.

In September, 1835, the second manuscript of that "unutterable" first volume of the *French Revolution* was completed—a task he had never had before, and fortunately never had again. Of its contents we will speak later. The mental labour expended upon it had quite exhausted him, and his purse was getting ever lighter. Basil Montague, son

of his friend, Mrs. Montague before mentioned, sent for him and offered him a clerkship out of pure kindness.

Imagine Carlyle's feelings! No; he could not stoop to fetter his soul in such a way. He would continue to fight his own way, to conquer or die. He humorously likened himself to a "Polar bear, reduced to such a state of dyspeptic dejection, as to be safely trusted to feed rabbits." He acknowledged the friendly intention, however, gratefully enough.

His greater friends do not seem to have exerted themselves in the least to help him at that critical time; but indeed it was no easy task to help such a man. He was a new lion come among them, and they never doubted his own powers of safe deliverance out of any dilemma. His strong individuality made condescending patronage downright impossible. He was either almost worshipped or feared and disliked intensely. To ease his irritated nerves, he would take solitary walks in the London parks. Battersea Park, afterwards such a boon, was then little better than a "field ill-drained." He would watch the entrance to Hyde Park Corner as the stream of carriages issued to and fro; quaint, passionate thoughts of his present painful life, of his future destiny, and that of the unhappy one entrusted to him, seething through heart and brain. Not envious or angry thoughts either, but a certain conviction that he and others like him "were equipped and ordained not by Parliament, but by Heaven itself, to accomplish something on earth without help from mortal man."

Carlyle then determined to visit his old Scottish home, that he might regain some of his expended vigour, and take in a fresh supply of mental power to finish his gigantic task. In October he took his journey northward. Mrs. Welsh remained at Cheyne Row with Jane, who wrote letters daily to her absent lord.

"God bless you, my own dear husband," she writes, "and bring you safe back to me. The house looks very empty without you; and my mind feels empty too."

Yet she picked up strength and activity when her absent-minded lord was absent-bodied too. She had the house ransacked and cleaned from top to basement, knowing there was nothing Carlyle hated worse than domestic chaos. She gave parties without end; conducted herself with exemplary

good-nature towards all things animate or inanimate. His friends visited her as often during his absence as when he was at home, and she only moped when society was not attainable, society now being to her all in all.

Unfortunately poor Carlyle, wherever he went, could not disburden himself. He was still in the "throes of the French Revolution," and though welcomed with every demonstration of affection and marked respect by kith and kin, he could not shake off the burden of heart that weighed him down; he could not get rid of himself, or the thoughts that made his nights sleepless and his days restless or even gloomy. His wife invariably wrote affectionate letters, but was as indefatigable in her efforts to make little social gatherings a delight to her guests when he was absent as when at home. And she was most successful. Society, she declared, "shook the blue devils out of her, and made her feel thirteen instead of thirty." For those who prefer perpetual youth to maturity there must be some advantage in that.

Jane craved for the excitement conversation gives with like intellectual minds. Who does not? Strange to say, with her gifted husband she was often silent to painfulness, and distressed him much thereby. One is compelled to acknowledge that she appeared at times to appreciate the guest more than the host. Yet the excitement produced by these social gatherings was exhausting, and when the last friend departed Jane felt feeble and irritable; the few weary remarks she uttered would be as cutting as steel. During his long waking hours Carlyle brooded over these scenes. He rarely complained of her, but finding something else to grumble at gave vent to his inward dissatisfaction. Somewhere he likened her tongue to "that of a cat, which took off the skin with a touch," and her temper was always inclined to be both imperious, exacting, and passionate.

He welcomed any unwonted sign of affection from her, treasured her letters, and wrote constantly and tenderly at all times, he himself needing affection more than anything on earth. She expressed a desire for kind looks. He entreated her not to depend upon him for cheerful looks, for at some moments of his life they were impossible to assume or to bestow.

There is no doubt of the calm depths of love and com-

passion in that great heart for his sad, excitable little wife ; no doubt that he looked leniently upon her every fault, and pardoned all in consideration for the sorrows of her disappointed life, known entirely to him alone. Moreover, he made tremendous efforts to believe that she loved him, in spite of so many contradictory evidences. Surely we may hope so too. She loved a good many at different periods of her life, among them we will include her grim but tender husband.

CHAPTER XIX.

So deep-seated is religion in the heart of a man, and holds of all infinite passion. If the dead letter of it still did so much, what could not the living voice of it once do? — CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

BEFORE going to Scotland for his holiday, Carlyle had summarily and impetuously dismissed a wretched little Irish maid who had exasperated him, and in his penitent mood promised to bring from their native land a clean Scotch lassie to take her place. Probably Mrs. Carlyle had been complaining about her inefficiency, as she was unfortunate in her domestics. When a lady is constantly changing servants, it is generally supposed that some blame is to be attached to the mistress. Jane was not naturally patient, and never assumed the virtues she did not possess. This we believe in such a matter is permissible to the most sincere. When she was inclined to scold she scolded, and expressed herself as angry as she felt herself to be. The girls no doubt followed the example set, and lost all command of their unruly members, besides often being utterly incompetent. London servants seem to think first of their objections, next their wants, holidays, perquisites, clothes; last and least important of all—their duties.

His wife's constant complaints irritated Carlyle, and called forth terms anything but complimentary towards that really hardworking, often long-suffering class of individuals—domestic servants. One was a “puddle of a maid;” another “a scandalous randy of a girl;” in fact, they were all “a devil's brood” of house servants. They are not choice expressions, better let them die, but Jeannie heard them with relish, and used quite as harsh terms herself. At the same

time, they thoroughly appreciated faithful servants, of whom they had not a few, and treated them with more equality than do most employers, and with more consideration.

Neither the Scotch girl nor charwoman gave more satisfaction, however, than the London generals. They were perpetually coming and going. It was a queer creature Carlyle brought with him on this occasion. He had been at infinite trouble to find her, but was determined not to disappoint his wife. Anne Cook was the name of the girl who had the honour to travel with so renowned a master. They took steamer from Annam to Liverpool, and continued their journey by coach. Imagine a drive lasting forty or fifty hours in such companionship! One hardly knows which was most to be pitied—the philosopher, who with excruciating patience looked after his charge, or the poor girl, who was too frightened to eat or speak unless bidden.

The mutual infliction came to an end. They reached Holborn. It was a bright Sunday afternoon. They were literally besieged by crowds of hungry-looking men, pushing ravenously forward for tips, or the unutterable longing to earn an honest penny. His heart bled for the misery so evident, so hopeless and endless. And this was the Sabbath! With a cry of pain he turned away his eyes, and was driven homewards.

On arriving at Cheyne Row, he was greeted at his own door by his bright and beautiful Jeannie kindly and tenderly. She could read in the expression of his face that he was in both mental and physical torture. Leading him towards the bright fireside, she poured out for him a glass of sherry and held it to his lips. Never draught so refreshing! The very medicine he required, and he thanked God for his excellent doctor, who had so efficiently prescribed. How pleasantly his own charming house must have contrasted with the scenes so lately experienced. Even his spotless peasant home must have seemed very inferior in refinement, if not in comfort, to this. Carlyle, however disdainfully he spoke of the necessity of externals, nevertheless had a true artist's eye to appreciate the elegance and grace of his wife's little drawing-room. But neither grace nor elegance added to his happiness. He valued such appurtenances exactly for what they were worth—no more, and no less.

Poor Anne Cook proved herself scarcely fitted for London

society. Of politeness or ceremony she had not the faintest notion. She was, however, clean and an early riser, and it was very refreshing to Mrs. Carlyle to listen to her Scotch brogue. She declared her mistress to be "the weakest creature she had ever seen in her life," and was almost terrified to have her help in any way. This Mrs. Carlyle occasionally liked to give, even to wringing sheets, folding clothes, or making puddings for her "gude man."

Poor Carlyle! he could not sleep. Thought oppressed him, anxiety tugged at his heart-strings respecting his own and Jeannie's destiny, and a burning desire, nay, a necessity, to transmit to paper his warnings, denunciations, appeals to England to be up, and do the duties that her immense privileges called for so loudly—duties not only to her own countrymen, but to all the nations upon earth with which she came in contact.

In portraying the disasters of France through neglect of such duties, surely his cry would be loud and deep. On with it then, in God's name, said Conscience, and on he went. By night he thought out what the following day was transmitted to paper. His dreams were haunted by terrible scenes of riot and bloodshed, from which he would start horrified at his own imaginings. Hastily throwing on his dressing-gown, he would pace his own floor, or go down-stairs for diversion.

His restless movements disturbed the stranger girl. She desired her mistress to ask him to call her up at five, "after he had been goin' oneasy through the nicht, staiverin aboot the hoose," which request, so quaintly put, amused them immensely.

Towards the close of 1835 the Sterling family came and settled at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, to the infinite delight of the Carlyles. Nothing could exceed the kindness they received from every member. Jane declared that, from the master to the footman, one and all were devoted to her. John Sterling's father was editor of the *Times*, and, as we have said before, would willingly have taken Carlyle on his staff. Who could imagine our hero a hack journalist? What a commotion he would have made in the office! One could as soon have pictured a lion in his wife's drawing-room, or a bull in a china shop. They would have been equally at home, and equally tolerated.

No, Carlyle was necessitated to keep his own independence. But though he refused to be employed, he did not refuse the friendship so generously offered. Sometimes he would say to himself, "Surely, friend, Providence, if ever it did warn, warns thee to have done with literature, which will never yield thee bread, nor stomach to digest it."

Yet, with scarcely hope of ultimate success, he plodded on with an inward consciousness that in a degree he merited success. He was endowed with a strength of purpose inherited from ancestors of past ages. What a boon! He had even in his peasant parents a model by which to shape his life, instead of merely a beacon to warn, as, alas! so many have had of England's highest geniuses. He knew well, however, the market price of wisdom—"hunger, nakedness, perils, revilings, the scourge, the prison, the poison, the cross." Why should any wise man expect other reception?

The Sterling household was an immense acquisition to Mrs. Carlyle. They procured her daily drives, sent hampers of wine, introduced her to congenial society, cheered, soothed, flattered, and loved her.

Like most intelligent women, Jane Carlyle preferred the society of gentlemen to ladies as a rule. This surely is easily to be accounted for. To enjoy thoroughly another's society there must be mental equality. Jane was singularly intellectual. She was superior to small-talk; she detested stupidities, dulness, conventionalism; she was no blue stocking, no female pedant, but gifted, enthusiastic, intelligent, straightforward, without an ounce of affectation. Thus by the sterner sex she was as much appreciated as appreciative, and being avowedly very susceptible to admiration and approbation, she liked those who demonstrated the same. The deepest attachment, undemonstrated, would not be half so much valued, as an avowed friendship on the surface.

In all her friendships, and she had a good many, there was no secrecy. All was open and above-board, effectually disarming suspicion in the heart of her truth-loving, truth-exacting husband. Nor did she, unfortunately, make any secrecy of her want of deep attachment to him, high-souled, self-sacrificing as he had proved himself to be. She often ignored him for others, and constantly repeated the warning—"Let no woman who values her peace of mind ever dream of

marrying an author." Such speeches do but lessen our faith in her magnanimity. Rather ought she to have said, "Let no woman marry a man unless she loves him, let his genius or future prospects be what they may."

It was an intensely cold winter that of '35 and '36, and Jane wrote to *her* mother and *his* of the "frost of Lunnion," with its accompanying influenza colds, coughing, nose-blowing, &c. Indeed she wrote essays on influenza colds—their cause and general effects; wrote well and graphically, but to the present writer the subject is not attractive.

The Carlyle family never treated her quite as one of themselves. In writing to their "Tom" they would beg to be remembered to *his* lady-wife, or to Mrs. Carlyle. This deference proceeded as much from pride as humility, perhaps more. Jane once resented this, and declared that old Mrs. Carlyle could not disguise her sin of pride under all her professions of humility.

The old lady was now grandmother to several. Jane wrote and congratulated the family that the last "new" arrival was "fat." Long, sprawling, ill-put-together children gave promise of being "gey ill to live wi'." This expression, "gey ill to live wi'," has certainly been misapplied. Every magazine article on "Thomas Carlyle" has reiterated it to his disadvantage. It originated with his mother, who said it one day as a joke. Little did she dream to what use the term would be applied in aspersing the character of the best, the most devoted of sons, who to her had been the best-loved and most loving of all her children. How gratefully and generously he had repaid her for all the tender care bestowed upon his early years she alone knew. It is surely time this his beloved mother's humorous but tenderly-meant words should be understood, and not so slanderously and cruelly abused as they have been times innumerable.

John Sterling had the greatest admiration for Carlyle. He even believed on first acquaintance that he would turn out a second John Knox. He could not bear to think that such an earnest, religious, intellectual giant should be lost to every visible Church of Christ. What an acquisition he would have been to any sect, and what a loss to the literary world!

But there was no sect extant that in theory or practice met

Carlyle's spiritual necessities. Had he lived in John Knox's days there might have been. The various sects irritated him even to contemplate. The internal squabbles of the Church of England puzzled and angered him. He, not deciding which was right, set them all down as wrong. Theology, dogma, orthodoxy, doctrines, seemed to swallow up all true righteousness, holiness, purity, and temperance, and as the opinions of his friends all varied as much as their features it was difficult to choose. His natural impatience could be satisfied with nothing short of perfection. His own imperfections, the more apparent they were, made him still more anxious not to detect them in his friends. Every failure in them grieved and disappointed him. He was ready to give reverence wherever he found his superior. The simple, earnest faith of his ancestors made their memory grand and sublime. It was only a source of bitterness to him that his intellect had over-stepped theirs, and compelled him to question mysteries they accepted as simple facts. Not that he ever dreamt of explaining the Unknowable. Such penetration would be daring, unpardonable.

He had arguments without end with his young clerical friend and his brother-in-law, the Rev. Frederic Maurice, but they were surprised at his reticence on theological subjects, and annoyed at his contumacy in altogether rejecting the Thirty-nine Articles. Of them Carlyle wrote derisively—

“Thirty-nine Articles,
Ye wondrous little particles.
Did God shape the universe really by you?
In that case I swear it,
And solemnly declare it,
The logic of Maurice is true.”

His own soul was ever full of awe and wonder. Like the old Hebrews, he felt he must hide his face in self-abasement when he uttered the name of the Most High, and shuddered involuntarily when he heard others speak on such solemn subjects with audacious flippancy of tone. This organ of reverence was the strongest he possessed, scarcely equalled by his intense capability for contempt. It extended to the faintest divine spark recognizable in a fellow-man. He was called a mystic, and so he acknowledged himself to be;

the word mystery being but an apology for ignorance. Carlyle confessed himself densely ignorant; the more he learnt the more convinced he became of this fact. He acknowledged his own incapability, his extreme insignificance. As the love of God passeth knowledge, so do the ways of God and the works of God. We may not like the idea, it may be humiliating, but our highest mental capacities cannot reach the infinite. At best we remain but atoms in the universe of immensity. When we would advance a step too far we are baffled, reined in by the Unseen Hand. "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go," says a Power unheard but felt. Willingly or unwillingly, we compulsively obey. We recede, we are conscious of our own littleness, and are forced to wait for the power "to know even as we are known."

The Bible, Carlyle thought, ought to be consulted as to its historical facts rather than to elucidate its hidden mysteries, for its moral teaching rather than to investigate the miracles, or for argument on uncertain dogmas. The spirit of the Sacred Writings never varies in mood, a pure and holy life being insisted upon by every inspired writer—by Moses, the law-giver; by David, the saintly soldier, the fallen king, the sweet singer of Israel; by the stern old Hebrew prophets; by the faithful Evangelists; by the Man Christ Jesus; His martyred apostles, His loving disciples. One and all breathe one and the self-same spirit.

Oh, that we could cultivate more this spirit without laying down as law our own dogmatic opinions on what we really can know so little about, and which divide those whom God meant to be indissolubly joined together! Christ prayed that we might be all one; and St. Paul emphatically bids us "to be all of one mind." Alas! alas! how far we fall short of obedience to the plain, practical commands, while we quibble and quarrel over matters too high for us that we *cannot* attain unto.

The Bible, Carlyle declared, was the only revelation God ever propounded to man. He was charged with not believing in a personal God, a charge, however, he solemnly and most emphatically denied, avowing himself once for all an unfortunate *Christian* individual, while every sect-founder he considered radically wrong. If he had not believed in Christ, the Man of Sorrows, being precisely all He assumed to be—

sinless, One with the Father, the Way, the Truth, and the Life—he would have disdained to be falsely called a Christian. With Leigh Hunt he marvelled at the “paucity of true Christians, considering the number of them,” the essence of Christianity being the loving religion of duty to God and man.

CHAPTER XX.

A man, stout of heart, whose popularity is not of the populace, who no clamour of unwashed mobs without doors, or of washed mobs within, can scare from his way.—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

DURING the whole of 1836 Carlyle was absorbed in his work, *The History of the French Revolution*. He occasionally went into society, but was rather inclined to look upon it with a jaundiced eye, his mind ready ever to detect the social evils that had caused such an awful upheaval in France. So unsatisfactory he found men and women of the day, measuring them by what he would have them be, according to his high standard, that all visiting was "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" to him. He had intensity of insight, and though himself singularly free from every vice, could discern the faintest approach to it. This brought with it corresponding depression, caused by bitter disappointment. He had expected so much from the admired literary characters of the day—Campbell, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Jeffery, De Quincey, Irving. One and all, upon further acquaintance, disappointed him. It was in his nature to be exacting, to expect too much. He was ever striving himself to act up to his ideal. Some of them seemed scarcely to aim after it, except in talk. They were *intellectual* giants in all virtues, but *practically* pigmies or Lilliputians, appearing deficient altogether in *will*. They have one and all carved out for themselves a niche in the temple of fame, and we are quite sure that in writing of them exactly as he found them, Carlyle never intended to maliciously defame one of them. But he was never softly mealy, either in speech, or in writing.

He saw all men as they were ; never clothed them in flattering garments. His unseen heroes he clothed by his own imagination and perfected them. He was quick to observe, prone to criticize, forced to laugh, and even ridicule, what tickled his marvellous sense of the ludicrous. Any absurdity, even while it distressed, caused him infinite amusement, and would convulse him with laughter. This has been the case with hundreds of good, kindhearted people, and has been a source of bitter regret to them. But what Carlyle wrote of his contemporaries was true. He did not write his marvellous, descriptive epistles to his dear old mother for the public, but for her eyes alone ; not those of any one else. But he never wrote falsely ; and Leigh Hunt in his autobiography entirely bears out the truth of Carlyle's private opinions. There must have been something extremely peculiar in Charles Lamb's appearance and character ; something ludicrous, and something pitifully sad.

Of the heroic side of Lamb's life Carlyle knew nothing. To him he and his sister both appeared half insane. We know the pathetic history of their lives, accounting for such apparent singularities, so we judge them fairly ; not so Carlyle. When he met the quaint, feeble-looking brother and sister, walking arm in arm, he described them exactly as they appeared to him. Lamb was "humour personified," a specimen of "diluted insanity," and when he was lauded to excess, which was then the fashion, Carlyle would say humorously to his admirers, "Don't take too much of poor Lamb." There was no intimacy between the two.

But what says Leigh Hunt, who was a special friend of Lamb's?—

"Lamb's frame was fit only for thought, not for action. One could imagine him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of sympathy for the awful."

His puns, his melancholy, his superstition, his conversation, his sensibility, his horror of change, were all intense. He was stiff in manner, clerical in dress ; had a long, melancholy face. He had indeed been driven insane in his early years, through a disappointed love affair, but under an intense, passionate sympathy for a sister who was subject at intervals to such violent attacks of insanity, as to be compelled to

retire into an asylum, his own spirit was "henceforward saved from mental wreck." But Carlyle's insight was so keen, that he discovered the insane tendency, without being able to account for it in any way. He knew Lamb was addicted to the bottle. He was, moreover, a thorough cockney, and Carlyle had an unfortunate aversion for cockneys, believing them to be necessarily "stunted men." Lamb declared that even the London smoke suited his vision; the noisy streets made him cheerful; the familiar localities and old houses were all story-telling to him. So they were to Carlyle in spite of his grumbling. Besides, Lamb had a great fault of interrupting grave discourses with light jests. This always annoyed Carlyle in any one. But he never knew how little these jests proceeded from animal spirits, but from a load of pain, physical and mental, that laid at poor Lamb's heart, or surely Carlyle, if any one on earth, would have felt only pity for such mirth. Yet even in that case, his sense of the ridiculous could not have allowed him to be blind to extraordinary singularities.

Carlyle, moreover, indulged in a satirical vein in describing the transcendental poet, Coleridge. He says—

"I have seen many curiosities, not the least of them I reckon Coleridge, the Kantian metaphysician and quondam Lake poet. Figure a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund, relaxed, with a watery mouth, a snuffy nose, a pair of strange, brown, yet earnest-looking eyes, a high tapering brow, and a great bush of grey hair, and you have at once a faint idea of Coleridge." The question is, was Carlyle giving a true or a false portrait of a truly great man?

What says Leigh Hunt?—

"Coleridge was sluggish and solid, suffered his face to look old for want of exercise; open, indolent, good-natured mouth. Good-natured wizard, very fond of earth, and conscious of reposing with weight enough in his easy chair. A mighty intellect in a sensual body. Took opium. Puzzled with innumerable unconscionable inquiries from within and without, so sat comfortably in his easy chair, determined to form no conclusions."

Take a much later biographer, Samuel Smiles. *What* says he of the character of Coleridge, which character Carlyle gives

as minutely almost, in his vivid description of his personal appearance?—

“Coleridge possessed brilliant powers, but was infirm of purpose. With all his great intellectual gifts he wanted the gift of industry, and had no stomach for steady work. He wanted also the sense of manly independence, and thought it no degradation to leave his wife and children to be maintained by the brain work of Southey, while he himself retired to Highgate Grove to discourse transcendentalism to his disciples, looking down contemptuously upon the honest work going forward beneath him, amidst the din and smoke of London. With remunerative and honourable employment at his command, he preferred stooping to accept the charity of friends, and with the loftiest ideas of philosophy, he yet condescended to humiliations in his life, from which many a day-labourer would have shrunk.”

Robert Nicoll wrote to a friend—

“What a mighty intellect was lost in that man for want of a little energy, a little determination!”

In speaking of Coleridge's character, Carlyle is more lenient.

“He is a kind, good soul, full of religion and animal magnetism. His conversation is a forest of thoughts, some true, some false, most part dubious; all of them ingenious in some degree, often in a high degree.” But to be true he must add—“That in talk he wanders like a man sailing among many currents, whithersoever his lazy mind directs him, and what is more unpleasant, he soliloquizes, or rather preaches.”

So says Leigh Hunt—

“That he was disgusted with Coleridge's soliloquy on orthodox faith,” and one occasion exclaimed to Charles Lamb, “What makes Coleridge talk in that way about heavenly grace and our holy church?”

“Oh!” replied Lamb, with his habitual stammer, “there is a gr-gr-great deal of fun in Coleridge.”

Thus we see that Carlyle's views of his contemporaries were not harsh or unjust, but coinciding with others in the main, and in some respects, were even more charitable. Carlyle had a terrible deal of the spirit of contempt. Had not even Margaret Gordon, the beloved of his youth, discovered the same? Time and destiny had rather fostered than dis-

couraged it, to his own bitter regret, for he pitifully and regretfully calls himself almost an Ishmaelite, with his hand against every man.

His *Reminiscences* have been cruelly attacked. They are no "literary scandal," nor if judged fairly, would they be considered a "blow to Carlyle's own reputation."

We cannot discuss all the other characters of whom he wrote, if not with unqualified praise, with unvarnished truth at all times, and never with malice or envy. Every one he met, when weighed in the balance, was found wanting. He himself most of all—of whom he declared, "if he got his desert, it would be purgatory only."

He had always an ideal of what a literary life should and might be, and with true dignity he adhered to his ideal—with marvellous tenacity aimed after it. He considered that even literary work was anything but ennobling, if not undertaken with the single aim of promulgating truth, or of elevating his fellow man, making him stronger, firmer, braver, truer. He could not pamper to public taste, could not adopt "a comfortable creed" either, in which he did not believe, for the sake of being at peace with himself and his fellows, or for hastening his speed to popularity.

But bread must be earned; how, was a problem. Months must elapse before those carefully studied volumes would be ready for the press—weary, dreary months, and no money coming in. When finished, unless something unforeseen arrived, he decided to cross the broad Atlantic, and seek by spade and trowel to live in the backwoods of America, or by lecturing in the cities to fill his fast emptying pockets.

Lord Jeffery would have given him an annuity if he would have accepted it. He did once lend him £50, which Carlyle punctiliously returned. His brother John would have returned fourfold what his brother had so generously laid out for him when a youth, but Carlyle would only accept what he considered just. This kept their heads above water, at any rate.

At last John Stuart Mill allowed him to write for his *Review* without any restrictions. This was at a great risk. Carlyle's asperities and singularities had effectually frightened all publishers and editors out of their wits. He would not modify a sentence he wrote, would not have one altered or

hacked. They were the products of his isolated spirit. They were himself, whatever disapprobation they received.

Whilst working for Mill, the *French Revolution* was for a time necessarily laid aside, to be resumed when his immediate necessities were relieved.

Many were the hampers received from Scotsbrig during this trying time. Hams, bacon, fruit, knitted stockings, and other garments, all perfect of their kind. Still the wolf pressed hard at the door. It was impossible to please God and mammon, and Providence "meant to try him to the utmost."

After he had finished his second volume, his brother John came to Chelsea for his long-promised, much-desired visit. Carlyle thoroughly enjoyed his companionship, laid aside his pen for the time, entirely giving himself up to interest and amuse him.

At the end of three weeks that pleasant change ended. Sadly was the "round, cheerful face" of the successful doctor missed in that quiet household. Jane had borne up bravely under disappointment after disappointment, terrible bereavement and poverty. But they were telling upon her. She sickened grievously, lost heart as well as health. Change of scene was compulsory, and Carlyle urged upon her to visit her relatives in Scotland. He was working almost frantically at his book, his whole nervous system terribly agitated thereby, and her sufferings augmented his distress. She wisely determined to go northwards, and remain there till health was restored, if that could be.

So in the middle of June or July she took steamer to Liverpool, as the cheapest though least pleasant method of travelling. John Carlyle met her there, and conducted her safely to her mother, who had a purse of gold ready for her as a birthday present. Of this visit to her old home, to places dear by old associations, to loving friends and faithful dependants, she gives touching and delightful descriptions, which prove, undoubtedly, her own literary capabilities and powers of affection.

During her absence, Carlyle went for a short visit to John Stuart Mill's pleasant residence in Kent, where he met with unbounded hospitality. But the two men were very dissimilar in character and opinions, and when that is the case, companionship can scarcely be congenial.

As Mill says—"Carlyle's philosophy did not instruct him as his poetry animated him. Carlyle was a poet; he was not. Carlyle was a man of intuition, which he was not—saw many things before him which he could only hobble after when pointed out to him, and that it was highly probable that he could see many things which would remain invisible to him, even when pointed out."

Mill declared he could not see *round* Carlyle, and could never be certain that he saw *over* him, therefore he never presumed to judge him.

Between August and September, during Jane's absence, Carlyle published in Frazer one of his masterpieces—*The Diamond Necklace*. This brought him in money. If he had been less conscientious, he could by that time have been wealthy and renowned.

Jane wrote regularly, and her letters delighted him. Sometimes they showed how shattered she had become through suppressed agitation. She tells him how good and pleasant his letters were for her, but Scotland was not doing much towards re-establishing her health. There were long, sleepless nights, disagreements with her mother, whose ways were very tormenting; she was terribly despondent.

"Oh, my poor bairn," he wrote, "do not throw life away as insupportable, despicable. Let us work it out, and rest it out as a true two, in spite of sore obstructions."

He offers her shelter, liberty, bread and milk which the cowboy brings; and called heaven to witness that he would be as cheerful as possible. "Here is the place for my poor, little Goody, let us sink or swim together."

In September, she returned once more to the din of London, "a sadder and a wiser woman." Carlyle was to have met her at the station, but somehow they missed each other. She took the omnibus for Chelsea, and her luggage was safely deposited on the outside. But Carlyle was anxiously on the look-out. He saw the bus, recognized the luggage, and hailed the conductor. Unfortunately, when he presented himself at the door, wearing his broad-brimmed hat, the vehicle was too full for his admission. This discovery of her luggage Jane considered one of the most indisputable proofs of her husband's genius.

After being some little time in London, Jane's health was

much improved. She wrote to her "ever dear John Sterling," that Carlyle "is surrounded by a host of lady admirers," and leaves him to fancy what a way he was making with the fair intellects in town, adding, alas! "that only women and mad folks appreciate her husband's writings." Indeed, Carlyle allowed that the literary ladies of the day showed a real superiority over the "men of genius," who were generally "vain, curled, cravatted and dandified to a degree, and were deficient in moral courage as well as moral rectitude." To the stalwart, self-reliant, self-controlled peasant's son their weakness, to say the least of them, appeared degrading to manhood, and disgusted him.

Carlyle was in no humour to be lenient. He was fagged and worn. The grim book he was writing was wearing the very life out of him. His future prospects seemed no brighter. Had they been, he would have greeted his wife on her return with a more cheerful aspect. Her life had hitherto been one of unmitigated disappointment. He longed to brighten it, longed to be the means of bringing her wealth and honour.

They both bravely bore up and tried to encourage each other, she, by withholding, perhaps, occasional forebodings of his possible failure, and by shielding from him all possible annoyances; he, by perseveringly plodding at his task.

The winter months drew on apace. His work became more and more exciting. When completed—what next? The backwoods of America would surely afford him bread for his labour, if his own country expatriated him.

Christmas, 1836, passed tranquilly, if not hopefully. Another New Year's Day dawned, January 1st, 1837. Another week. Still not quite complete that terrible task. A dull, damp day, January 12th. Carlyle was unusually silent, his pen went rapidly hour after hour. The gloomy day closed fast—twilight set in—finding him still poring over his papers. Barely able to see to write the closing words of his terrible scenes. His labours had ended.

"And so, oh reader! has the time come for us two to part. Toilsome was our journey together, not without offence, but it is done. To me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disembodied or not yet embodied spirit of a brother. To thee I was but as a voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred

one. Doubt not that. Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely ; thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell."

Finished! With feelings unutterable, he carried his MS. to his wife, left it with her, saying—"Thank God! it is done, Jeannie. This I know, that, for a hundred years, no book has come more direct, more flamingly, from the heart of living man." Then he went out for a quiet stroll in Kensington Gardens, and wrote no more for months.

CHAPTER XXI.

The spiritual fire which is within that man, shining through such confusion, is, nevertheless, conviction, and makes him strong, and without which he had no strength.—CARLYLE.

JANUARY 17th, 1837, Carlyle writes this in his diary. "Five days ago I finished my book, and was almost ready to weep and pray, but did not either visibly or audibly. The book-seller has it; the printer has it. I expect the first sheet to-morrow. It is a wild, savage book, come black out of my own soul, born in blackness, whirlwind, and sorrow. Gone as near as possible to choking the life out of me." He was, however, so inured to disappointment, that he expected absolutely nothing from a labour that had cost him so much.

About this time, he was introduced to the celebrated Miss Harriet Martineau, and in her, at first, was pleasantly disappointed. She was struck by the gentlemanly bearing and the native modesty of the mason's son. He addressed her through her ear-trumpet, she being positively deaf without it, and she marvelled at his constant, sustained flow of language, and his original ideas on every imaginable subject. For such a man to be under the necessity of emigration was a disgrace to the English nation. Indeed, all his personal friends were sorely perplexed how to keep this extraordinary man among them. They contemplated first one scheme and then another, but patronage seemed impossible, journalism also, for neither editors nor publishers could force the public to appreciate his works, nor could they risk outraging its opinion.

Harriet Martineau, with her ready wit, came to the rescue. To him she said bluntly—"My friend, you would not do for the backwoods of America, you shall not, and if you could

lecture in the far off American cities, why not lecture here in London?"

That he would eventually be successful she felt confident. Proverbially slow as the English are to recognize merit, when the fact dawns upon them they are not niggardly in their acknowledgment. He was at once waylaid, cajoled, entreated, commanded, and at last persuaded. He screwed up his courage to agony point, and yielded.

Of "health and impudence," above all things necessary to the comfort of a lecturer, he had a very limited quantity, but he had a passionate eloquence that could electrify, a moral force that mastered, and a thrilling pathos that could melt an audience to tears. He was conscious of his powers. They were God-given. However shrinkingly, he would use them.

So Willis's rooms were engaged, Miss Martineau nobly canvassing for subscribers to a series of lectures on German Literature, to begin in May, 1837. Ladies and gentlemen, literary and non-literary, liberally responded to her suggestion. Guinea subscriptions poured in. The first and most trying day in Carlyle's life now dawned. His subject was well prepared. To get himself into shape was the most difficult accomplishment. His tongue, dry as parchment, seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth; his breath came in gasps, the great heart in that stalwart frame beat as violently as that of a schoolboy with an unfinished task in the presence of the birch. It was to him the most detestable method of gaining his living, this of exposing his gifts before the public. In actual torment he rose and faced his audience. In his hand was a paper, with notes of his lecture. He found they hindered rather than helped him. Warming with his subject, they were cast aside, while streams of original thoughts poured forth with immense power and singular eloquence. The whole assembly either applauded vociferously, or listened breathlessly. The intense earnestness, the grim humour, or the tender pathos of his manner and look, acted like magic on his listeners. His closing words were greeted with tremendous applause, leaving the hero of the hour agitated, but not elated at his success. From that time his genius was undoubted. The lecture was a novelty, the lecturer a still greater novelty, his singularities giving impetus to the excitement produced. The proceeds exceeded his most sanguine hopes. On reaching

home he drew out his purse at the dinner table, and presented Jane and her mother each with a piece of gold, bidding them buy something in honour of the event.

These lectures continued during the early summer months for four years—a continual source of enjoyment to his listeners, but of infinite personal annoyance to himself. He called it “eating fire,” but as some people were disposed to pay well for the exhibition, however deep his aversion at thus being “dandled before the public,” he must submit from sheer necessity.

After the first lecture, Jane would accompany him, and wrote that to her “the new trade would be rather amusing than otherwise, if only Carlyle could sleep, and herself be free from headaches.” Indeed, all that time, Jane found it very difficult to keep “perpendicular,” and considered it very hard that a poor man should be allowed but one wife, man being so utterly helpless, and a woman absolutely necessary to his comfort, yet so often incapacitated.

Leigh Hunt, speaking of Carlyle’s lectures, says—“The effect was as if some Puritan had come to life again, liberalized by German philosophy, and his own reflection and experience.” Financially, they were successful. More than that, they established his reputation, and the thought of emigration was for the present abandoned.

In the autumn of ’37, exhausted in mind, and dilapidated in body, Carlyle, having concluded his first series of lectures, resolved to rest and rusticate amid early scenes. Change of society, as well as change of scene, seemed essential to husband and wife when they went from home; they rarely journeyed together. On this occasion Carlyle was away five or six weeks, nothing noteworthy occurring. He sends his wife, as usual, “good, loving letters, which inspire her with a fervour of enthusiasm to which nothing short of an earthquake shall prevent her from sending a reply.”

She complained again of being unable to sleep after his departure. First night, three hours; second, forty minutes; third night, not at all. In despair she obtained a kind of opiate, which took effect. The Sterlings were indefatigable in friendly deeds, frequently hiring cabs for her, or taking her drives, to keep up her oft-failing health and spirits. “I hope you will become a great *paid* somebody, then we can indulge in a gig, &c.,” she wrote.

For diversion Jane read French novels, did nothing but take her ease, and keep cheerful and comfortable by "cultivating the pleasant." She had company in abundance, so her social wants were satisfied. Two "tea shines" went off with *éclat*. Darwin was always to be got; Sterling of course, and innumerable others. Finally, she asked Carlyle "if he were struck at such intelligence," assuring him that he had no need to be alarmed. In one letter she alluded to "the poor," the subject having been introduced by a clerical visitor. Jane assumed an interest she never felt—for the poor she cared not a jot, was never for a moment inspired with an enthusiasm for humanity. To another gentleman she discoursed most ably on "domestic service." He, delighted, brought his wife to hear and profit by the same interesting topic. Jane disappointed them. "Catch me throwing my pearls before swine," was her comment. Like a true woman, after diverting her husband with such trifles, she adds something important.

The first money for the *French Revolution* had actually come to hand. It had come from the Americans; sent by the well-beloved Emerson. It had brought tears to her eyes. Fortune was smiling far over the sea. £50 was the first instalment. "Don't be bashful," she adds to her intelligence.

Again she wrote and told him that John Sterling had called and breakfasted with her, as a farewell visit before starting for Italy. "He looked like Edward Irving used to do." Surely that was an unnecessary stab to give her husband Great Heart; and as if with the set purpose of exciting his jealousy, she said, "People who are so decidedly devoted to their wives, are apt to get devoted to other people's wives as well, from mere habit."

It was all in vain. Suspicion was not allowed a dwelling-place in a mind over-crowded with every noble thought. The few friends he made were above suspicion; they were kindred spirits, pure, high-minded, true. If they loved his wife, and made her sad life more cheerful, he was grateful to them. Did he not himself hope some day to be done with harrowing care and gigantic efforts? to give her all her heart's desire? to settle down himself to calm, domestic happiness? having satisfied her ambition, and his own ideal of usefulness, only sharing with her his hard-earned laurels.

Yes, they would be happier some time. "Oh, how happy, if God will." Such was his hope. In the mean time, far be

it from him to grudge her the "cordial drops of friendship that make the nauseous draughts of life go down."

The appearance of the *French Revolution* in England established Carlyle's reputation indisputably, but America was the first to recognize its extraordinary power. He was no longer despicable by his eccentricities and absurdities. Even his worst enemies, and most despondent friends, were forced to confess that he was a star of startling magnitude. The long distrustful Jeffery lauded the book extravagantly—he who had persistently prophesied for him naught but failure. Carlyle had been misjudged and misunderstood. All were anxious now to compensate, by immoderate adulation, the man they had so depressed by their censures.

Before sending forth his first great works he had gained knowledge in the school of experience; bitter experience, too, which is generally the sum total of life—passionate love, bitterly disappointed; blighting poverty, galling, but endured; hope so long deferred, that his inmost soul almost fainted with its sickness; while dyspepsia, with its attendant miseries, was his daily companion, irritating his overtried nerves with its persistent torture, and thereby aggravating every other evil. All this matured him early. When only a youth in years, such experience had given him wisdom, sympathy, and stoical endurance.

He had become, as he intended, a lay preacher of righteousness; the only authority he possessed being the inward righteousness implanted by the Almighty in his own soul. His God-given power of rousing all noble passions in heart-piercing language was expressed, ever with scorn unutterable, against wrong, oppression, and falsehood, with tenderness most pathetic for the weak, the sad, the poor, the oppressed. How could a man so incessantly urge upon his fellows love, purity, justice, mercy, self-sacrifice, with such passionate earnestness, unless he experienced the burning desire for such in his own soul? "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" from the overflowing abundance of the soul the pen also writeth, even more necessarily, perhaps more forcibly.

For the eventual success of his book Carlyle prophesied one friend to ten enemies, but was satisfied to have it altogether extinguished, if it were the Supreme will. He knew he was an isolated man, "disunited from his fellows." He looked king or beggar in the face with the same cool indifference, or

intensest sympathy, as the case might be. Like his Master, he was no respecter of persons. For both, his reverence could be enlisted, his affections drawn out, or his contempt undisguised and unmitigable. Belonging to no sect, and to no party, he inquired of all whom they thought the Most High was most favourable to? They all claimed Him as their Ruler and Guide alike. Surely it was enough for him to aspire always to be on the side of justice, heroism, honesty, freedom, and in open combat with tyranny, cant, cowardice, and falsehood.

His *French Revolution* teems with pictures true to life, never exceeded by poet in brilliancy, pathos, or awful solemnity. On the death of the wicked Louis XV. of France, he writes : "Time is done ; and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked with hideous clangour round thy soul. The pale kingdom yawns open, there thou must enter naked, and await, all unhinged, what is appointed thee. Unhappy man ! there, as thou turnest in dull agony, on thy bed of agony, on thy bed of weariness. What a thought is thine ! Purgatory and hell-fire, now all too possible in the prospect—in the retrospect—alas ! what thing didst thou do, that were not better undone ? what mortal didst thou generously help ? what sorrows hadst thou mercy on ? Frightful seem these moments to thee ! We will pry no more into the horrors of a sinner's deathbed."

This wondrous book exasperated and perplexed, delighted and enthralled the critical world. All his thoughts, as well as the scenes depicted, are of some difficulty to decipher. His characters are living photographs, as minutely described as from under the eye of a microscope. But the terms, and the names, are all foreign, and tend to perplex and bewilder the insular eyes and brains of the English reader ; added to which, his vocabulary is marvellous. When unable to find a word expressive of his meaning, he invents one ; or, for the sake of brevity or emphasis, frequently adds a syllable to the beginning or end of a word, taking no end of liberties with the English language spoken by the haughtiest, most unapproachable inhabitants of the globe. This, by some, is still accounted unpardonably audacious, especially to "Donothings" and "Eatalls," who will not take the trouble to master the peculiarities of style of one of the greatest writers their isle has ever produced. He wrote of the "wild excitation of

nerves, while writing that grim book," and the sympathetic reader experiences the same excitement in its perusal.

"For three years the infernal and celestial state of things with which I was absorbed kept me in a fever blaze. My own prospects seeming desperate all the time, success but dim, keeping me in a wretched frame of mind and body. Criticisms, of course, were overwhelming in number, exaggerated in approval and disapproval. The *Athenæum* set me down as a blockhead, so did others. Thackeray, Dickens, Southey, Kingsley, Dr. Arnold, were profuse in congratulation."

He felt himself that the fate of the book was in the hand of Providence. According to His will it would live or die. Censure and popularity he treated with equal stoicism. The one did not inflate, nor the other quench his spirit. It contained—it was meant to contain—lessons hard to learn, still harder to put in practice.

The history is almost forgotten, in spite of its vivid, awful realities, in the soul-inspiring, or condemnatory lessons it gives. Self-accusation overwhelms us, self-application seems imperative, self-searching irresistible. Veritable sermons, indeed, are there, in sentences short and pithy, as if cut in clear marble, striking home like daggers; plain, unvarnished truths, however, that one and all would do well to lay to heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

When the heart is full it seeks for a thousand reasons, in a thousand ways, to impart itself. How sweet, how indispensable in such case is fellowship; soul mystically strengthening soul.—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

No money was ever more acceptable than that sent by Emerson from America, during Carlyle's early years in London. It came when fortune was just beginning to smile upon him, by the success of his lectures. By his pen he had not, however, earned anything for twenty-two months. The American first-fruits of his hitherto greatest literary labour were extremely sweet, and welcomed with deep emotion. To Emerson he wrote—

“To Ralph Waldo Emerson be thanks always, and a sure place in the sanctuary of the mind. Long shall we remember that autumn Sunday that landed him (out of infinite space) on the Craigenputtock wilderness, not to leave us as he found us. I may well say you are a blessing to me on this earth, no letter comes from you with other than good tidings, or can come while you live there to love me. You were like an angel to me, and absorbed in the beautifullest manner all thunder clouds into the depths of your immeasurable ether. I never doubted your fidelity of heart, your deep, general, friendly recognition of my bits of merits and my bits of sufferings, difficulties and obstructions, your forgiveness of my faults. I have not many voices to commune with in the world. In fact, I have properly no voice at all, and yours, I have often said, was the unique among my fellow-creatures, from which came full response and discourse of reason. You know not in the least, nor can be made to understand, how indispensable your letters are to me; how you are, and have for a long time been,

the one of all the sons of Adam, who I felt completely understood what I was saying, and answered with a truly human voice, inexpressibly consolatory to a poor man in his lonely pilgrimage towards the evening of the day. In my lonely thoughts you are never long absent. Hold open still the hospitable door for me, in joy or grief, a voice seems to say. Behold ! there is one that loves thee in thy loneliness, in thy darkness. See how a hospitable candle shines from far over the seas—how a friendly heart watches ! My blessing on you, good Ralph Waldo Emerson."

There was deep sympathy between these two great men. The "old Puritan creed of their forefathers survived in the heart of each, and cemented their attachment," though the ocean rolled between them, and their characters were so widely different.

Emerson had not such gloomy ideas of the world he dwelt in as had Carlyle. But his world had treated him better so far. Little Concord bore no comparison to the millions of London, among whom Carlyle ever felt an alien. It was a bitter disappointment to Emerson that Carlyle had relinquished the idea of emigration.

"Censure not," writes Carlyle ; "I came to London to find bread and work. So it literally stands, and so do I literally stand, with the largest, gloomiest future before me, which in all sane moments I good-humouredly defy. A strange element this, and I as good as an alien in it." And so he remained to the end of the chapter. He has gone home at last, and has, we trust, met his long-desired ideals, the realization of the unutterable longing of his heart for sympathy.

Emerson was no stranger to opposition either. On one occasion, descending from his own pulpit, it was immediately occupied by a stranger, who began thus—

"We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any such transcendental nonsense, as we have just listened to from this sacred desk !"

Emerson was not in the slightest degree perturbed, only he styled his declaimer—"A very good, conscientious, plain-spoken man."

Never was a purer, less egotistical spirit than Emerson's ; but much as Carlyle would have delighted in his congenial society, there was a certain charm for him in the greatness and the meanness, the opulence ever increasing, and the poverty

ever deepening, in over-grown and ever-growing London, a kind of fascination that attracted even more than it repelled him. But his feeling of inward loneliness was a stern reality to Carlyle, and depressed him fearfully. Had his wife understood him as well as his mother, he would have had no cause to complain of such utter heart solitude. But with all those lynx eyes, he declared she never saw what lay deepest there. "I wish you did, I wish you did," he cried in despair.

The fact is palpable, she never tried to reach so far. He remained ten months away from Chelsea, avoiding much speech of any kind, even with his mother, but read *Pickwick* and similar works as a kind of opiate upon his overstrung nerves. He never could comprehend how men with towering intellects like Dickens, Scott, or Thackeray could spend their lives in attempts, however successfully, only to amuse people. In that, surely he was mistaken. Neither Dickens, Scott, or Thackeray meant only to amuse, but also to instruct. Each work of theirs contain sermons of their own, if not uttered in so decided or so fierce a manner as were those of Carlyle.

It would not do for every writer to be philosophical, prophetic, fierce, or didactic. According to Carlyle's own showing, the human mind requires change of diet, even like the body. And some people there are, whose chronic state of mental digestion forbids even a taste of Carlyle, people who require opiates daily, as he did periodically. And even such invalids must have their wants considered. What Carlyle ought to have done, was silently to have given thanks for his own benefits received, and not have grumbled at his good physicians, providing so generously for the necessities of frailer mortals. At the end of two months Carlyle returned to Chelsea. He had not, and declared he never should, quite recover from the effects of having exhibited himself.

Jane received him even more gladly than usual. She had written to him regularly, and in assumed good spirits; but Carlyle wrote to his brother John that "there was no real fund of cheerfulness in her letters, though there was no serious melancholy visible in their tone." Yet with his usual painful insight he could perceive what she would fain conceal. She still was grieving inwardly over the mournful past. Her letter to his mother after his return is truly pathetic, and sets Carlyle in his true character, doing him the justice she too often withheld.

"MY DEAR MOTHER—You know the saying, 'It is not lost what a friend gets,' and in the present case it must comfort you for losing him. Moreover, you have others behind, and I have only him, only him in the whole wide world, to love me, and take care of me; poor little wretch that I am! Not but that numbers of people love me, after their fashion, far better than I deserve, but then *his* fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature I am.

"Thank you, in the first place, for having been kind enough to produce him in this world, and for having, in the last place, sent him back to me again."

This letter gives us a true insight into Carlyle's private life and character, and proves beyond dispute that he did endeavour to live up to the high ideal he preached, that he was no selfish, domestic tyrant, and that she had little, if any, cause for complaint.

In April, 1838, before commencing his second series of lectures, Carlyle was gratified at receiving a letter from a Quakeress, in which she speaks of the "originality, the first-rate talent, the taste, the poetry of his three wonderful volumes of the *French Revolution*, and the deep, unspeakable interest with which she perused them."

"A spell is cast over me by the waving of the enchanter's wand, given to thee to wield for the instruction of thy less gifted fellow mortals.

"Go on and prosper, saith my whole soul. Such abilities as thine were never meant to be folded in a napkin. Use them worthily, and they will bless thyself and thousands. I am truly rejoiced that a writer has at last appeared to do justice to modern history, and present it in colours so attractive, that as certainly as mind recognizes mind, and speaks to it, and is comprehended by it, so certainly will the *French Revolution*, by Thomas Carlyle, be read and approved by all men, and all women too, endowed with any of that Promethean fire which he seems to fetch down from heaven at will, and finally win its way through all obstructions to form a part, an important part, of the standard of English language. Accept my most cordial thanks for the rich, intellectual banquet thou hast provided.

"Thy sincere friend and admirer,

"PHŒBE CHORLY."

Yes, indeed, that book alone would have made his name classic, and he would have been more than mortal if such appreciation had failed to please and inspire.

In this letter there was intellectual sympathy, encouragement from a kindred spirit. And he thanked the writer from the depths of his heart. Other acknowledgments of his rising reputation he received; one morning, an invitation to dine from a no less distinguished man than Lord Mount-eagle, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His nervous excitement made him desire to decline such an honour, but Jane would not hear of a refusal being sent, and he, knowing what unfeigned delight in those days she experienced at every fresh signal of his success, gave in.

He was never awkward in the very highest society, but with the true aristocracy of genius, behaved as a perfect gentleman. Yet his simple tastes could find no enjoyment in those long, interminable banquets, when the conversation rarely entertained, unfortunately bored him considerably. As soon as he spoke, others were silent, waiting intensely to hear what this strange mortal was going to say. His manner, his voice, the intense courage of his opinions, gave him authority, added to which, he never spoke unless he were master of his subject.

Every one seemed anxious to pay honour and respect to the man, who, of all others, rebuked and exposed all the errors of society, who, indeed, was fiercely antagonistic to them. To be morally dissected cannot fail to be a painful operation to the victim, yet they bore it all with exemplary patience.

Carlyle paid no kind of respect to long established, unmeaning customs; to antiquated notions, religious or secular, unless he considered they were worth conserving, and his whole soul was repugnant to insincerities and dissipations. He always remembered poor Robert Burns, and what society had done for him and Irving. Not that he blamed society entirely for the moral wreck of any human being. "External circumstances can never utterly ruin the mind of any man. For that, there must be some internal mal-arrangement."

The world had little influence upon Carlyle. It never modified him, never ruled him, hardly affected him, one way or the other. He had already defied poverty, neglect, and every other evil, and had reached an element rarely breathed by his fellow mortals. He longed for true friendship in the

old heroic sense of the word. That was the one event of his existence. The communion of mind with mind. For after all, the grandest, most independent nature finds the love of his own species a necessity, in obedience to the solemn magnate of the Highest, "Love one another." And because he could only love what was lovable, he was often disheartened and unhappy. His ideals were too high for earth. We do not dispute it. Blessed is he that expects nothing, and he shall not be disappointed.

Most people glory in being ordinary, in having no high standard; in seeking none. With such, Carlyle, and such as he, can find no fellowship.

That same month, whilst walking, he met the Queen, "her little Majesty taking her bit departure for Windsor." He was struck by her simple beauty, her vivacious manner, and bashful modesty. His great heart yearned in pity for her youth and heavy responsibilities, whilst such endless forms and ceremonies waylaid her every step. How tedious, how unutterably useless and wearisome they must have been to so young a child! She, however, looked upon them as the duties of her high office, and bore them nobly, like the heroine she was, and is, and not one of which would she have dispensed with, that her ancestors had borne before her. His interest in his sweet young monarch never deserted him, however infuriated he sometimes felt against her advisers.

When May arrived, the lectures re-commenced. Jane was quite elated, and accompanied the lecturer to his scene of triumph. The subject was Voltaire, one in which Carlyle could take but little interest. The man was not a hero, and only for heroes did Carlyle feel any enthusiasm. He felt nervous, "his heart beat convulsively against the bars," fearing failure. But no such thing. He could arouse his hearers to wildest excitement, even when at his worst.

"The philosophy of Voltaire and his tribe exhilarates and fills us with glorying for a season—the comfort of the Indian, who warmed himself at the flames of his own bed."

So he wrote, and so he felt, concerning that notorious infidel. But the lecture itself was a surprising success. His audience was profoundly attentive, intensely sympathetic, and loudly appreciative. What could mortal expect more? Nothing; only Carlyle was out of his wits, because he felt himself stupid. Jane declared that whatever his faults, he never was

stupid in his life. Moreover, he detested the notice he was making; felt thoroughly ashamed, and longed to be free from congratulatory calls, hand-shakings, &c. Indeed, the flattery, the adulation, deserved and undeserved, that beset him, was enough to turn a less vigorous brain frantic.

"Deliver me from self-conceit, oh ye Supreme Powers," he prayed, "oh do that, and then what ye will!"

He was evidently beginning to be afraid for himself. But as he was the apostle of hero-worship, it was right that he should have a taste of the effects of such honours, however painful. He had more than a taste, he was surfeited.

In 1839 the excitement of his lectures still deepened, and with it Carlyle's irritability. Over and over again he promised himself that this series should be his last. His literary labours were beginning to bring in at least enough to keep the wolf from the door, and the gold obtained by lecturing could be dispensed with by and by. "Oh the 'dusty hubbub' of it all; oh to be let alone!" Driving to the place, what was Jane's triumph, and Carlyle's dismay, to see the street literally blocked with carriages, among them one from the Royal Household, lords and ladies, statesmen, lawyers, clergy, all assembling to hear a second John Knox tell them only what was true. A man that dared to do that to their faces was surely worth hearing.

His audience increased every succeeding lecture to the last, when the rooms were crammed. There were so many magnificently arrayed ladies that Carlyle dared not let his eye fall upon them, lest their brilliance should dazzle, perhaps bewitch him. It was a most splendid success; the enraptured audience gave Carlyle heart fever; and as he and his wife were going away, exclamations on all sides greeted their ears. "He is a glorious fellow. His very faults lovable. A free, wild, chaotic sort of chap, noble fellow," &c. Such a whirlwind of glory, ending in such a blaze, and producing no less than £200! A blessing indeed to those who had for months been haunted by the "giant spectre of beggary." Even such magnificent results could not change his grim determination ere long to have done with spouting in public.

Mrs. Carlyle had noticed among the hearers the figure of poor Mrs. Edward Irving, looking sad and thin in sorrowful weeds—a sight, one would think, that would have effectually stilled any proud thoughts of triumph. But, alas, no! Jane's

master passion burnt strong as ever. She confessed to contrasting their lots. The widowed husband's old friend, "carrying on the glory," while she laments that she is only a woman. The glory is not altogether hers, only reflected!

Foolish Jane! Was not that more than enough? Had he not accomplished the end for which you married him, and no word of gratitude for the exhausting labour expended upon it?

Carlyle had "exceeded all her hopes, and yet she was miserable."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Whatsoever vices, whatsoever weaknesses were in the man, the parvenu will show us them enlarged into frightful distortion.

The impotent, insolent Donothingism in Practice, and Saynothingism in Speech, is altogether amazing.

One look of genuine sympathy overpowered him.

CARLYLE, *Life of Sterling*.

EARLY in March, 1839, Carlyle went to dine with a certain Mr. Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, and thus commenced an intimacy between the two families, which was lifelong. At the fine mansions, Bath House, and at Addiscombe, or "The Grange," the Carlyles met specimens of the very highest members of English society.

It pleased Carlyle. "Gigmanity," or vulgar wealth, with its endless pretensions, was obnoxious to his very soul, vulgar pride being its certain accompaniment. Vulgarity of manner rarely exists with a polished mind, or urbanity with an uncultured one.

"Gigmanity" glories in display. Every one has heard of the warm farmer, who complained of the "heat of wearing silver buttons," when he found those he sported unnoticed. In like manner, Dr. Johnson related an anecdote of a vulgarian, who was so fond of displaying all the plate he possessed, that he actually added his silver spurs to the shining heap!

The Carlyles now met the perfection of human politeness and courtesy face to face, shown on every occasion without the least perceptible effort. It charmed Carlyle. Combined with unexceptional affability, and extreme simplicity, was a light, airy cheerfulness, effectually concealing stoical endurance of oft-aching hearts. Drawing-room heroes and heroines!

for *noblesse oblige* yet suffers no less from the sorrows and ills that mortal flesh is heir to.

Carlyle was now in the prime of life, at the height of his celebrity, and, for him, in excellent spirits. Every great man who happened to be in town, or was resident in London, was anxious to make his acquaintance. People invited the "new star" to breakfast and dinners innumerable.

Carlyle used to say that if Christ came again on earth, certain people would be sure to ask him to breakfast, and then discuss at club or tavern the good things he had said.

Lady Harriet Baring, his frequent hospitable hostess, not only recognized the genius, but loved the man; and they honoured each other with a friendship that was enthusiastic and life-long.

This lady, from the first, exercised a great influence over Carlyle. "For good and evil," says Mr. Froude. We do not acquiesce. We see no reason to add for evil. If it had been for evil, Carlyle would have been ashamed of it, and have regretted their intimacy. On such a man, an evil influence would *not* have been tolerated year after year; he would cast it from him as a racer his outer garments. More of this later on.

"Dissipation, if such it can be called, pursued him even to his own home." Jane audaciously gave a brilliant *soirée*, and made thereby quite a sensation among her friends and acquaintance. She had twenty or thirty brilliant guests, both she and Carlyle making excellent entertainers.

But such an affair was quite foreign to Carlyle's idea of life, and when they had all dispersed, he betook himself silently to his pipe, and prayed inaudibly that such a gathering might never again assemble within his peaceful walls. He was naturally hospitable and sociable, but felt himself, as master of such ceremonies, out of character and element. About this time he received a third remittance from America, the product of the sale of his works. His gratification was only exceeded by his disgust at receiving not a penny from his own country. He took the draft and showed it to his own publisher, and made him blush, but did not make him produce on the spot.

More than £1000 had been made in England, but all had been "swallowed by the sharks," so many having to be paid

before the author received his share. To say the least of it, such a state of things was aggravating.

Having finished his course of lectures for the season, Carlyle took up his pen to commence a new work. Oliver Cromwell was his new subject. For this much research was necessary. Carlyle believed that the great Protector's character had been grossly misjudged and defamed. Here was a work of justice, therefore of deep interest, and requiring study on every side of the question. He unearthed all the long-neglected manuscripts and volumes in the British Museum bearing on the question. He found almost insurmountable difficulties, especially that of not being able to take home any of the volumes he required.

Another business then occupied his mind—a scheme for establishing a library, to be of service to all men who could pay the subscription, from which books could be received and retained till they were well “read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested.” It was a great idea, but had to be well drilled into many minds before put into action.

Carlyle, however, found many sympathizers, and in course of time the London Library in St. James's Square was the grand result—a library which has been a boon to thousands, and for which we should never forget we are indebted to our hero, Thomas Carlyle.

But there were questions of the day more pressing than Oliver Cromwell—questions that had weighed upon his mind for years. That was the problem concerning the existence of the labouring classes of the United Kingdom, so *Cromwell* was laid aside for a time. He attended a Radical meeting got up by his old pupil, Charles Buller, in the London Tavern. No less than two thousand men were present, addressed chiefly by Mr. Roebuck. Carlyle disagreed with nearly everything that was said. It was an immense room, densely packed, a sea of human faces alone visible—faces bespeaking fierce emotion, discontent, anger, woe unutterable—a sight to sadden any one who saw with Carlyle's eyes. These poor fellows would listen to nothing that did not tend in their estimation to mitigate their wrongs. They showed their disapprobation with terrible vehemence, while their “ayes” were pathetically loud and deep.

Eighteen hundred and thirty-nine was a year of strange and fearful events. A Chartist petition was presented to Parliament, signed by a quarter of a million persons. There

were riots at Birmingham and elsewhere, meetings were held by torchlight, with pikes and guns. They were rather ruinous than remedial, and yet there was a cause. The state of the labouring classes was fearful: low wages, long hours, taxed corn, wretched cottage accommodation, personal disrespect was the lot of the working man. He felt himself God-forsaken. Carlyle longed to teach him that such was not the fact, that some day he also would meet with eternal justice as well as his oppressor. The politics, the philanthropy, the religion of the higher classes seemed to him a mere artificial humbug, because they entailed so little self-exertion or self-sacrifice. The iniquitous Corn Laws, for whatever reasons upheld, brought famine to the majority; the Game Law, preserving for amusement to the rich what was life to the poor, was demoniacal. What wonder that the whole country teemed with a burning sense of awful injustice, a sense of wrong committed against them, goading them on to agony's point!

Such questions entered Carlyle's soul, and he had no rest until he had disburdened it. In his *Chartism* he urged upon the aristocratic landowners, the capitalists, the statesmen and clergy, with burning eloquence, to awaken to a sense of their awful responsibilities, their high duties, their tremendous advantages, each and all God-given, and for a special purpose. This they ignored, taking their ease in idleness and luxury, as if all were inherited by right. The poor, the ignorant, yea, and the ignoble, cried aloud for guidance from those set over them—merciful, wise guidance; impartial laws for noble and peasant.

Carlyle's fierce denunciations sometimes exasperated retort. This pleased him, soothed his pain. Anything was preferable to indifference. He became a new moral force, and shook society. Society has recovered the shock in many instances; not altogether. In Carlyle's opinion, true religion required no Church catechism, no Thirty-Nine Articles, no credos, Bible only, and faith to believe it.

He was neither Radical nor Conservative in politics. "Conservatism I cannot attempt to conserve, believing it to be a portentous, embodied sham, accursed of God, and doomed to destruction, as all lies are; but woe the while if people are not taught,—if not wisdom, then their brutish folly will incarnate itself in the frightfullest reality. Democracy

was still worse. The first were for laws to enthrall; the latter for no laws at all." Laws should be enacted and enforced by which pauperism must be abolished, vagrants must work—have work suitable provided for them. What else do healthy men require? The sick and the aged be tenderly cared for. He would have no *ultra*-rich, no waste lands in a country densely populated. It was owing to the meanness, selfishness, and cowardice of capitalists that social ruin was imminent. "Money ought never to be gained at the expense of a fellow-man, labour in what field he might. Such money was stolen; nothing else."

To sneer at those who had not birth or fortune was the fashion of the day, and we fear is still. A man is always worthy of respect, be he king or peasant, provided he *be* a man possessed with natural nobility of soul, and without pretension. After the Reform Bill was passed, Parliament was congratulated upon not being quite "so low" as many anticipated. The one thing needful is a master-hand, to see that the immutable laws of right and justice are carried out. No man has a right to more—none to less. Injustice makes a debt in the human heart that can be cancelled by no other means. Fair judgment alone can give satisfaction, and that of all things on earth is hardest to get. When it arrives it is often too late; the heart has eaten itself out with the ceaseless pain of being misjudged. We must not say it does not matter—it *does* matter; yet in the great "For Ever" all wrongs will be righted, the misjudged will be cleared, the misjudging condemned. God is overhead, looking on—noting all things in His book of remembrance, and the reckoning draws on apace. Oh, to rouse men to this belief! to make them act upon it, was Carlyle's inward longing, and found utterance at that time in *Chartism*.

Exhausted by lecturing and the enthusiasm with which he was writing his work, he and Jane went north together. His brother John had sent £30 to Alick, to have ready a gig for them to drive about in—another instance of the generosity and thoughtfulness possessed more or less by each member of the Carlyle family. They proceeded first to Templand, on a visit to Jane's mother, Mrs. Welsh. What was Carlyle's delight, to find his own beloved old mother awaiting him! He had at one time feared that their respective mothers could never be on visiting terms. But Mrs. Welsh had learned to

appreciate her gifted son-in-law, and the mother that bore him; so there she was, in all her rustic superiority, to greet him on his arrival.

This was an act of kindly forethought on the part of Mrs. Welsh that Carlyle never forgot. He felt like a "boy out of school," and he and his mother drove about side by side, walked in the lanes, and smoked their pipes in the chimney-corner in high delight. Mr. Froude declares they were like a pair of lovers—indeed that they *were* a pair of lovers. This is what mothers and sons ought always to be.

Carlyle felt quite ashamed of enjoying himself so much. Incompatible to a man whose heart so frequently ached with the woes of the whole human race. He thought truly that a wise man can scarcely be a jovial one.

That summer, however, nothing went wrong. It has been said that an "English person is never so happy as when miserable." Be this as it may, for one short term Carlyle, though still grumbling at his "sluggish, ignoble" inactivity, thoroughly enjoyed his brief two months' holiday, and Jane also. They separated as usual, each spending the greater part of the time with their respective relatives. John so enjoyed his brother's society, that he expressed a strong desire to take up his residence near Chelsea. Their "Tom," however, advised him decidedly to do no such thing, confessing to his crotchety ways, his frequent dyspeptic melancholy.

That journey home was Carlyle's first experience of railway travelling—a method of locomotion he scarcely relished; writing of it as an extraordinary sensation, "as if rapidly rushing through darkness and confusion, past towns, villages, over churches, chimney-pots, into unknown space." Not altogether pleasant, but infinitely better, because of so much shorter duration, than stage-coach journeying.

A pleasant surprise awaited him in town. We scarcely do right to call it "pleasant"; better say a surprise only. This was a striking review "on Carlyle," written by John Sterling, in the *Westminster*. "A thing all glaring and boiling, like a furnace of molten metal; a brave thing, vast and headlong, full of generosity, passionate insight, extravagant Sterlingism. Will create astonishment and give offence. Won't thank you. Doubt the good thereof. The most magnanimous eulogy I ever knew one man utter of another, whom he knew face to face, and saw go grumbling about, in coat and

breeches, a poor concrete reality, very offensive now and then. God help you, my man ; I would not be in your shoes for something."

Thus he humorously concludes his thanks to the true-hearted friend, who had made the great heart beat faster by this manly proof of his love and admiration—a love that never grew colder, an admiration that rather increased than diminished as years advanced.

Carlyle was fortunate in his friends, the few he possessed ; and where he once gave his heart he never recalled it. Admiration, however, does not constitute friendship, being often one-sided. It is not to be expected that such a man could reciprocate every proof of admiration, he could not even make a show of so doing ; and there were many great and good men with whom he could find no fellowship, and others whom he admired less he perhaps loved more. A kindred spirit is rarely met.

John Sterling, however, had this kindred spirit in a different kind and degree, both with Thomas and Jane Carlyle. They both loved and appreciated the delicate, dreamy young clergyman ; and he, with true insight, discovered the nobler side of the two so strangely united, so widely disunited. Writing on this same review to Miss Martineau, Carlyle said, "It is like the Brocken Spectre, a very *large* likeness and not very correct."

Miss Martineau wrote of Carlyle as she found him—just as he found her, tolerable or intolerable. On one occasion he was in "great spirits, made a great laugh at scientific folks, called them quacks and what not. I wish," she adds, "that he had more sympathy and less cynicism."

Again she went to the Carlyles, and met John Sterling there. She wished Carlyle "would learn somewhat of him, for his views are deplorably dismal and very unreasonable in my eyes. He doubts not all being for the best, but believes in a preponderance of misery for the best of the race, and that the stupid and sensual only are happy. I asked him what was his idea of good, if he is sure all is well, but the best men miserable. He says he can give no clearer reply than that it is found in the New Testament—'The worship of Sorrow.' Rather the Man of Sorrows, which we believe he meant."

Carlyle, writing of Miss Martineau at the same time,

says that "Miss Martineau was too noisy and talkative, that she was a formalist, limited in the extreme, yet triumphantly so. Waved her banner of victory, and expected her admirers to do the same."

One observation too she made which was surely mistaken, namely, that Jesus Christ when on earth led a most joyous life. He, the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief! This was too much for Carlyle's patience, and would call forth the above reply to his inquiry. Miss Martineau revelled in open movements, and in being the instigator and leader of them. She declared that Carlyle's contempt of such was a diseased part of his mind. We fear Miss Martineau had a considerable share in producing his dislike to "scribbling" women.

On another occasion Miss Martineau went to dine at Cheyne Row. She found "Mrs. Carlyle looking pretty, in a black velvet high dress and blonde collar." They had a nice feminine gossip together for a couple of hours before dinner, about divers domestic doings of literary people, which they both declared justified the scandal with which literary lives were assailed.

Poor Leigh Hunt would come in for his share of condemnation by these two gossips, for he was loud in his complaints at Carlyle's parody on thrift. Directly after reading it he sent to him to borrow a couple of pounds, which Carlyle lent. Self-indulgence in those whom God had endowed with extraordinary mental power seemed to both the Carlyles unpardonable, unjustifiable. Indeed, animal gratification had no temptation to Carlyle's exalted mind; it sickened rather than excited him to dissipation. Again, Miss Martineau it was who said what pleasure it gave her to see him enter a room full of company, he was "so modest, so gentlemanly."

Leigh Hunt used to tell Carlyle that all his troubles would cease at forty-five, that men reconcile themselves and grow quiet at that age. He was mistaken. Carlyle's sorrows were life-long, and he never became reconciled to wrongs that were remedial, yet never were remedied. He was made of different material. Harriet Martineau called both the Carlyles "true, sensible people, who knew what domestic life ought to be." Only few do not, and yet how rarely is it as it ought to be.

Both Leigh Hunt and Miss Martineau bear grand testimony to Carlyle's character, in spite of his imperfections.

Hunt said, "that it was his belief that what Carlyle loved better than anything, in spite of his fault-finding, was the face of any human creature that looked suffering, loving, and sincere." And still further, "that if the creature were suffering *only*, and neither loving or sincere, but had come to a pass of agony in this life that put him at the mercy of some good man for some last help and consolation towards the grave, even at the risk of loss of repute, and a sure amount of pain and vexation, that man, if the groan reached him in its forlornness, would be Thomas Carlyle."

Hunt found he had judged him truly more than once. In his own distress he called upon that friend, and never called in vain.

Miss Martineau is no less enthusiastic in her description of the man.

"Carlyle's rugged face, steeped in genius, I had seen under all aspects, from the deepest gloom to the most reckless and most genial mirth—each mood a different portrait. The sympathetic far the finest, his excess of sympathy being the master pain of his life. He did not know what to do with it and its bitterness, seeing that human life is full of pain to those who look out for it; and the savageness which has come to be the main characteristic of this singular man is, in my opinion, a mere expression of his intolerable sympathy with suffering. He cannot express his love and pity like other people; but to those who understand his eyes, his shy manner, his changing colour, his sigh, his constitutional *pudeur*, which renders him silent about everything he most deeply feels, his wild and abrupt speech is perfectly intelligible. I have felt to the depth of my heart what his sympathy was. I have observed the same strength of feeling towards all other sufferers, and am confident that Carlyle's *affections are too much for him*, and are the real cause of the ferocity with which he charges himself and astonishes others. When I knew him familiarly he rarely slept, and was woefully dyspeptic."

This is the testimony of two personal friends, neither of them being in perfect sympathy with Carlyle. This was their just, unbiased opinion of the man. Another proof of the hero he was. It is to be questioned if either of them would have altered one jot or tittle of their testimony had they read his equally sincere opinion of them. It is not

necessary nor possible that all admiration should be mutual. Yet it is perhaps wiser to leave unsaid what is not to the advantage of those we describe. Is it, or is it not, wise or right to give a true, graphic description of people we meet as of places we visit? Are we ever justified in giving deteriorating information of the personal character or appearance of those we wish to portray for the amusement or edification of others? It is a matter for consideration. Are photographs to be true or false? Is not some artistic method being devised by which to make bulky people appear slender, stern faces smiling, old age youthful, red hair brown, the squint, the deformity, the wrinkle—all obliterated? If so, and it is allowable, nay more, justifiable, must biographers too learn the transition process?

Carlyle would never have given in to such a demand. Veracity was too dear to him. The art of veneering he scorned with scorn unutterable when the intent was pure deception.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Thou art the latest birth of Nature ; it is the inspiration of the Almighty that giveth thee understanding ! My brother, my brother !—CARLYLE, Past and Present.

HAVING written *Chartism*, the question now was how to get it disposed of. Every publisher respectfully declined to publish it at his own risk. Its fierce expressions, fiery denunciations, exaggerated peculiarities terrified them all. It mattered not—published it must be, or his own soul would suffer by its retention. John Carlyle was then on a visit to Cheyne Row, and used his influence as to the disposal of the MS.

The *Westminster Review* of that day was at its death-gasp. John Stuart Mill, editor, perhaps proprietor, had two years previously refused to accept an article from Carlyle on the same subject. "Now, however, as a last spasmodic effort to avert ignoble discontinuance," he offered to publish Carlyle's passionate appeal in its pages. Carlyle would have let him have done so, as much for Mill's benefit as his own satisfaction, but his wife and his brother John were loud in their dissension. Mill and the Carlyles were no longer on quite such intimate terms. Mill had joined a set entirely antagonistic to his friend—a set which Carlyle said "bound him in ice," and he grieved over the disaster that cost him his friendship. It was to Carlyle's mind a "set of beggarly, unbelieving Radicalism," and because they cost him Mill's friendship, became more and more obnoxious.

However, having finally declined Mill's offer, he determined to publish *Chartism* at his own risk. The rapidity of the sale was astonishing. The more bitter the criticisms the louder it was called for ; with a masterly hand he had dissected social disease, suggested remedies, and demanded attention.

He had made no concealments. The disease was the effect of wrong; it would spread, would prove fatal, unless its rapid progress was stayed. To be effectual the remedies must be decisive, well studied; all the powers of intellect and knowledge must combine to combat its progress. No quacks could be of the slightest service, no party spirit must be tolerated. The poor, the poor that God has ordained to be ever with us, to call out all our sympathies, our unselfishness, our noblest, highest, God-given virtues, were now crying aloud for common justice, which for centuries had been withheld—justice that demanded but little self-sacrifice, merely an obedience to the command, “Do to others as you would be done by.” Even a worm will turn if trodden upon repeatedly, and man, oppressed man, will strive to rise after repeated falls. Common-sense alone, without any very exalted notions of life, bids man beware how he tramples down his fellow-man.

Carlyle, at any rate, was relieved at the rapid sale of his book and the commotion it made. He had done his part; he had delivered his burden, and must await the result. Alas! peace of mind was not for Carlyle, or domestic peace. April 23rd, 1840, he wrote in his diary—

“Work ruined for the day. Imprudently expressed complaints in the morning; filled all the sky with clouds portending grave issues, or only inane ones. I am sick and very miserable.”

What a revelation of domestic wretchedness is here. It was just as Jane herself wrote. She was miserable, and made him so. One fact seemed to be undeniable, namely, that Carlyle’s popularity did not give her the same pleasure as she anticipated. Carlyle’s popularity, however great, however brightly it reflected upon her as his wife, was not her own, and she loved herself better than she loved her lord; perhaps because he was only peasant-born, her inferior as far as birth and family went. Pedigree is something, after all. To people who have more pedigree than anything else it is of infinite, nay, paramount importance. That, however, was not Jane’s predicament. She liked to be admired and sought after on her own merits; she confessed that she never forgot her own “Iety,” her self-subsistence, or her self-seeking. She did not care that her peasant-born husband, whose genius she considered she had assisted in developing, should receive more adulation than his better half, Jane Welsh Carlyle. Perhaps

it is not to be expected that she should. But she ought never to have forgotten that she married him more than he married her; and might have shown a little more patience with her loveless and therefore unhappy husband. It would have cost her little, and have soothed him much, if she had tried to rule that fast-running, sarcastic, sneering little member, her tongue, which her greatest admirers declared could sting like a wasp; for her powers of language almost equalled his.

The "grave issues portended" after that unfortunate morning's grumbling ended, as the most noisy scenes frequently do, "all in smoke." Carlyle had been presented with a horse, which was a source of much enjoyment to the solitary "man of thought." Two could scarcely mount the same back. Jane began to consider that a gig would be a most acceptable presentation. Irving had been the fortunate recipient of a gig from one of his lady devotees; would that one of Carlyle's admirers would generously follow so bright an example! Carlyle would have been delighted for her sake, though as yet his means were scarcely ample enough to keep his horse, and indeed he sold it soon after as being a too expensive personal luxury.

From pecuniary motives alone he determined that year to make another tremendous effort at displaying his oratorical powers. It was a painful but peremptory ordeal through which to pass. In courage Carlyle was by no means deficient, but he had not an ounce of bluster or brag—qualities which necessarily make spouting easy, though of themselves are both contemptible and detestable.

Financial reasons alone, then, induced him to continue his lectures that year. There was one comfort more to be derived from them. Spouting gave him a grand opportunity of denouncing, upbraiding, and exposing all shams and muddlers in society, politics, and religion.

"Heroes" was the subject he now determined to bring before the public. The heroically inclined only can love and appreciate the heroic. "It is not the individual to whom we should pay homage, but to the godlike, the Divine spark in man or woman that makes the creature instrumental in working God's "will on earth, as it is in heaven;" those who are inspired with grand ideals, aims, and ends. The interval is long before the ideal is realized, even from the

cradle to the grave ; but that should never lessen the endeavour to attain what, in its *ultra*-perfection, is on earth unattainable. True it is, that when we come into actual contact with those thus gifted, we are often lamentably disappointed. Their imaginary superiority seems to fall into shivering atoms ; they are after all but common clay. True ; personally they are all veritably common clay, from the queen on her throne, to the beggar outside the gate. No less true is it, however, that the heroic in them, which by personal contact we often fail to discover, burns on clearer and clearer, till it shall reach the perfect day. It is in absence of body that spirit dominates most powerfully ; and it is the inward spiritual, not the outward corporeal, that has this unseen, overwhelming force. An insignificant casket, to those who have neither will nor strength to look within, is despicable only. An undiscerning spirit sees only the outward appearance of the body which encloses one of God's jewels.

No man felt this more than Carlyle, and yet no man felt more keenly the power of superior physique. To him a great soul enclosed in a feeble frame was a painful phenomenon. Mind and body frequently act one upon the other indisputably. A feeble, a contemptible, a deformed body has a depreciating influence on the soul within, unless gifted with genius and moral force. It tends to lessen self-confidence, and by so doing enfeebles the personality. This is in itself a sign of moral weakness.

A Napoleon, a Nelson, a Wesley, a Garnet Wolseley, a Dickens, a Brontë, a Wellington, a St. Paul, never measured themselves by their inches, or allowed others to do so. Their God-given genius magnified them into spiritual giants, and, consciously or unconsciously, made them a power for good or evil among their fellow mortals. Spiritual giants ! the only giants worthy of homage or of fear—giants in the Senate or the battlefield, in the pulpit, on the platform, at the desk, or giants in their stoical endurance of the inevitable, or the patient bearing of another's burden. These giants, especially the latter, do not always come to the front rank ; when they do, they are sure to be recognized. Common clay enough maybe, but beneath the clay burns the grand, indomitable, long-suffering soul, conscious, if none other is, of its own unquestionable triumphs.

On May 6th, 1840, Carlyle gave his first lecture of his

fourth and last series. The subject taken was Odin, and he declared that he managed to unfold about a tenth-part of his meaning. His audience listened as attentively as if he were reading the gospel, and for deficiency of comprehension gave vociferous applause. What the newspaper said of his singularities had not the remotest effect upon him. He went on unmodified.

On the 9th he next discoursed on Mahomet, or Priest as King. Bishops and all kinds of grandees were present. Undismayed, the orator, with passionate utterance, tried to give them the impression that he thought them one and all "quacks," wondering all the time that they had the patience to give him a hearing.

"Such a tirrivee!" he pronounced that success. His third lecture was on Dante and Shakspeare; his fourth on Luther and John Knox; his last, and best, on Kings as Heroes. His hearers were startled and perplexed. The majority, however, were loud in their applause, and the minority acquiesced in the general satisfaction expressed. The public was enthralled, amused, delighted; Carlyle alone was dissatisfied and miserable. He had probed his hearers to the quick, had moved many to tears, but a few only listened with a brave resolution to learn, and do as the great man bade them. In his lectures he had reached the mountain-top, and coming down to hand-shakings and glorifications made him despise himself. He determined nothing on earth should induce him to continue that rôle another season, and strode away to air himself on Wimbledon Common, listening to the early cuckoo amid sweet country scenes, and bringing the tears to his eyes. Of dinners, popularity, lords, and lionizing, he said, "Keep it, and give it to those who like it." Had he appreciated it thoroughly he would of course have received much less of it;—such is human nature. The Common was just at the height of its beauty—clothed in all bright, green, spring loveliness.

Carlyle wended his way over the old wooden Battersea Bridge several times that year, to learn how like elysium this "huge, haggard" world is, after all. Safe over the river, he would wander away from "Monster London," looking back ever and anon as he went at the slowly-disappearing heaps of bricks and mortar, the silent domes, the clouds of smoke. Farther still on the clear, breezy commons he would gaze on the mighty

city, looking but one "vast, dusky-coloured mountain in the distance, all shapelessly melting into infinite space."

Think of the extreme feebleness of the strongest telescope to penetrate, at so slight a distance, into the broadest thoroughfares or gorgeous palaces, and compare therewith the microscopic eye of its Creator, searching not only into the remotest alleys and darkest dens of our sin-stricken city, but into the very hearts and souls of the creatures He has made!

Jane never seemed to care to accompany the philosopher in these delightful rambles; for her human society and exciting chatter was the one thing needful. So Carlyle wandered alone, the most solitary man living. Occasionally he would contemplate a flight still farther, even into far-away American cities, where he would spout victoriously, and thereby make sufficient cash to purchase for himself an annuity that would enable him to remain at liberty to keep silence for the rest of his days.

On returning home one evening, he was pleasantly surprised to find his wife entertaining Alfred Tennyson in the back garden. This was an unexpected and undeniable treat to them both.

Mr. Froude says Carlyle admired, almost loved, Tennyson. From what he said himself, we conclude that he not only almost, but altogether loved the man, the unequalled poet of his day and ours. They would sit together under the one tree in the Chelsea garden, holding long arguments as they smoked their pipes. Tennyson's free-and-easy manners, his mighty intellect, his tender sympathy and large-heartedness, as well as his manly exterior, were ardently acknowledged by the enthusiastic, poetical sage of Chelsea.

This year he also met Dickens, the gay, the inimitable, the highly-gifted author, full of genius and dramatic power. If his praise is not quite unqualified, we must remember that Carlyle's marvellous yet painful insight into character forbade any blindness to faults. He discovered the imperfections of Dickens's character, but did not speak of them with the harshness with which he acknowledged and bewailed his own. Dickens was vain, somewhat dandified and theatrical. Carlyle did not deplore these failings, as he grieved over his own irritability, his rugged rudeness, his overbearing and overflowing talking powers, which silenced all others, and made him

marvel how such a "monster" could be tolerated in polite society.

Another meeting he had that eventful year, and it was as the sight of one risen from the dead, one who had gone out of his life for evermore. Walking in the hubbub of Piccadilly he noticed a lady, whose face and figure were stamped indelibly on his heart. She was attended only by a maid. It was the Margaret Gordon who had been before Jeannie Welsh in recognizing his genius and prophesying his fame; she who had given him her heart, and who had received his highest, passionate, undying love. He was unobserved as he gazed upon her. She walked quietly on, and he made no sign. Who can tell what thoughts oppressed him as he returned to his childless, loveless home, where the wife awaited him who had married him purely from ambition, and who, now that he had given her her heart's desire, declared she still was miserable.

Once again he met this lady. He was on horseback in Hyde Park, when they came face to face in the Row. This time the recognition was mutual; her eyes looked touchingly into his, and seemed to say, "Yes, that is *you*." How that grim, tender face must have lit up momentarily with a fire none other ever witnessed. That was all; no word was uttered, but a new memory was written on their hearts, never to be effaced. Carlyle noted the incident down in briefest terms, adding to the simple facts, "Enough of that matter;" and this after his wife's death. They never met again on life's weary journey.

Carlyle resolved not to visit Scotland that year. His dear old mother was weak and ailing; he was gloomy and dyspeptic, beside having his head filled with the figure of Oliver Cromwell, who was fast growing in his mind to gigantic dimensions out of the dust of ages. From a long-acknowledged scoundrel he was changing into a God-fearing, courageous, indomitable hero, having a fearful task allotted to him by the Almighty Himself, believing himself to be God's instrument in dethroning an unworthy monarch, in castigating a tyrannical and debauched aristocracy, and uplifting a down-trodden people. But to clear Cromwell's memory from the calumny that had been accumulating for two centuries was a work of time, of intense study, and vast historical research. Carlyle was not altogether daunted, but felt sometimes unequal to the work. Progress was exceedingly slow.

Before that year had elapsed Carlyle had received no less than £400 from America as the proceeds of his literary productions. They were no longer in want of cash, yet it behoved them to be frugal, for as yet Carlyle had no certain income. A day might dawn when his powers of earning a living by pen or speech would be exhausted. What then? Better be called parsimonious, he, the most generous of men, than be the recipient of charity, or be unable to meet his just debts.

During the summer he took a solitary week's riding tour. For that and all other occasions he dressed suitably for his own convenience, without any regard for fashion. Jane watched him start with a kind of knapsack, a long gray coat, and a broad-brimmed white hat. With her usual ready sarcasm, she turned her noble-hearted husband "untenderly," as Mr. Froude mildly puts it, into ridicule. Carlyle took these frequent laughs at his expense with the utmost good-nature, and such scenes, oft repeated, do but add to the glory of his reputation to succeeding ages. Away he went in the dim twilight, by the waterside, across the old bridge, over the mighty Thames, leaving behind the Chelsea twinkling lights, his sarcastic wife, but with a weary heart full of thoughts too deep for utterance.

In December 1840 he wrote thus in his diary—

"Things might be written here which were considerably better not written. Death and Hades differ little to me from earth and life. The human figure I meet, so wild, so wondrous ghastly, is to me almost as a spectre, and I a spectre."

Who is that figure? Is it Jane? or is it the imaginary one of Oliver Cromwell, the great departed tragic soul, towards whose past he was so much attracted? Our readers must answer for themselves.

CHAPTER XXV.

On the whole genius has privileges of its own. It selects its own orbit for itself, and be this never so eccentric, if it is indeed a celestial orbit, we mere stargazers must at least compose ourselves, must cease to cavil.—CARLYLE, *Miscellanies*.

MRS. CARLYLE was the paragon of a hostess, yet, like her husband, she was not sparing of her criticisms, or of sarcastic allusions to those who paid her their court, or “ravenously eat her bread-and-butter.” Some were blockheads, some ambitious blockheads, some miserably stupid, prolonging their visits to interminable lengths, asked questions innumerable, with curiosity unsatiated.

It can scarcely be expected that those who are desirous of making acquaintance with the distinguished are of great interest to the fortunate or unfortunate celebrity. The Carlyles must indeed often have felt that they had too much of a good thing as appreciation. Clever people are generally quite conscious of their own superiority; would that stupid people had just enough intelligence to discover how very prosaic they are, and cease to bore those they admire, thought Mrs. Carlyle.

Jane certainly loved admiration. In spite of her undisputed genius, she had feminine weaknesses. She even related how the woman of the “Mews,” from whom they hired their gig for the last lectures, actually sent an extra unbargained-for flunky, because she “was such a nice lady,” and a flunky supposed to be such an acquisition. There was doubtless something of a kindred spirit in the “Lady of the Mews.”

It is astonishing how much more native sympathy, humour, wit, intelligence, there is among the real people than in the

half-educated middle classes, the genuine "respectables," who seem to think it derogatory to their dignity to be natural and unreserved; living in a constant state of repression or suppression. Surely perfect ease is a blessing to the beholder as to the possessor.

Leigh Hunt was still a frequent visitor, but he had not enough moral force or earnest steadfastness of purpose to be one of Carlyle's heroes. He thought everything could be done by persuasion, never through obedience to command alone, or from fear of punishment, with which we must coincide. He thought very kindly altogether of the world and its ways. What he could not approve he endured. Society generally praised and flattered him, helped him to get into debt, and occasionally helped him out; looked upon his failings as weaknesses, not faults, and participated in his revels. Carlyle said Hunt never laughed, only tittered, and to Carlyle that was objectionable.

One bright night, after the breaking up of a party, Carlyle and Hunt were together under the midnight sky, gazing up into the starry heavens, which spoke to the one only of peace and rapture, to the other of awful magnificence, immensity, and power. "God the Beautiful!" exclaimed Hunt rapturously. "God the Terrible!" cried Carlyle, with awe, always filled with a sense of the solemnity and seriousness of life, so often frittered away in gaiety, or superficial indolent attempts at work, the eye of the Great Taskmaster neither slumbering nor sleeping.

And here we must make one last allusion to Leigh Hunt. In 1847 an effort was made to secure for him a provision for his declining years in the form of a pension. Carlyle was one of the most earnest advocates for the movement. The effort was successful; £200 a year was secured for that man of genius. When he brought out his autobiography in 1855, Carlyle spent three days in its perusal, and with a heart full of appreciation wrote to Hunt a characteristic letter. He called it a "worthy book, imaging interesting objects and persons, and displaying throughout a gifted, gentle, patient, valiant, human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of the time and will not drown, though oft in danger; but conquering, leaves a radiance behind it. In fact, the book has been like an exercise of devotion to me. I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy, or litany this long while that has had so religious an

effect on me. I am horribly sick and lonely, and beset with spectres, go whitherward I may.

“God bless you, prays heartily
“T. C.”

By this letter we ascertain that Carlyle did sometimes assist at sermons, liturgy, and litany, and that he prayed for his friends.

When Carlyle accepted invitations to dine he paid the penalty. Such indulgence damaged him. Forty-eight hours' bodily suffering, and much longer mental torture, was invariably the sequel. He had no taste for revelry, and could never acquire it. Shattered nerves, and immeasurable soul confusion at the uproar of life drove him almost frantic. He felt a longing to fly to some sane country place, that he might retain what he valued more than all the wealth of Egypt—his God-given reason.

“Died of surfeiting—to digest not able.

Verdict—dined twice at Bishop Bloomfield's table.”

Whether Carlyle ever dined at the bishop's table or not we are not aware, but the example set by the shepherd is naturally followed by the sheep, and if the bishop surfeited, the clergy would do the same, as far as their means allowed, to Carlyle's puritanical disgust.

In 1840 Jane wrote to John Foster—“Why do women marry? God knows; unless it be that they do not find scope for their genius and qualities in an easy life.” Why do women marry? We wish Mr. Foster had solved the riddle. It is more than we are able to do. Every woman would give us a reason, and nearly every one would declare their reasoning illogical after all.

Had Mrs. Carlyle any reason to regret her marriage? We think not, as matters stood. As she could not marry Edward Irving, there was no other man on earth who would have filled Carlyle's place; none that we have ever met, heard, or read of. A faithful man, who can find? And if she had remained single, with her insatiable craving for distinction, how much better off would she have been? Oh, this marriage question, the most momentous in life! Giggled and tittered over by the young, to be severely reprimanded by the old as trifling and improper, though every parent knows, whether

acknowledged or denied, how their own marriage has either made or marred their happiness for time and perhaps for eternity. It seems as if experience failed entirely to teach. Do we not see parents who have led years of uncongenial wedded life, still urging the same on their children, professing to believe that social and pecuniary advantages are the greatest of all to ensure contentment. It is a lie. Where love is not, discontent, if not worse, fills the vacuum. The wisdom of Solomon still excels all other—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

A loveless marriage entails misery untold on generations yet unborn. For the sins of the fathers are visited verily and indeed on the children and children's children, as a natural consequence as well as condign punishment. It has been remarked, and perhaps with truth, that men and women of genius rarely enjoy conjugal bliss. And yet it is genius alone that can make married life truly happy, genius on both sides to make it perfectly so combined with religion, which gives promise of its joys being extended beyond the grave. Surely the solemn words—"To have and to hold, from this time forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part," are the words of inspiration. When genius is ill-mated misery is inevitable; and misery feeds genius, which in time brings forth literature, art, science. But misery, with or without genius, sometimes brings forth something worse than these—envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, murders, adulteries, divorce courts. In making false marriages let parents look these things fairly in the face, and teach their children so to do. Charles Kingsley was surely an undisputed genius. He made a happy marriage. In his case bliss too brought forth books. So let genius not despair. When almost at death's door, on entering his wife's presence, after a long separation, he exclaimed rapturously, "This is Heaven!"

Unfortunately Jane Carlyle's paradise was not quite heaven to her husband, though he fain would make it so. To him existence was often intolerable. Carlyle was Carlyle, with a capacity for loving and being loved genius alone possesses, yet he was for ever debarred from both.

"In the mutual misery we are both in," he writes, "we do not know how dear we are to each other." That they did not

know made most of the mutual misery. They did know of their mutual misery, however, to their own unutterable distress. In this very letter, he adds how at a dinner-table he had been made into a laughing-stock by one of her sarcastic remarks. "When the wife has influenza it is a slight cold; when the man has it it is . ." &c., &c. These constant attempts to turn him into ridicule, or to enlighten the world upon his weak points, could not have been agreeable to any man, with ever so wooden a head, or with the skin of a rhinoceros. To Carlyle they must have contributed in no small degree to his sense of being for ever misunderstood.

About this time he had to pass through the intolerable experience of being a juryman. He fumed and fretted, as was his custom at minor miseries, enduring the heavier burdens with stoical fortitude. That he should be compelled to endure such an infliction seemed incredible. He wrote to Charles Buller, which was not of the slightest avail. Submission was inevitable, to the intense amusement of wife and friends. Their banter of course called forth a few explosives, but he passed through the two days' trying ordeal with a limited amount of baffled fury.

His domestic quiet was again disturbed by their servant—a certain Helen of Kirkaldy, who gave curious tokens of attachment to Mrs. Carlyle, and was retained at Chelsea for eleven years. Carlyle in time looked upon her as one of his household. "In passing through the din of London, she took no more notice of anything than an old hen would have done safely sitting in a basket. A curious little being indeed, affording them endless amusement and no little trouble. Strange to say, she was a great reader. Her end was sad." That is Carlyle's testimony respecting their attached domestic. Mrs. Carlyle said that "the girl declared she was always busy, and yet nothing was to be seen as the fruit of her labour, which she hopes to find after many days." The wretched creature was always tipling.

Imagine Carlyle and his wife down in the subterranean regions till three o'clock in the morning, trying to get the maddened creature, crouching in a corner, to go to bed. He, the great philosopher, the Chelsea sage, "head of the whole mystic school," spending his precious hours on such an atom of degraded humanity! He was evidently attached to the

girl, there was something original, true-hearted about her, and he would think of what she *might* have been born under other auspices.

Mrs. Carlyle too showed infinite patience, and wrote graphic descriptions of the scenes she passed through with the unhappy Helen. Tippling was her only fault—the signal instance within our experience when it did not bring others in its train. The next morning found Helen penitent, tearful, protesting; she was forgiven, and left sole occupant of her domain. Half an hour later her mistress descended to the lower regions, and found the penitent dead drunk on the floor! And this kind of thing, off and on, a genius endured for eleven years, in heart-felt pity for the poor creature, who in her sane moments was loving and faithful. Abstinence for her would be easier than temperance—the only remedy indeed.

Carlyle was reading voraciously all this time, but could not bring his subject into shape. Remembering all he had suffered during the writing of the *French Revolution*, he dreaded to begin. Writing was never easy or pleasant to Carlyle. It was duty calling loudly and imperatively upon his God-given talents, and he dare not disobey. But he sometimes grumbled loud and long when ideas would get muddled. When after scribbling for hours, perusal convinced him that it was not his best work, deliberately, with grim countenance and firmly-closed mouth, he would stand over the fire, while the flames consumed page after page of his brain-work, his burning, passionate thoughts. No, it was certainly no easy task to resume the subject the next morning; but it mattered not, he must do his work patiently, laboriously, and leave no effort untried to perfect it, cost what it might.

Mrs. Carlyle used to say, that a look at Carlyle's books was enough to give her the lockjaw. Alas! she had often been an unwilling witness of the terrible cost of their production. But yet she was as anxious as he for them to be written, else what would become of her? As it was, he often spoke with grim delight of returning to the seclusion of Craigenputtock. The prospect to Jane was most unpalatable. At Chelsea she had callers, admirers, and even friends; she kept up a constant correspondence with John Sterling, and her letters were worth preserving, and were so religiously. She showed little reserve—writing as if he were her brother on all subjects of interest

to her—her husband and his grim ways, his work, and his accustomed growl, her servants, her visitors, and her thoughts. John also wrote wonderful letters to her and Carlyle, one of which Jane declared she would not have given for the best drama of Shakspeare. "John Sterling, the poet, no matter so long as the man is what her heart wishes him to be." But poor Sterling was slowly hastening to that bourn from which there is no return. The weakness of his chest necessitated change to a warmer climate. He went to Falmouth. It was John Sterling who taught Mr. Froude to understand and appreciate Carlyle.

In the autumn of 1841 Carlyle again visited Scotsbrig, but he was restless and unsettled even there. During his absence Jane wrote to Sterling that "she did nothing but read novels, lying on the sofa, in wonder at being in this great big absurdity of a world." And what a prodigious long time one takes to die.

After Carlyle had been on a series of visits to Yorkshire with Sir R. Milnes, and at Scotsbrig with his mother, Mrs. Carlyle followed him to Liverpool, where he met her. The last look on her face as he parted from her in London had haunted him all through his journeyings. "Oh, Jeannie, would thou wert happy! would that I could make thee happy!" was his undying wish. His pity and sympathy were too much for him, too much for poor human endurance. From Liverpool they drove over together to Templand, where Carlyle endeavoured to pass the night; but from some cause he found sleep unattainable for either of them. At three o'clock in the morning he rose stealthily, and went out into the yard. The cocks and hens were all awake, crowing and chuckling. He tried in vain to silence them, for they disturbed his wife. Then in the dim light of the early dawn he saddled his horse and returned to Scotsbrig to finish the night, thinking tragically of his poor Jeannie, and all the history they had had together. "Alas! let us not take the tragic side of it. Yet all tragedy has a meaning and a blessing in it withal. Sleep and be well. No fixed intentions, only rebellious impulses, blind longings." Poor Carlyle! rest nowhere attainable.

In despair he hired a cottage in a most remote seaside place, a perfect curiosity of its kind—tide scarcely ten yards from the door. "A dandified fantasticality!" he pronounced the

spot. It was situated very near to Annan, the scene of his own boyhood. All around were the friends and relatives of Edward Irving. These he, however, persistently avoided. He recognized no one, and allowed no one to speak to him as he wandered at dusk, lonely and sad, amid the old familiar scenes. Irving was dead, and of the dead Carlyle harboured none but tender, forgiving thoughts. These people were living, perhaps knew the history of his life's sorrow and disappointment. He would take care not to subject himself to their scrutiny; he had still his poor old mother within walking distance, and he could visit her, leaving the faithful Helen of Kirkaldy to take care of Jeannie when she declined to accompany him.

Unfortunately this retreat proved even more expensive than life at Chelsea, and on the whole not nearly so satisfactory, costing him at least £70. It was a mutual arrangement, so they could not blame each other; but both were glad to find themselves once more at Cheyne Row.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In the heart of the remotest mountain, rises the little Kirk—the dead all slumbering round it, under the white memorial stones, in hope of a happy resurrection. Dull wert thou, O Reader, if it never spoke in any hour to thee, things unspeakable, that went into thy soul's soul.—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

FEBRUARY 23rd, 1841.—A wild, blustering, rainy day. Telegrams were unknown in those times, but sad news arrived at Cheyne Row. Mrs. Welsh had been seized with sudden illness, her life was in danger.

Heedless of wind and weather, or any other hindrances, Jane immediately prepared for a journey north, while deaf to all words of hope of ever seeing her mother alive again. Carlyle accompanied her to the Euston Station; she would not delay an hour. On reaching Liverpool it was as she feared; kind friends met her, but with the heartrending intelligence that all was over. Poor Jeannie was taken to bed unconscious, and news of the sad event was sent immediately to Carlyle, who had made preparations to follow his wife. This he did at once, and on reaching Liverpool he found her still too ill almost to comprehend her loss. He proceeded at once to Templand.

The weather had changed from rain and storm to a biting wind, a hard clear frost. He wrapped himself in his old dressing-gown, over which he buttoned his great-coat, and walked across the familiar mountain-passes, under the midnight sky. At Dumfries he passed his sister Jane's farmstead, but she, having heard the news, did not intend to miss the chance of meeting him. He found her looking out for him, and was persuaded to go home with her and take some refreshment. This was no long delay. Others also he recognized, who did not know that muffled figure. The house at Templand he found intensely silent and Sabbath-like. Mrs. Welsh had died from a paralytic stroke, had apparently suffered little, and Carlyle

felt what a blessing it was for them both to remember that they had faced the poverty and spared her its pain. "Lament not, my poor Jeannie," he wrote. "As sure as we live we shall go to her, we shall before long join her, and be united, we, and all our loved ones, even in such a way as God has seen good, which way, of all conceivable ways, is it not the best?" But Jane refused to be comforted, continued in a sad, excitable, and sick condition.

Carlyle was obliged to remain a couple of months at Temp-land, much business having to be transacted. Finding the place dreary in the extreme, he sent for his mother to come and bear him company, thanking God *she* was yet spared to him. The intense silence of the place was unceremoniously broken in upon only by the loud and *lively* cawing of the rooks. Lively, he pronounced it! We always felt that of all sounds that is the most melancholy, with the exception of the tolling of a Church bell from a distance.

Carlyle went and spent two hours, two "meditative hours," at the newly-made grave. He copied the inscription from the tombstone, and with hammer and chisel corrected some little mistakes thereon; wrote part of a letter to his wife from the spot, and gathered some flowers for her. All the heirlooms and relics he forwarded to Chelsea; the rest of the furniture and effects were sold by auction, and it was during this trying scene that Carlyle paid the above-mentioned visit to Crawford churchyard. It was a dreary time for Carlyle. He had become attached to Mrs. Welsh, had discovered in her many estimable qualities, and was conscious that her reasons for opposing his marriage with her daughter had pretty well coincided with his own. If there was anything to condone in the past, it had already been done entirely. He now remembered her love and devotion to her spoilt child, and her later kindness to himself. "A mother dead is an epoch for us all," he wrote, and must inevitably call aloud for vehement repentance.

Amidst the calm stillness of those country scenes, he looked back regretfully on "London vanities, dinners, and hencoops," and felt more and more drawn towards Craigenputtock; but as Jane hated the idea, he declared that if she preferred Chelsea, he would not consider himself. At Chelsea they would remain; and, after all, "London was the only spot where he could enjoy the blessedness of freedom, though at the expense of dirt, smoke, vanity, and noises."

He entreated her to rouse herself from her stupor of grief, to engage all her faculties in some real work. "Her life then, if not happy, would cease to be miserable, though he recognized well how peculiar and original her case appeared to her, and in many ways *was*." He did not wish to argue with her, only to persuade her, to try the effect of being adequately busy with her whole mind, finding surely by his own sad experience that in this grimmest, rocky wilderness of existence "there are blessed well-springs, there is an everlasting guiding star." "Courage, my poor little Jeannie. God look down upon us, and guide us not happily, but *well* through life."

A real gratification awaited Carlyle ere he returned to Chelsea. This was an invitation from Dr. Arnold of Rugby, or rather an entreaty, that he would pay him a visit on his way from Scotland to the south. Dr. Arnold was enthusiastic in his commendation of *Chartism* and the *French Revolution*, and desired to become acquainted with their author. Carlyle gladly embraced this opportunity, for though he did not coincide with all Dr. Arnold's opinions, he recognized his abilities and his usefulness as immense. He greatly enjoyed his short visit. Dr. Arnold and his sons drove him over to Naseby, the scene of one of Cromwell's greatest victories, the sight of which aroused fresh enthusiasm for his new work. "Naseby is a peaceable old Hamlet yet, of perhaps five hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer shop, all in order, forming a kind of square, which leads off, north and south, into two long streets; the old Church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing in a strange old ball. It stands nearly in the heart of England. It was on this high moor-ground that King Charles, on the 14th of June, 1645, fought his last battle, and was shivered utterly to ruin."

As Carlyle stood and gazed on the scene, the figure of the old battle was brought dimly back to him; and the later remembrance of it helped him not a little in describing the momentous events of that day in his history of *Cromwell*. His host, Dr. Arnold, he found "a real believer in the Christian religion." A real believer! That from Carlyle meant much. He used often to say that, "if a man once achieved such a height, as to be a true Christian, he would never descend from it again; and let it once be supposed that the clergy were generally teaching what they themselves believed, the Church

of England would cease to be a hideous hypocrisy." We do not pretend that Carlyle was perfectly consistent in all he said, or is rather credited with saying, but his writings always breathe the same spirit. We know as well as he how many men enter the Church even now, not so much from earnest belief, as from expediency. This to Carlyle's pure mind was downright deceit. He described Rugby "as a temple of industrious peace, one of the rarest sights in the world."

He returned to Chelsea, to his sorrow-stricken wife, fully believing that, though she said little about it, she was longing to have him back. However, on his arrival she had little to say to him on any subject. His heart was full, and to his mother he wrote what strange thoughts on all imaginable things oppressed him. Jane had her cousin to keep her company. They sat together in what he called the Low Room, where they sewed, read, chatted, and entertained company, keeping themselves and it out of Carlyle's way. When with him "Jane mournfully cried, or was worse when she did not."

At last poor John Stirling, with still shattered health, returned to Chelsea, and the husband congratulated himself on his arrival as "being a new resource for his wife, who only cared for sympathy from her friends." In July Jane graciously wrote to some one that Carlyle had remembered her birthday, and had given her a present. Such an action proved to her indisputably how anxious he was to replace what was, however, irreplaceable, but nevertheless his thoughtfulness touched her deeply. She knew how of all things he detested entering a shop to make a purchase, yet from henceforth her birthday was never forgotten, and he "proved thereby that he was as good in little things as he was in great."

Carlyle was anxious about his wife's continued depression. Now her Scottish home was for ever broken up, he did not know where to send or take her for change of air. His old pupil, Reginald Buller, had a fat Norfolk living, where he vegetated luxuriously. The Bullers had remained ever his staunchest friends, "never boggled at his rustic outside or his melancholy, dyspeptic ways." Mrs. Buller, now an elderly, matronly lady, proposed that Jane should go with her on a visit to her son, the rector, and only stipulated as a reward for taking her that Carlyle should go to the "House," and hear Charles speak in Parliament. He could not refuse. So

Jane went to Troston, and her descriptive letter gives us a vivid idea of clerical life in those days.

“August, 1842.

“I hope you are rested, and are going to Lady Harriet’s, and hope you will think of me a good deal, and be as good to me when I return as you were when I came away. I do not desire any more of you.”

The church she likened to the burial-place of real religion. At the rectory no sleep was attainable at all. Asses brayed as if the devil were in them, cocks crowed, rooks cawed, children screamed, and some vermin of a creature hooted incessantly to keep the birds away. That is her description of country noises. Hear what Carlyle says of town noises—“How the ear of man is tortured in this terrestrial planet! The cock’s shrill clarion, the dog’s harsh bark, the neighing of jackasses, wheels, wooden clogs, loud harsh human voices, tremendous bells, the hollow triviality of the piano. Oh, for a hammer to smash all the pianos in Europe; for once you hear real music, you hear five hundred distracted janglings.”

Not only the church and the noise, but the parson gave Jane dissatisfaction. She wished Carlyle were Rector of Troston—what a boon it would have been for the poor people! Felt almost inclined to run over to the church, and give the congregation a word of monition herself. Reginald Buller did not preach, only read. She went in the afternoon of the first Sunday to see how the creature got through it, and heard strange things. The congregation consisted of about thirty adults. Reginald ascended the pulpit in white vestment, profoundly Church of England like, gave out the Psalm, whereupon arose at the far end of the mouldering church a clear, shrill sound, something between a scream of agony and the highest tone of the bagpipes. She looked in astonishment, but could discover nothing. It turned out to be a clarionet!

While Reginald droned through some one else’s sermon, Jane gazed at two tombstones opposite to her. Between laughing and crying, she pored over the inscriptions; both concluded with hopes of an immortality, through Jesus Christ. Also another monument, erected in memory of a young officer killed in battle in Spain, expressed the same hope of a joyful resurrection through Jesus Christ; and she was at the same time listening to this same Gospel of Jesus Christ made as intelligible as the cawing of rooks. Choking with various

emotions, Jane decided to attend that church no more. In the evening she played chess with the rector! though to her Puritan, sabbath-keeping husband she admitted that it was very improper.

Carlyle attended no place of worship, or rarely, but this is his expressed opinion of that day—"The blessed silence of the Sabbath! Nobody loves the Sabbath as I do. Left alone, I have a kind of solemn sadness—a gloom of mind which, though heavy to bear, is not unallied with sacredness and blessedness."

The following Sunday, however, Reginald looked at Jane so reproachfully, that she felt compelled to break through her resolution, and again attend his church. This time she was prepared. The pew was large and comfortable, its high back making it a secluded nook. When the long sermon began, she took off her bonnet, arranged the cushions, and, resting her head upon them, fell into a fast sleep, without troubling herself any further with vain regrets or thoughts of any kind upon the Church of England question.

In the mean time Carlyle fulfilled his promise, and went to hear his old pupil spout in Parliament. It was the first and last time he ever entered the House of Commons. The sight amused and grieved him. Hurrying and bustling, members rushed to their places, all talking together, drowning the words of the Speaker; coming and going just as they listed, as if utterly careless, or unaware, that anything of moment was taking place; and yet this was the Assembly, in which the affairs concerning the welfare or misery of countless numbers were discussed and finally settled. Bills were passed to which no one seemed to have paid the least attention, or cared a farthing about. A well-known eloquent man alone could ensure attention or silence.

Thus he wrote to a certain member—"Loving my life and time, which is the staff of life, I read Parliamentary debates, rarely any Parliamentary speech; but I am told that there is not in the seven years the smallest gleam of new intelligence, earthly or divine, thrown out by any honourable gentleman on his legs in Parliament. Honourable gentlemen have complained to myself that under the sun there was not such a bore."

Carlyle rivetted his eyes on Sir Robert Peel. He had once travelled with him in the same railway carriage. He described

him as clever-looking, with a large, substantial head, a Roman nose, massive cheeks, and with a wrinkle of half-sneer, half-sorrow on his face. An honest-looking, curious man, who aroused great interest in the mind of his examiner. Carlyle confessed having at one time contemplated becoming a member of the Commons, with the sole purpose of telling its members what he thought of them, and their merits.

While Jeannie was absent, he took the shortest tour on record with Stephen Spring Rice. They went in an Admiralty yacht to Ostend on public business. They stopped at Margate, and attended a ball. Carlyle was pressed to dance, but stoutly refused. On board the vessel he could not sleep; went on deck, and spent the night pacing to and fro. On reaching Ostend, while others were sight-seeing, he went and bathed, and then alone wandered about the town, making his own reflections. He looked upon churches and buildings, dykes and streets, as a miracle of human industry. A strange old city it seemed to him. In the middle of the market-place a tree had been planted, called the "tree of liberty." Carlyle patted it with his hand in approbation. He emptied his pockets of all his loose cash to the possible descendants of so brave and industrious a people.

He entered a magnificent church. Scene most impressive; high arched roof. Through the painted windows the dim twilight fell on new and ancient tombstones. The mass had ended, but worshippers still lingered, kneeling in devotion as they counted their beads. The sight was so solemn, so soul-stirring, that to him it formed a far more interesting picture than the renowned paintings in the church, of which he took no notice. The fat, greasy-looking priests alone raised his ire. He felt an inclination to "kick them into the canal," but came to the conclusion that, even if at liberty to do so, he would refrain, lest "something worse should take their place."

Carlyle afterwards went to Troston to fetch Jane home. He walked about the country lanes, and visited scenes in Cromwell's county, feeling like a ghost as he moved about on historical ground. He paid a visit to Ely Cathedral, which impressed him deeply. The building was tenanted solely by a solitary sparrow, which had strayed within the sacred walls. Carlyle stood motionless. Presently the tones of the organ were heard softly stealing up the silent aisles. The sound fairly overcame his feelings; unbidden tears filled his eyes.

He pictured his hero, Cromwell, long since gone to dust, standing on that same spot, crying out to the occupant of that selfsame pulpit in sonorous tones, "Cease your fooling and come out, sir!"

From the cathedral he went to Oliver's old house, and carried away a crumb of the old Horse-block. Veritable hero-worshipper was Thomas Carlyle. He also visited Cromwell's farm, and had a peep at St. Ives' poor-house and the paupers, which gave him various ideas. He had read tons of books on his new subject, but as yet not a word was written. Now another book shaped itself in his mind, called into existence by that sight of the St. Ives' workhouse and its paupers, in addition to the accounts of the terrible Manchester insurrection. No more of Cromwell till *Past and Present* was written and published. This book took him seven weeks to write, and called forth the warmest admiration and storms of censure.

These revolutionary movements he declared were spasmodic efforts of the working-classes to recover for themselves the position they had lost when they ceased to be serfs. The toilers toiled hard as ever, but now were fooled by the shadow of the substance they had lost.

It has been said that *Past and Present* was an appeal that, "when the niggers over the seas were attended to, some attention might be paid to the hunger-stricken, pallid, yellow-coloured free labourers of Lancashire," who were then in dire distress. Carlyle's pity was unbounded for all sorts and conditions of men. He scarcely knew how to divide it between the black and white victims of mismanagement. He was full of generous, almost exaggerated impulses, always on the grand and gigantic scale, and only longed that those who had the power might be somewhat influenced by his writings to use it for the benefit of suffering humanity. And this son of a peasant, leading his pure, simple life in his little house at Chelsea, seeking no promotion for himself, contented with scarcely more than workman's wages, was instrumental in shaking the modern world. Yes, indeed, he did what he could to stem the tide of human misery, and to elevate his fellows, and his conscience was stilled for a time when that book appeared. Emerson declared that *Past and Present* was "a monument of Carlyle's keen practicability."

CHAPTER XXVII.

He expected heroes, and he found mean men. He had dreamt of magnanimity and every generous impulse and principle, and he found that prudence is the only virtue sure of its reward.—CARLYLE, *Miscellanies*.

ON receiving a present of Carlyle's works, Charles Kingsley writes—"I am utterly delighted with them! The *French Revolution* strengthened my faith in God's righteous government of the world. The *Miscellanies* and *Past and Present* placed me under a still deeper debt to that old Hebrew prophet (aged forty-six), who goes to prince and beggar and says—'If you do this or that you shall go not to the hell that priests talk of, but to a hell on earth.'"

Again he says—"From them I learnt somewhat of true Catholicity, of the love which delights to recognize God's spirit through every alternation of age, of character, and circumstance. Our vaunted intellect is nothing, nothing but a noble mechanism. The source of feeling is the soul. This explains the mysteries of moral responsibility and moral culture.

"Read Carlyle, that you may strive to free men from the bondage of custom and self, the two great elements of the world that lieth in wickedness. More and more I find that Carlyle's writings do not lead to gloomy discontent, that theirs is not a dark but a bright view of life; in reality more evil-speaking against the age and its inhabitants is thundered from the pulpit daily, by both evangelical and tractarian, than Carlyle has been guilty of in all his works; but he finds fault in tangible, original language. They speak evil of every one but their own party, but in such conventional language that no one is shocked by the oft-repeated formulæ of original sin, unconverted hearts, &c. I find, also, that Carlyle's system, or rather chaos, so far from making one unloving, makes one more and more loving and charitable at every page. I do not

think it would do this unless translated and explained by the great truths of Christianity, but in their light I see *its* light. I cannot say what *I* personally owe to that man's writings."

We quote these opinions from Charles Kingsley, as expressing, more forcibly than *we* can, what Carlyle's writings have been to us, and would be to all who are equally willing to learn. But Carlyle's style is unique, and requires deep study. To those unable or unwilling to take pains they must remain sealed books.

Carlyle was really more orthodox than Kingsley. He had no more doubt of eternal punishment than of eternal happiness, though we fear there were moments when he doubted both. He declared it was Divine love that instituted hell, and to his sense of justice there was no cruelty, but immovable righteous fulfilment of law in its enactment.

George Eliot declared that men were very little influenced by fear of future retribution, yet conscience makes cowards of us all, and when fierce passions obliterate every noble impulse, when the reaction sets in, fear creeps upon the sinner till he cringes abjectly before the unknown. Would to God he were on the safe side! is the inward ejaculation.

But to continue our story. Having published his rather hastily-written work, *Past and Present*, Carlyle needed change of scene. The house at Chelsea was sadly in need of re-painting and other re-adjustments. A household earthquake was in the air, and his absence was to be preferred to his company during a state of domestic chaos; so Carlyle was persuaded to pay a visit to a no less exalted personage than Bishop Thirlwall, whose acquaintance he had made. The Bishop was considered unorthodox, which was of itself a recommendation. He was a man of original and independent views, and pleased our hero much by his stern, rigid, incorruptible character. Surely the contemplation of and desire to meet a high ideal is of itself elevating. When an ideal turns out to be very ordinary it is very disappointing, perhaps bitterly so, but it is in no way deteriorating to the credulous believer in heroic virtues.

Carlyle was invariably a little disappointed in his living heroes, and Froude, the historian of the apostle of hero-worship, scarcely does him justice. Of this visit to Wales he says—"Carlyle had gone off to Wales, leaving his wife to endure the confusion, and to superintend the workmen alone

with her maid." Is Mr. Froude a bachelor? Can he know anything of the misery of a woman, to have a husband muddling helplessly about, when everything in the house is of necessity topsy-turvy? Carlyle was kind to go away during such an upheaval of home comforts. His wife watched him depart with glee—nothing short of glee; and so would any other wife, on such an occasion.

From the Bishop's residence in South Wales, 1843, Carlyle writes—

"At Aberguili the Bishop in his wide, secluded mansion sat waiting for me, all friendly, all quiet, and green; nevertheless, as I predicted, I have been forced to record that the last I have yet seen of rest was at Llandough. Blessings on its green trees and solitary knolls. The Bishop led me incessantly about in search of the picturesque, on high-trotting horses, in all weathers, sometimes twenty miles off in one ride; conversation wise, but not restful, going on all day. Prayers in Laud's chapel, and other solemnities going on from seven in the morning till midnight. We had the judge one night to dinner, and a shipload of noisy barristers."

To be a guest in a bishop's palace was altogether a new experience, and one not of pleasure unalloyed. He found the attendant flunkies a kind of curb bridle on his liberties. Their obsequious politeness and officiousness irritated the man, who knew so well how to wait upon himself. The ceaseless routine, the rigid forms and ceremonies, however elegant and decent, were quite foreign to Carlyle, and not much appreciated. "Even a strong Bishop Thirlwall," he wrote, "constitutes himself a Macready of Episcopacy, as the best he can, and does it uncommonly well too."

From Aberguili he proceeded on, northwards, by steamer. A foolish young couple laughed at his peculiar turn-out on deck. He gave them a look which was almost annihilating, and "reduced them at once to a state of mind befitting their station, and procured for himself the treatment and respect due to genius!" While at Liverpool he heard Father Mathew, the great teetotal advocate, and witnessed a scene he declared to be at once most religious, interesting, and pathetic. Father Mathew's solemnity and earnestness of manner, his self-denying efforts to reform the wretched drunkard, called forth all Carlyle's respect and reverence. Proof *there* indeed of genuine religion, such as was rarely seen. He raised his broad-brimmed

hat, tears filling his eyes as he listened to the deep-toned voice invoking God's blessings on the vow just taken by some poor wretch to abstain from the degrading vice of drunkenness.

From Liverpool he went to Scotsbrig in search of rest, quiet, and sympathy. He found his dear old mother fast aging, looking thin and pale. This helped to make this visit sad, together with the reflection that his poor little Jeannie was altogether motherless.

It is the romance of our earthly existence that makes life a perpetual pain or a perpetual joy. Only the densely stupid or intensely selfish are contented with the lowest things of nature, only to such are material things satisfying. Carlyle's family, however much attached to him, were unable to "unwrap the baleful Nessus spirit of perpetual pain and isolation in which he was lamed, embaled, and swathed, as in enchantment." No wonder that a man of such warm affections, such keen sensibilities, gave way occasionally not only to loud grumbling but to absolute frenzy, amidst the poverty, the neglect, the disappointment he met at one time, or the extravagant adulation, flattery, and attention he experienced at others. But he managed to possess his soul in some sort of patience throughout his long life, and became neither savage nor frantic, though the habit of looking for the ideal among the real left him but little contentment.

During his Welsh visit Jeannie was infinitely amused at his accounts of his sufferings unutterable at the Bishop's palace and elsewhere, congratulating both herself and him that they were, after all, nothing in comparison to what he must have endured had he remained at Cheyne Row during its state of siege by the workmen. However, it would be gratifying for him to return to a renovated paradise, and only she and such as she could be jolly during the transition process. She even enjoyed the musical powers of a working lad, who invariably sang scraps of songs, which even at her request he was unable to finish. Helen was still her devoted maid, and she had the satisfaction of being called upon by all her husband's distinguished friends, to inquire kindly after her state, and to pronounce her a "model wife," as indeed in some respects she was. When the smell of paint became intolerable, Jane pitched herself a tent in the back garden, utterly regardless of the curious eyes of her neighbours over the wall, as they watched her gipsying. "London, be it e'er so hot, is ne'er too hot for

me," she wrote. "Your little note has come. Thank you for *never* neglecting me." Never neglecting her! Could any wife say more in her husband's favour? I trow not.

When alone Jane evidently had plenty of resources. She read novels, she chatted with the workmen, flirted with her visitors, stitched with her dainty little fingers, laughing in her sleeve at the foolish imaginings of the male sex concerning women's helplessness; *they* are really almost superior to fate, while the sterner sex is hopelessly dependent upon them for comfort, &c. Occasionally she would picture her grim lord in the midst of this uproar, and the contemplation was enough to make her laugh, cry, or shriek.

They had made many new acquaintances, among them was Mazzini, the Italian patriot, Wordsworth, the poet, and Geraldine Jewsbury, who became a novelist of no mean order. This young lady was a warm partizan of Mrs. Carlyle's, and her confidante. From her letters to this friend we glean much of her life's history.

Carlyle says that Miss Jewsbury was a young woman who yearned passionately for some one to guide her, and fancied that George Sand could help her in finding an earthly Paradise.

Of George Sand Carlyle had a very poor opinion. He loathed all sensual, indecent literature with his whole soul—called her a "great, improper female."

Poor Geraldine! He would fain teach her that people were born into the world for some other purpose than to fall in love—that falling in love is a ridiculous, contemptuous term—one need never expect such a love to last. When people fall they generally pick themselves up ere long; it is the deliberately walking into love, growing, deepening, strengthening therein, that is of life importance. To Carlyle himself love was most essential, but from the human he invariably passed far beyond to the spirit, only partially reached till we regain the last step of the ladder that leads to perfect reality.

In spite of failings, Geraldine Jewsbury established herself as a household guest at Cheyne Row, where she ever met with a warm welcome. When there she was much more frequently in the subterranean regions than was Mrs. Carlyle, going down in one day oftener than the mistress did in a month. By Jane's own confession, we perceive that she was

no domestic martyr, and we are glad of any proof that tends to a denial of the aspersions that are and have been cast upon the memory of our hero.

This visit of Carlyle's was a protracted one. But nowhere did he ever express himself at peace. Happiness was not for him, nor for the majority of his fellow mortals. He was very fond of repeating the anecdote of the Irishman, who, while belabouring with his cudgel another of his unfortunate countrymen, exclaimed, "Oh, the devil burn it, there is no pleasing yer, strike where I will."

Carlyle was in a chronic state of suffering; indeed he was a verb alive, "always a being, incessantly a doing, and continually a suffering." His tossings and tumblings in Wales and elsewhere had wearied him much. Wherever he went, he found something to rouse his indignation or to excite his irony.

At Scotsbrig he hoped to find the repose he needed, but even here his obscurity was broken in upon by a visit from strangers from the West Indies, who had heard of his fame, and would make his acquaintance. Although a veritable hero-worshipper, he never himself sought the society of celebrities, or flattered them to their face, nor did he appreciate being courted and worshipped.

To admire exalts the character; to be admired is humiliating. Those who came from curiosity to see a great man, neither admired nor sympathized with him very often. How could he pretend they were welcome! He regaled these West Indian visitors with whisky-and-water, and soon despatched them about their business, mentally exclaiming—"There is no rest for the wicked."

While in Scotland he had another veritable burden, and that was to be fitted with clothes—a most detestable business. He always employed the Ecclefechan tailors, believing that they would use the genuine article he ordered, no shoddy, no hateful imitations. He could not tolerate imposture, and London was the city of shams, make-believes, adulteration, and shirking of work. He had a veritable antipathy to the "stunted cockneys" as a rule, having no faith in their integrity. But though he patronized his countrymen he rarely mixed with them. In his native Annandale he held little human communication with any but his own kith and kin, wandering about like the ghost of the past, contemplating Oliver Cromwell, and the awful, mysterious eternity. He

wandered still farther than Annandale. At Jeannie's request he went on to Templand, and there distributed the customary doles with which Mrs. Welsh had befriended certain poor people; from thence he visited Crawford, and, amidst unearthly stillness, gazed on her grave.

From such solemn scenes he went to Haddington, where he had first met his wife. With what mingled feelings he must have recalled her bright, beautiful girlhood, when her speaking countenance was radiant with the happiness of her early love, so passionately given, so passionately returned. Now, alas! she had only him to rely upon, only him to fill up the gap that separated her for all time from the great love of her life.

Surely his genius never deadened his feelings, but rather rendered them more acute than ordinary mortals'. His heart was full of pity and kindness for her, but no less was it capable of as passionate, as enduring an affection as her own, or of as bitter a disappointment. Finding that the woman who had at last promised to be his wife was irrevocably attached, though as irrevocably separated, from another man, turned the lover at once into the friend—the brother born for adversity, for all time to keep, to comfort, and cheer, religiously, veraciously. Strange thoughts must have rushed through his mind at Haddington. He next called upon Lord Jeffery, now growing old and infirm, but little more serious than of old.

Carlyle was now pursued by the same terror that had so often darkened his childhood—the fear of losing his beloved mother. Her death was advancing with slow but certain steps, an inevitable bereavement. He could see its grim shadow in her pale and wrinkled countenance, her feeble steps, her fast emaciating frame. To him her loss would be irreparable. He revered no one so much, and none on earth had ever, or could ever, love him, pray for him, or believe in him as she did.

We must not imagine that Jeannie remained alone at Chelsea all this time. Indeed, she knew perfectly well how to take care of herself. She was not a martyr to Carlyle at all. She knew when she required change and took it, or where to find enjoyment. Old Mr. Sterling, who from age and other causes was growing very infirm, invited her to Ryde for a month. She went, but while there suffered from sleeplessness, indigestion, and incipient despair. Blue pill

was the fashion, blue pill the scourge of our predecessors, ruining them occasionally, physically and morally; at the best, tormenting and irritating them. Jane was bilious as well as her husband, and she lost interest in everything when suffering from such an attack.

Old Mr. Sterling, her former devoted admirer, was now "a sentimental old d——," and she imprecated his infernal majesty to fly away with his nonsense. Besides, he had become miserly, and she was disgusted with his notion of saving when on the verge of the grave. He had lost his charm for her, had grown pitiable, and to her, what he ought never to have become, contemptible. Here she also met Father Mathew, and became a most enthusiastic admirer, but not a follower, for she did not sign the pledge.

John Carlyle came to Cheyne Row before her husband returned, and of him she wrote in a very changed tone. The "dearest of doctors" was likened to a fly weltering in the treacle; so untidy, so restless! But she was thankful for her own beautiful little home. On earth there was no place affording her such comforts. Yet she expresses no gratitude to the man who laboured so incessantly to keep up his and her reputation, without which her life would indeed be tedious!

And now he was expected. Would he approve the alterations? would he appreciate her efforts to improve their nest, their exceedingly comfortable tub, out of which he could safely bark at the dog-kennel of a world? Indeed he did. All the fittings and refittings, all the new paint, the readjustments he looked upon as the fruit of her loving ingenuity. Their separate bed-rooms were beautifully arranged; everywhere his comfort had been considered. And above all, his sadness for the time had dispersed; her presence was bright and cheerful, instead of being so hopelessly despondent as it so frequently was. That alone irradiated their house with unusual brilliance. Would this mutual satisfaction abide; oh, would it?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Peculiar difficulties, followed by peculiar success !
 Souls escape from their clay prisons, and meet in the Paradise of
 Love.—CARLYLE, *Life of Schiller*.

JANE returned to Chelsea to enjoy the fruit of her labours in her beautiful surroundings ; Carlyle again to be absorbed in his incessant toil.

After three days' calm, the domestic peace was broken by a wretched girl, who commenced to strum on a miserable piano at an unconscionably early hour, scattering all the wise man's thoughts, and distracting him to frenzy. He had returned bilious, and continued bilious, but determined to work, and this unknown young woman seemed determined he should not. Thoughts had been treasured for months in that active brain. At times he was so susceptible to sound that a sparrow's chirping would overpower the highly-strung nerves.

Jane wrote a "seductive" letter to the young lady, who graciously promised never to play until two o'clock in the afternoon. So again Carlyle essayed to write. But the new arrangements of his study seemed to drive away all powers of thought, while the street noises and the back-yard noises sent him frantic. He must retain his senses. He could not hold his genius if it were on the eve of departure ; could never with the wildest intentions command inspiration. It no doubt grieved him, but the necessity of listening to and obeying the requirements of his mental condition was imperative. Carpets must be taken up, another household earthquake was positively inevitable.

Helen, a strange mixture of philosopher and idiot, comforted herself and her mistress with the reflection that when "one was doing this, one's doing nothing else, anyhow." She evidently meant to be consolatory, and strutted about

idiotically, while Mrs. Carlyle swept and dusted, and Carlyle himself was ready to wring his hands and tear his hair at the commotion he had so unwillingly caused.

Jane did not complain. She knew how necessary it was at all hazards to keep his mental equilibrium. Unfortunately, at times this was impossible, nor was he to be blamed, but pitied for his sufferings. He could not hold his genius or command it at will. Control over his animal propensities man can command; over God-given genius scarcely any. That comes and goes *volens volens*. At last chaos was reduced to order again, but still Carlyle moved about like a wandering Jew, everything around him seeming new and strange. He hated alterations in his surroundings, even the old dust grew friendly, as at his bachelor chambers at Edinburgh.

By and by he became reconciled to the changes. He vanished early from the breakfast table, leaving Jane in her fashionable reception-room to entertain callers and friends, and closing the door of his study, put heart and soul into the work of elucidating the character and deeds of Oliver Cromwell. The more he studied, the more convinced he became that Oliver had been an actually "pious, prayerful, God-fearing, bible-reading man," one of his mother's heroes. This belief heightened the enthusiasm he felt. She would peruse such a book with approval. In it he could give expression to all the faith he possessed in unison with her. This would cheer and comfort her declining years.

It was Oliver Cromwell under whose shadow Jane Welsh Carlyle was now forced to dwell. To Carlyle he was a reality, alive for evermore, and the result of his life-work was still felt and enjoyed by posterity. To Jane he was another odious departed, enough to give her the lockjaw, but in duty bound must be tolerated. Over this skeleton of the past Carlyle cast living raiment. Who knows but that the dead are conscious of the reputation they leave behind them, conscious whether justice or injustice has been done to them, that children, and children's children must enjoy, or endure for centuries!

Poor Cromwell! poor descendants of so renowned a man! despised, maligned, execrated! Was such odium merited? Was he a veritable hero, or an accursed regicide, unworthy even to be allowed to rest in his grave? To Carlyle he appeared a hero, a hero of immense magnitude, and had

met with posthumous injustice. His heart burnt within him, burnt with righteous indignation, exceeding wrath, and enthusiastic admiration. In his book he presents Oliver as he appeared to him—re-animating him. We are carried away with the author. We sympathize with the hitherto detested usurper. We enter into all his perplexities, the sufferings, the excitement, the awful solemnity of the questions that agitated him.

The whole destiny of the nation hung upon his word. To be or not to be. He alone must decide. Terrible responsibility! What momentous questions were these to occupy the mind of a hitherto obscure farmer!—questions affecting the laws, the individuals, the rise and fall of institutions, the origin of kingly authority, the life or death of his own sovereign!

Cromwell thought deeply. Thought is a thing, a most productive thing. Action should be invariably the outcome of thought. A thoughtless act is inhuman, being the prerogative only of the beasts that perish. Action is the test of true greatness. When thought is unproductive, merely speculative, theorizing, abstract, it is utterly useless; each one an idle thing, or a talent cast aside. To such men as Cromwell and Carlyle thought was the forerunner of prompt performance.

Carlyle's mind was oppressed with thoughts of the injustice done to a great man's memory, and he set about clearing away the cobwebs, searching far and wide for the truth, or at any rate what he sincerely believed to be unanswerable facts.

We cannot coincide altogether with Carlyle's views. It is a perplexing inquiry whether heroes or geniuses are privileged to strike out an entirely new field for themselves, to dispense altogether with conventional notions of right and wrong. In our opinion nothing on earth or in heaven could make wrong, right; virtue, vice; or justice, injustice. Is it murder or regicide for a king to suffer capital punishment, if guilty of greater crimes than hundreds whom he himself condemns to such an end? Should the chief delinquent escape, while the less guilty perish?

Many a king was sentenced to the sword in the old Hebrew days. Cromwell made this inquiry with the utmost solemnity, with terrible earnestness, and prayers in private and public. A meeting was called when that was the sole subject to be discussed. The decision was unanimous almost. The king's

death was a necessity—the only remedy for allaying political anarchy, the only thing possible for the salvation of his country.

Cromwell was called to tread a perilous path, but he would not shirk what seemed to him an imperative duty. He was forced to exercise boundless power to govern a nation divided against itself. No bed of roses, even though his rustic head rested on the royal pillow; the chamber itself indeed must have seemed haunted by its late unhappy occupant.

One cannot be surprised that after the direful, if necessitous, deed was done, Cromwell should have assumed all a king's authority, and rule with a rod of iron to retain his power. What is, however, a matter of astonishment in so pious a man is, that he should have consented to occupy the sumptuous palace, to enjoy all the luxuries, the comforts, the glory of the monarch he imagined he had had a right to depose, condemn, and execute. As we imagine this simple farmer wandering through the gorgeous apartments of his dead master, whatever he supposed, we shudder for him. He may have been great, strong, heroic; but if he had retired into a house suitable to his antecedents, and having refused the empty title of king, had also refused the privileges; had he been content to take upon himself all the duties and have dispensed with the glories, he would have been infinitely greater, infinitely more heroic.

But we will here leave the subject, and only remind our readers with what marvellous pains Carlyle did his work, how he re-spelt, re-arranged, re-punctuated every letter of Cromwell's that he could unearth. Cromwell is the subject of his book and no one else, and he leaves it impossible for his readers to misunderstand the earnestness, the sincerity, the immense power of his hero. If his views are rather one-sided, surely the odium and injustice which had aspersed the great man's character for centuries, is an excuse for his enthusiasm in doing him even more than justice.

In 1844 he describes his book as going on its own gait. He made a terrible labour of his work by taking such infinite pains. This year a professorship at St. Andrew's College was offered, but he declined what *once* would have been so thankfully accepted. It was no longer needed—no longer possible.

He was also taking much interest in political questions.

Lord Ashley, afterwards the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury, had introduced his Factory Act, which met with Carlyle's loud approval. Indeed, any means for lessening the misery of the millions was hailed with delight by our really great philanthropist as well as philosopher. Unfortunately, philanthropists have such various modes of alleviating the wretchedness of the poorer classes.

Nothing could be more practical than Carlyle's methods, if only the selfishness of man would consent to adopt them. But anything that comes too near to personal interests is always pronounced at once impracticable. He was desirous to make the rich willing to forego some of their own advantages for the good of their poorer brethren. No other means but self-sacrifice is permissible to man, according to the teaching of Him whom England, of all nations, professes to acknowledge as worthy of imitation. "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor;" "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate," were the direct commands of the Master, who took upon Himself the form of a servant, and had not where to lay His head.

Alas! where are His imitators? Are the bishops, the clergy, the statesmen, the landowners in this Christian country striving in any way to follow the blessed steps of that Holy Life? Well may working men, with the Bible in their hands, fail to see the resemblance, and be widely conscious of the shams, the religious shams, practised from day to day upon them. They are sickened with hearing religion, they want to see it. And Carlyle poured out the whole force of his eager, passionate heart in imploring the would-be superiors thus to inspire and instruct. At any rate such seeds he sowed. To God alone it belongs to give the increase.

Macaulay, or some contemporary, considered reform to be a judicious combining of those who have money to keep down those who have none. "Hunger among the poor was irredeemable, and the pigs must be taught to die without squealing. That was the sole improvement possible."

Such ideas, even the utterance of such, Carlyle rightly considered damnable. That they existed in the human heart horrified him. We must never forget that Carlyle was of the people. How rarely is it that one emerges from the humblest strata of society to the higher without ignoring the fact, and despising those outstripped in the journey of life. It is this

that makes the parvenu so often unbearable, his pretension, his visible contempt for those he has left behind in the race. But our hero was far too great for any such meanness. His interest throughout his long life was almost centred in the condition, physical and mental, of the working classes—the masses, and every abuse, especially what oppressed them, he longed to reform. Oh, the sufferings of the poor! never was he a moment ashamed of once having experienced the same. That experience alone gave him authority to use every influence he possessed to lessen it. Suffering is inevitable, God-sent, if only to call out human sympathy. Government need not be incompetent to alleviate, and a righteous God demands the attempt.

And now the peasant's son, the man of the people, was the honoured guest of the highest in the land.

In April, 1844, Mrs. Carlyle was invited to Addiscombe, the seat of Lord Ashburton—a period of dignified idleness, she called it. She found the atmosphere of this aristocratic home colder than that at Cheyne Row, and declared that the more she saw of wealthy establishments, the less wish had she to preside over one.

That at Addiscombe was presided over, however, by one well able to fulfil all the duties of her station, and if Jane found "the superior splendour to be inferior comfort," others did not. The fact must be admitted, that Jane was bitterly jealous of Lady Ashburton, the only lady of her acquaintance her equal—perhaps her superior—in wit, humour, repartee, and personal charms. Neither of them was beautiful in feature, but both possessed something infinitely more striking—superior intelligence and fascination of manner. Jane felt herself tolerated for her husband's sake, and that was wormwood and gall to her.

Lady Harriet Baring admired Carlyle. She revered him, and every time she met him her sympathy deepened for the master whose life was a martyrdom. She could see for herself, as did others, how isolated he was, how he longed for human friendship, with whom he could share his troubles, his aspirations, and even his triumphs, and she saw that Jane was not quite that friend. The blessed influence of one true soul over another is not calculable nor to be accounted for. It is a fact about which reason itself is baffled. The hidden process remains a secret by which friend is knit to

friend, soul mystically strengthening soul. Sympathy itself seems clothed in a human form; every touch, every tone of the voice, even a whisper becomes responsive sympathy. Such a friendship is holy, pure. The love described so beautifully in 1 Corinthians xiii. is this spirit of friendship. In all its purity, strength, and unselfishness it existed between the aristocratic lady of fashion and the peasant-born philosopher, a friendship that neither of them would allow mortal to cancel or spoil. Jealousy, sneers, slander even might assail them, but they rose superior over all this, and would have borne greater, rather than have lost faith in each other.

Nearly all Jane Carlyle's friendships were formed with those of the opposite sex, Carlyle himself never raising an objection, firmly believing his wife to be pure-minded and true-hearted—above suspicion. That she stooped to mean jealousy when he too at last found a friend speaks but little for her magnanimity or faith in him who had ever been so true to her.

Of course Lady Harriet dressed to perfection; her house was almost a palace, her furniture was gorgeous, her hospitality literal banquets; but whoever was invited to her table lost all social distinction—all were equal there. The Carlyles met with the very best society, where all the subjects of the day were fully discussed by statesmen, bishops, lords, and pre-eminent thinkers. Such society could not fail to attract Carlyle. Nor are the highly born, the apparently happy rich, devoid of heroism. Under the dignified exterior, that calm demeanour, that rich apparel—sorrows, disappointments, and disease are often borne with marvellous patience. High accomplishments, combined with long-suffering and native modesty, often characterize nobility; while hypocrisy, insincerity, artificial shallow pretence, foppery, snobbishness are the frequent infallible characteristics of those who envy them. The inheritors of wealth often recognize their responsibility far more deeply than those who have made their own. But Jane always met Addiscombe, the Grange, and Bath House society with jaundiced eye, when with or without her husband.

On returning to Chelsea, she found Carlyle very bad with a sore throat, looking and feeling miserable. That evening he had several gentlemen visitors whom she helped to entertain until eleven. What a relief it was once again to be hostess instead of visitor. How much more blessed to give

than receive. When they had all departed, she poulticed Carlyle's throat and put him to bed, where she kept him by force for some days, on Dr. John's "accursed diet of slops." But not for long ; Carlyle declared he would follow Nature's directions in the matter of eating and drinking. If Nature told him to dine on a chop, it would take a clever fellow to persuade him against it.

In the summer of '44 Jane visited friends at Liverpool. Carlyle was now over head and ears in *Cromwell*, and felt her absence a relief, enjoying the perfect silence, though he admitted that in general she was his "necessary evil." She had a peculiar pet, a leech ! which she left to her husband's care, and he never forgot to attend to its wants. Surely Jane had her own singularities as well as her lord, and he humoured hers far more than she his.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Petrarchan Romance yet a Reality.—CARLYLE, *Miscellanies*.
 Death, the unknown sea of rest. Who knows what hidden harmonies lie there to wrap us in softness, in eternal peace: where perhaps, not sooner or elsewhere, all the hot longings of the soul, are to be satisfied and stilled.—CARLYLE.

IN 1844 Carlyle describes his book on Cromwell as “going on its own gait.” This was the third year in which he had been occupied in “digging through the mountains of dust” in his historical researches. He found it a wearisome task and so did Jeannie, although he seems to have kept very much out of her way when he was thus plagued with his subjects; giving her, in the meantime, every opportunity of visiting or receiving company in her reception-room and doing exactly what she listed.

This year was another sad year to them both. John Sterling, their mutual friend, was dying. For years his health had been failing fast, and he had been compelled to be absent most of his time from London for more salubrious climates. Not more congenial, for he had no friends he valued so much as those in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and when in London he spent most of his time with them.

In '42 he had spent months at Falmouth, where also was young Henry Mill, brother to John Stuart Mill, Carlyle's first London friend. There Sterling and Mill were great companions. Carlyle deplored the change that had seemed to estrange him from Mill, whom he said was now “bound in ice.” John S. Mill, however, in his own autobiography explains it, if not to Carlyle's satisfaction, to his own. He had been anxious to become one of Carlyle's disciples, but formed the acquaintance of people whose views were diametrically

opposed to those he held. They were thorough Radicals, democrats, upholders of "Women's Rights," almost Atheists.

J. S. Mill was a man of decided genius, the founder of a new school of metaphysics, but it was a school Carlyle could not tolerate ; and as his new friends exercised an all-powerful influence over Mill's mind, it is not to be wondered at that Carlyle's influence visibly declined. This particular friend was a certain young married lady named Mrs. Taylor, with whom Mill experienced a partnership of thought and feeling completely in common. Carlyle thought at one time that this "Taylor business was becoming more and more a questionable benefit to him, but on that subject we were strictly silent, and he was pretty still."

Again he writes—"Mrs. Austin had a tragical story of his, Mill's, having fallen desperately in love with some philosophic beauty (yet with the innocence of the sucking dove), and being lost to all his friends and to himself and what not, but I traced nothing of this in poor Mill, and even incline to think that what truth there is, or was, in his adventure, may have done him good."

When Mrs. Taylor was introduced to the Carlyles, she at first made a very favourable impression, but it gave place to misunderstandings on both sides and the intimacy gradually diminished, and finally quite declined.

For twenty years Mill continued to revere this lady, as "a friend of boundless genius, lovingness and modesty, combined with pride and utmost scorn of whatever was mean and tyrannical." At the end of that time, Mrs. Taylor was a widow, and the year following, Mill married her. She had influenced his life so many years, his noblest thoughts originating with her, and now they enjoyed a brief season of married bliss. Seven years, *only* seven years were granted, when Mrs. Mill died at Avignon, to the unspeakable grief of her husband. He bought a cottage as near as possible to her grave, where with her only child he spent the remainder of his days. Her spirit there seemed to pervade the atmosphere and gave him all the earthly consolation possible. "Her memory," he declared, "was a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it did all excellence, he endeavoured to regulate his life."

John Stuart Mill has been called a wife worshipper. It was not so exactly. He was a heroine worshipper. If hero

worship is allowed, so also must be heroine worship, for the weakest woman is capable of being equally endowed with heroic virtues, as the strongest man. It was the heroic in Mrs. Taylor that Mill so much admired. She was an undoubted genius, and was mated to one in no way suited as a life companion, yet she faithfully devoted herself to her duties as a wife and mother, in uncomplaining patience—"Faithful till death," according to promise. Mill became her accepted and acknowledged friend. He gave her the mental food, as necessary to her mind as bread for her body; and in so noble and generous a manner, we hope, that the knowledge of his self-sacrificing devotion was not known by the lady, as such knowledge must inevitably have added immeasurably to her own sorrows and been a burden almost too heavy to bear.

John Stuart Mill must have practised almost unexampled self-control, for this hopeless passion lasted twenty years, and the whole time he maintained an unbroken friendship for her and her husband, whether his hopeless attachment was known or unknown to her. His patience presents an admirable contrast to the unmanly, precipitate marriage of Edward Irving. But John S. Mill was no slave to that wretched old hag, Mrs. Grundy, and would not barter his conscience out of consideration to her possible slanders. He ignored her existence, left her alone, and acted upon his own convictions, leaving her to say what she pleased. We are inclined to think he made an idol. To do so is rather a national weakness, especially when Dame Grundy is the idol. But even an angel from heaven is not to be worshipped. "See thou do it not. Worship God."

Carlyle had not many friends, if any, who went with him all the way in his opinions. Some failed to discover what they were on any subject. Even John Sterling did not always coincide, though he had penned such a generous, glaring article in his favour. Now that noble spirit was sinking before half his course was run, and both the Carlyles sorrowed deeply. Carlyle had already lamented the death of Allan Cunningham, the sculptor, "as one other face that looked kindly on him;" a loss that the sympathetic Sterling said Carlyle could "ill afford," such was the warmth and exclusiveness of his affection.

In 1844, as a last resource, John Sterling went to Ventnor. It was only to die. When in his sick room, he received a

note from Carlyle, which he declared was "the noblest, tenderest thing, that ever came from human pen." To his friend the dying man wrote—

"Towards me, it is still more true, than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend you a hand over there, *that* will not be wanting!"

But he would not permit Carlyle to go and see him on his death-bed. He knew how indelible would be the impression, how harassing to Carlyle's imaginative mind, the sight of his sufferings, infinitely more acute and lasting than on many a tender woman's heart. Poor Sterling was "ever dear to Jane. The very man one desires to see, and hardly ever succeeds in seeing, in this make-believe world. A pearl of great price."

Miss Martineau met him at the Carlyles, and described him as a "young man, next to death's door, but if he only lived a few years would be sure to be eminent; so wise, so cheerful, so benignant." He was ill-spared from Cheyne Row. One day, Carlyle was pouring out all his indignation at the quackery and speciosity of the time. He wound up by saying to John Sterling, "When I look at this, I determined to cast all tolerance to the winds." Sterling gently answered, "My dear fellow! I had no idea you had any to cast."

No one had more tolerance for some things that would be unbearable to others than Thomas Carlyle, and no one knew it better than Sterling, but he never would modify his manner to suit his matter, and did not understand the method of removing the friction that naturally exists between men of different opinions, education, and social status. For one thing, he tolerated his wife's constant quizzings as a lesser man never could have done. John Sterling used to excuse them on the ground that she put them forth with such evident fiction, they could not mislead.

But she played all manner of tricks upon her husband, and would tell startling stories about him in his presence, which he tried in vain to refute, without being unkind. These tales were often produced from her own imagination, and generally tended to turn him into ridicule, or make his conduct what is considered consistent with the vagaries of genius. "When she thought she had cut him up sufficiently she would clear the course."

Sterling said there were only three great men in England, Wellington, Carlyle, and Wordsworth.

Carlyle is often credited with speaking well of *only* this, that, or the other of his contemporaries. But when counted up, they amount to a good few. If his praise was qualified, it is as it should be. Men are not perfect; even those who tower immeasurably above ordinary mortals have human frailties, and fall far below their own ideal; and when one genius comes into personal contact with another genius, he would sooner discover the discrepancies than a less gifted individual. Unqualified praise belongs to no "walking biped;" a certain amount to most of them. Carlyle appreciated the Duke of Wellington. It has been said even of him, that the Reform Bill was passed, because the Iron Duke had not sufficient moral courage to use an ear trumpet, and could not hear the speeches or reply to them. Carlyle also appreciated Wordsworth, though not nearly so much as he did Robert Southey.

In his *Miscellanies*, i. 180, Carlyle writes:—Goethe studied how to live and how to write with a fidelity, an unwearied earnestness of which there is no other living instance; of which, amongst British poets especially, *Wordsworth alone offered any resemblance*. As a personal acquaintance, there was no sympathy between the two, and later on, no doubt, Carlyle gave Tennyson the palm over all other living poets. We are not surprised that he did not enjoy Wordsworth's society. No two men could have been more unlike, and the poet could scarcely tolerate the rugged eloquence of our hero. Leigh Hunt, writing of Wordsworth, speaks of his pomposity being so great, that when on one occasion he had made a visit, Hunt offering him refreshment, inquired what he would take. "Anything that is going forward," was the formal reply. At that moment Leigh Hunt glanced out of the window, and observing a vehicle going along, felt inclined to offer his visitor "a little cart."

Carlyle was once dining with Wordsworth, and was greatly amused at the poet's imperturbability. He was so intent on eating raisins that he never raised his eyes from his occupation, and seemed quite unconscious of all the babble and twaddle called Table Talk that was going on around him. His rock-like indifference was quite gratifying; eyes and thoughts centred on raisins only! Carlyle's own Table Talk exceeded, and was recognized as being the best of any man's living; had he sat equally silent, he would have caused not

only disappointment, but dismay to his hosts. He was expected to talk in many instances, probably invited for no other purpose. The more arrogant and scornful the utterances from that great fiery soul, the more attention he commanded, and his veracious independence was always mixed up in a marvellous degree with grim humour and hearty laughter. His influence was a perpetual "thawing of the frosts of custom and conventionality."

Wordsworth declared that Carlyle was a pest to the English tongue, and Lamb would banish all Scotchmen to a certain region without the brimstone. It was not given to all men to admire Carlyle.

John Sterling declared that Mrs. Carlyle was the most brilliant letter writer he had ever known. He kept all her letters under a sealed cover. The first, dated June 15th, 1835; the last, August 14th, 1844. By thus carefully preserving them he proved how much he had valued them, and the friend who had penned them. It is deeply to be regretted that he ceased to be a clergyman, that he neglected theology for poetry, and that religion to the invalid became only a "great perhaps." His dying statement is not satisfactory, not one to inspire another with the longing that our end may be like his. "On higher matters there is nothing to say," he wrote. "I tread the common road into the great darkness without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none." With Carlyle may we all cry, "May God have mercy on me, on him, and on all such men."

John Sterling drank in the Spirit of Christ with feverish thirst—love, joy, peace, gentleness, meekness, goodness; and surely they who have His Spirit, they are His. Mrs. Carlyle always kept a little picture belonging to her lost friend, as much for his sake as for its own intrinsic beauty, and to the last it hung in Carlyle's dressing-room, where he preserved it for the sake of both. On September 18th, 1844, John Sterling breathed his last at Ventnor, just six weeks after penning his last letter to Carlyle, who as soon as he could control his grief set about collecting materials for writing a biography of his departed friend.

Carlyle had met a true soul in John Sterling, and it did him good to contemplate such. "Of all the deplorables and despicables of this time and city are the literary men." "They make my heart sick and wae. Among them were so

many *dilletanti*, who had no heart of faith, not even for the coarsest beliefs ;” many of them given to a kind of false mirth, not based on earnestness, which to him was most “distressing, intolerable, and mournful.” John Sterling was always true, always practised the goodness he taught, as far as human capacity allowed, and in Carlyle he had an enthusiastic, veracious biographer, who did him justice and immortalized his name. A well written life is the life of Sterling, a perfect model of what a biography should be, and as Carlyle says, “a well written life is almost as rare as a well spent one.”

CHAPTER XXX.

Here, too, thou shalt be strong and not in muscle only, if thou wilt prevail. Thou shalt be strong of heart, noble of soul; thou shalt dread no pain, or death, thou shalt not love ease or life; in rage thou shalt remember mercy, justice.—CARLYLE, *Past and Present*.

CARLYLE's first visit to the Grange took place the same month that John Sterling died at Ventnor, September, 1844. He was naturally somewhat depressed, and his hostess devoted herself to make his visit agreeable. He wrote to his wife "that Lady Harriet was a rattling woman, who seemed fond of talking to him, and with whom he should grow to do very well." His chief resource, however, was the old Lord Ashburton, who was a cheery, solid, noble-hearted man, delighting in conducting his peculiar guest over his new churches, his model cottages, and pointing out to him the treasured old cedars and oak trees studded about his magnificent grounds. But the habits of the mansion were not suited to the tastes of the Hermit of Chelsea. He persisted in waking early, rising, and promenading about, though breakfast was never ready till ten. By that time he had become ravenously hungry, and dare only partake sparingly of the rich fare provided. After breakfast he would stroll about again with the old gentleman, both alternately chatting, or puffing their pipes. He also took long rides in the beautiful neighbourhood, finding the silence and solitude of the country divine.

But with all these enjoyments, Carlyle could never feel happy, could never shake off the depression and weariness now become so habitual to him. Every one who met him here, or elsewhere, became convinced of one thing about him, and that was the truth of his own oft-repeated asseveration "that he was the loneliest of men." No one was like him.

There was no class of men who were familiar with such an individual, and they hardly knew how to treat him. "He became a chartered libertine of society," says Sir H. Taylor, "assailing them and their rights, insisting that they should be governed with a rod of iron, and yet he was more admired and humoured by them than any demagogue who paid them knee worship."

What really gave him more influence than other men was his persistent independence and indifference to their opinion concerning him, and his own immeasurable sympathy. With his marvellous intellect, great physical strength and powerful if aching frame, he had the instincts of the tenderest woman. Intuitively he felt and pitied the breath of sorrow, and his great heart yearned to soothe and comfort, even where he knew pain was the best or only remedy. He had a scornful brain, but his heart was too tender for his own happiness. He returned to Cheyne Row to continue his *Cromwell*; August 26th, 1845, saw its completion, just as John Forster, the "excellent Fuz," came in to tell Carlyle that he and Charles Dickens were to take part in some amateur theatricals at which Mrs. Carlyle, who was then in Lancashire, had promised to be present.

Carlyle rarely went to theatres. A writer in Blackwood states, that in a tragic scene Carlyle once witnessed, he was deeply affected. "It quite hurt him," he said, "to see a fair delicate creature (*Desdemona*) so brutally used." "Would that I could give an idea of his tone and accent," continues the writer, "so gentle and tremulous, as if a suffering living creature were actually before him."

Mr. Forster found Carlyle on that occasion unusually cheerful. His four years' labour had ended. It was a grand relief. His subject had been particularly toilsome, and caused much "spluttering." He had even been obliged to try if some teeth and an old shin bone, dug up at Naseby, could invoke inspiration. When his books were completed, he was almost ready for a hospital; instead of which he invariably took one journey to shake off the effects of his studies, and another to recover from the effects of the first.

He proceeded to Liverpool just as Jane, who was there, was expecting to return home to him at Chelsea. The change of place annoyed her much; but he had been good to her

during her absence, had written regularly, had remembered her birthday by letter and memento, though she had begged him to dispense with the latter, "to leave presents to those whose affection stands more in need of vulgar demonstration than yours does." So she repented of her irritability, and wrote to that effect, receiving him cordially on his arrival. He remained with her a week; he, as may be supposed, in a very "reactionary" state of mind, and she very anxious to return to the house he had left. So he continued his journey northwards, and she travelled south, and very soon commenced another household earthquake, calling in sweeps, carpet beaters, charwomen.

Carlyle thought of scarcely anything else whilst writing a book, yet Jane declared "he was the first to forget it when written, and as for herself, she was so thankful it was out of the house, that she could not trouble herself in the least about criticisms, favourable or adverse."

When Carlyle returned to London, his *Cromwell* was well before the public, but he was scarcely prepared for the reception it received from one quarter. One evening they were honoured by a visit from three excited Irishmen, who came to expostulate with the author of *Oliver Cromwell*, on the unfavourable way in which he had written of their native Isle, and his excuses for Cromwell's decisive measures in that unhappy country.

Speaking of Puritan intolerance, Carlyle exclaimed, "Why! How could they do otherwise? If one sees one's fellow creatures following a damnable doctrine or error, by continuing in which the devil is sure to get him at last, and roast him in eternal fire and brimstone, are you to let him go towards such consummation, or are you rather not to use all manner of means to save him?" But his visitors were loud and vociferous in their defence of their native land, which they considered the great man before them had foully aspersed. One of them became so excited that his nose began to bleed. They had come mildly to expostulate, and were unprepared for so unflinching a reception. They could not make Carlyle modify a sentence that he had written. Not a word had he penned without due thought. He even excused the terrible massacres, as the only means of saving further bloodshed. The poor baffled Irishmen at last departed, leaving their hats behind them, so absent-minded had they one and all become

during that agitating interview. They returned very crest-fallen to find them scattered about in various directions.

Such excitement at least had preserved the visit from boredom. Being bored was of all hardships the most intolerable to Carlyle. Earnestness on any subject, in any individual, was the only antidote. "The anathemas he heaped on unfortunate bores, exceed Emulphius in exquisite variety." He describes three gentlemen introduced from Haddington acquaintance as "Wretched Duds, a precious Three, to be selected from all the populations in the world. Miserable snufflers, full of animal magnetism, Free Kirk and other rubbish." He had doubts whether or not to rise with red-hot oaths, and pack them all instantly into the street. He says, he bit in his rage as best he could, took his hat, pretended business, and walked the three out, instead of kicking them out. Evening parties could not always be escaped. He had been invited to one at the Coleridges', where he expected an equal degree of suffering; half thought he would fall sick. On such occasions he would wish he were in "Goody's pocket." Lady Harriet never bored him, "and at the worst extremity he had Bath House always open to him."

On returning from Scotland, in '45, he found he had absolutely nothing to do. *Frederick the Great*, as a future possible subject to write upon, had occasionally occupied his mind, but as yet was a mere thought. He had now reached the heights of fame; people were not only speaking of him as a great man, but treating him as if they verily believed it, and yet he found the air of such a mountain top anything but exhilarating. He became gloomy, somewhat from reaction, and was very glad to accept an invitation to Bay House, Alverstoke, the seat of Mr. Baring, whither Jane accompanied him. There they remained together for six weeks. They both spoke of it as a season of "strenuous idleness, sumptuosity, and elegance."

Lady Harriet, Jane was forced to allow, was out of sight the very cleverest woman she ever saw, full of energy and sincerity; yet she declared her belief that her mother had done more good in a week than the said Lady did in a year. We have no proof of this, or that Jane had either. Lady Harriet seems to have laid herself out for the good of those she appreciated. It can have been no easy task to have been

such a friend to so peculiar a man as Carlyle, or to entertain for weeks his wife, who so ungraciously received her advances. Ingratitude for intended benefits is not pleasant. A gracious, grateful acknowledgment of favours shown by the richer to the poorer is awfully grudgingly given, and this is so to be deplored, where the kindness has any proof of sincerity. Pride swallows gratitude, makes favours received only hateful to the recipient, kills all happy enjoyment, and crushes out the noblest sentiments of the heart.

When the rich of the land keep open house, for the hospitable entertainment of the gifted in art, science, literature, giving them opportunities for relaxation, and recreation and rest from their arduous pursuits, they are doing as much good as the London hospitals, showing equally as much charity, and very often experience as much encouragement or gratitude in their endeavours as do other philanthropists.

Carlyle, having the greatest mind of the two, knew how to be grateful. It was not the wealth nor the luxuries he valued—it was the lady's true sympathy and wish to be helpful to him that charmed him most, as did the society of her genial husband and his noble old father. He was obliged to confess that idleness did prevail. No one enforced it, however. Each guest, had he or she so chosen, might have found occupation; gentlemen in those vast libraries, ladies with their needles. Lady Harriet had noble talents, good natural tendencies, and high aspirations buried under that brilliant exterior. "The sad, the tragic Lady Harriet," Carlyle styled her more than once. Oh, surely the heart knoweth its own bitterness! "God's pardon, God's mercy we all of us might pray for, if we could," was his frequent ejaculation.

Carlyle set his heart on a friendship being established between his wife and Lady Baring; but friendship cannot be forced, and Mrs. Carlyle was determined to fancy herself slighted, or at best only tolerated by this lady of fashion, as the great man's wife. She had superior advantages to Mrs. Carlyle; advantages of travel, birth, wealth, and position, and was at least her equal in intellectual power and fascination of manner. They were neither of them strictly beautiful. Had Lady Harriet also possessed physical advantages, it is painful to imagine the state of helpless jealousy to which the hitherto unrivalled Jeannie would have been reduced.

As it was, she fumed and fretted, and wrote to Carlyle that "this Lady Baring of yours, of Mazzini's, and Mill's, and everybody's, was an arch coquette;" that she played her cards well with all Jane's own especial friends, which no lady so situated could have found altogether agreeable.

Mazzini had become a staunch friend of Mrs. Carlyle. He was described by the American authoress, Margaret Fuller, as the "most beauteous man she had ever seen." He called at Cheyne Row at all seasons, seemingly quite impervious to atmospheric influences. Jane had always a great affection for him. Indeed, she was never without some great friend of the opposite sex; as soon as one departed off the scenes, another appeared. Carlyle wrote to Emerson that Mazzini called frequently and told "him, or rather his wife, all the news." He informed her that he was an arch conspirator, and divulged the names of all his accomplices, to her infinite amusement. He moreover declared that if revolution broke out, he would throw himself into the very thick of it. To save his head, and those thus confidently betrayed to her keeping, Jane would threaten exposure. We fear she would almost rather that Mazzini should lose his head for Italy than his heart to Lady Harriet Baring. As for Carlyle, neither he nor she knew for what he was created; whether to be a prophet, or a destroyer. He had no ambition to make a commotion, or a revolution; all he wanted was steady, silent reforms. And yet he felt sure, that if any man succeeded in razing old institutions to the ground, they would be reconstructed, should they prove indispensable.

Is any adequate estimate of Carlyle's work, his message, or influence on the nineteenth century possible? That he was one of the most remarkable men of his age is indisputable. But biography should endeavour to show, as Carlyle says, "what, and how produced, was the effect of society upon him, what, and how produced, was his effect upon society." This, as far as Carlyle is concerned, is somewhat difficult to do. It was at Lady Harriet Baring's that he entered most into what is called society, but it was only really a fraction of it. The society to which he alluded was the world at large, in whatever field he wandered; *there* he received impressions, and *there* he left his footprints. If he taught the world nothing new, it was because there was little new to be taught; only

old truths, old as the hills, but expressed with quaint originality, and with fresh faces. Even John the Baptist found no new subject, repentance being the keynote of many an old Hebrew prophet before him. That Carlyle adhered to truth and truth only is his chief characteristic; he longed to explode all the shams and nonsense he found abounding wherever he went, and would crush all pretensions. Is there anything absolutely new under the sun? Carlyle never pretended to have discovered it. He never presented himself as being in advance of his age—he rather preferred being behind it, and spoke of the past with much greater reverence than he did of hope for the future, while the present was often simply intolerable. Truth was all Carlyle ever troubled himself to find; truth concerning historical facts, concerning matters philosophical or philanthropical. For Carlyle was a true lover of his species, though his eyes were so keen to mark the blemishes. He came to many conclusions, like every other man troubled with the “malady of thought.”

That might is right, was, and ever will be, is not Carlyle's doctrine, but the Almighty's immutable law. Carlyle never deified mere force, nor felt a blind idolatry for acknowledged success. The doctrine of might being right is most ably given in the inspired words, “Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning.” On this text Carlyle is a veritable lay preacher, and any simple individual, to whom the Giver has bestowed one single talent, may, if he will, employ it in recognizing the ten which the Most High has bestowed on some of his fellows; among them, Thomas Carlyle.

Nor need we despise our gift, if only one, for of its kind it also is perfect, and can be added thereto by patient perseverance. Carlyle bids every man get some belief into him. He himself had a firm belief in an ever-present, all-sceing, all-knowing, personal God. To prove His existence, as Paley has attempted to do, he compared to “lighting a lantern to seek the sun.”

The world has called Carlyle an idolator, because he has such powers of reverence in him, and so perpetually tries to inculcate the same in others. Reverence for what? our readers may ask. Reverence for intellect, not separated from

goodness, but indissolubly united with it. "Truly a thinking man," he writes, "is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire. Not reverence for virtue by itself—very feeble men may be highly virtuous and amiable; but reverence for wisdom, which gives Divine strength and power to see the true God-relations of man to man, and how to apply and realize these relations in the universe. He agreed with Wordsworth that admiration (which is another term for reverence) is one of the three vital elements in the mind of man. Carlyle would always venerate when possible.

The proverb says, "the hero is no hero to his valet." Carlyle qualifies it by answering, "to the valet soul." For it is possible that a serving man may be more of a hero than the master he serves, or sufficiently heroic to recognize and reverence the hero upon whom he waits, or the teacher from whom he learns. A valet soul, curiously, is frequently met upstairs, even in the drawing-room, and the heroic soul in the kitchen. How to find living heroes is a real difficulty; when people are dead all their virtues are generally and rightly remembered. When one reads monumental inscriptions, one is prone to inquire what becomes of the unworthy. Of them there are no records. It is our humble opinion that the happiness of life would be incalculably increased if every one habitually looked only for the good that somewhere exists in most of the human family. If we thought less of the sin that lurks within ourselves it would thereby considerably lose its power.

Nearly all great historical characters are marked by some terrible defect—occasional crimes. But we must not "reject the sun because of its spots," nor can we disdain an Elizabeth, or a Cromwell, our Nelson, or George Eliot, nor the old Hebrew characters, whose heinous crimes, truthfully related, leave them still veritable heroes. Carlyle's greatest faults were of an intellectual kind. Of vice he was singularly free, his whole soul being repugnant to it. But his melancholy and dyspeptic irritation have been magnified into neglect of home duties, and have made him appear almost a domestic tyrant, which on closer inspection is found to be a false estimate of the man. He was imperfect, but he nevertheless

tried *to be* what he would have *others* be, and all kind of tyranny he detested. If domestic tyranny did exist in that little house at Chelsea, we are inclined to think it was on the side of the weaker vessel. "Be ye angry and sin not." This was probably one of Carlyle's most consolatory texts in his relations with his fellow man—a permission of which he occasionally gladly availed himself. He thanked God for that text, one can imagine. But at home, as Mr. Froude says, "his was the tender heart, and hers the stern one."



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The annals of insanity contain nothing madder than jealousy.—
CARLYLE.

ALL through the year 1846 a "great black cloud" was hanging over the house at Chelsea, a cloud that took years to disperse, and which, however painful to contemplate, must be recorded.

Early that spring Mrs. Carlyle was quite an invalid. Lady Harriet invited her to Addiscombe for the benefit of the country air. Jane went, but unwillingly, and was in no frame of mind to be grateful or even agreeable. She hated being there. She felt herself patronized, of all things most detestable to her proud spirit; besides, Lady Harriet had a "genius for ruling," and tried to manage the "unmanageable." Carlyle only went from Saturday to Monday, remaining at work during the week. He always did his best to make her see everything in its true light, and did all he could to be comforting, without insulting or grieving the friend he valued. "Oh, my poor Goody," he wrote, "let us try to be just and wise and good. Nothing more is required of mortals." He promised to be to her all he had ever been, but wishes she would find a house away from London noises. That little street at Chelsea, when compared with Craigenputtock, was like a mad-house.

Jane returned from the abode of wealth with "a mind and heart all churned to froth," as she describes it. Really in a most deplorable, unamiable condition altogether, and all her spleen and disgust she heaped upon Carlyle's devoted head. They quarrelled, and Jane threatened to leave him for ever! After a violent scene she did leave him, and went to Lancashire. He made her promise to write him of her safe arrival before

she went, but she failed even to do that. Never before had they parted in such a manner, and all, as he said, "literally for nothing." After waiting some time for news, he sent her these weary words of remonstrance.

"I hope it is only displeasure and embarrassed estrangement from me, and not any accident or illness of your own, that robs me of a note this morning. I will not torment myself with that new uneasiness, but you did expressly promise to announce your arrival straightway. This is not good, but perhaps a miserable or unfriendly letter would be worse, so I will be as patient as I can. Composure and reflection, at a distance from all causes of irritation or freaks of diseased fancy, will show us both more clearly what the God's *truth* of the matter *is*. May God give us grace to follow piously, and with all loyal fidelity, *what* that is!"

She had gone off in a rage with her husband, because he had found one friend to her ten. She made much more use of her friends than did he. She confided all her troubles to Mazzini. Carlyle bore his in silence. When she supposed he was enjoying himself at Addiscombe, he was alone in his study, busy with his pen, finding consolation in work. At every pause his sad heart dwelt with extreme bitterness on all the disappointments of his life. He called it a "day of resurrection of all sad, great, and tender things within him, sad as the very death, yet not unprofitable." We know now the reason of his heart loneliness—we will spare further painful repetition.

Mazzini replied nobly to her confidences, proved himself indeed a worthy friend. Jane was far too discriminate to misplace her confidence. She was indeed happy in never having cause to complain of unworthiness in one of them.

"MY DEAR FRIEND (he writes), I was yesterday almost the whole day out, and did not receive your note except in the evening, too late to answer then.

"Your few words seemed sad, deeply, I will not say irreparably, sad; and the worst of it is, that none can help you but yourself. It is only you who can by a calm, dispassionate, fair re-examination of the past, send back to nothingness the ghosts and phantoms you have been conjuring up. It is only

you that can teach yourself that whatever the present may be, you must front it with dignity, with a clear perception of all your duties, with a due reverence for your immortal soul, with a religious faith in times yet to come, that are to dawn under the approach of other cloudless suns. I could only point out to you the fulfilment of duties which can make life—not happy ; what can ?—but earnest, sacred, and resigned ; but I should make you frown or scorn. We have a different conception of life, and are condemned down here to walk on two parallels. Still, it is the feeling of these duties that saves me from the atheism of despair, and leads me through a life, every day more barren and burdensome, in a sort of calm, composed manner—such, I repeat, as the consciousness of something everlasting within us claims from every living mortal. For I now most coolly and deliberately declare to you that partly through what is known to you, and partly through things that will never be known, I am carrying a burden, heavier even than you, and have undergone even bitterer deceptions than you have. But by dint of repeating to myself that there is no happiness under the moon, that life is a self-sacrifice meant for some higher and happier thing, that, to have a few loving beings, or, if none, to have a mother watching you from heaven or Italy (it is all the same) ought to be quite enough to preserve us from falling, and by falling—parting. I have mustered up strength to go on, to work at my task, as far as I have been able to make it out, till I reach the grave—the grave for which the hour will come, and is fast approaching without my loudly calling for it.

“Awake! arise! dear friend. Beset by pain or not, we must go on with a sad smile, and a practical encouragement from one another. We have something of our own to care about, something god-like that we must not yield to any living creature, whoever it be. Your life proves an empty thing, you say. Empty! Do not blaspheme. Have you never done good? Have you never loved?

“Think of your mother, and do good. Set the eye to Providence. It is not as a mere piece of irony that He has given us these aspirations, these yearnings after happiness that are now making us both unhappy. Can't you hush him a little longer? How long will you remain at Seaforth? Does he himself propose to go anywhere? I was coming to see you on Saturday. Write *if* and when it does good, even

homœopathically to you, and be assured that to me it will always do.

“Ever yours,
“JOSEPH MAZZINI.”

Surely this letter is that of a true friend, but it gives invincible proofs that she had been betraying all matters connected with her husband, her own distrust, her weak, miserable jealousy; for jealousy is miserably beneath a true soul; being utterly selfish.

Carlyle's acknowledgment of Lady Harriet's superiority had annoyed her intensely. She was unwilling to acknowledge any lady superior to her. He, who so frequently laughed good-naturedly at the mild adoration he received, and who really almost detested lion-hunting ladies, was now literally grateful for Lady Harriet's queenly esteem, admired her brilliant wit and energy, while she loftily ignored altogether causing any annoyance to the wife. Enough of this at present. A new edition of *Cromwell* was demanded, and Carlyle was much occupied thereby. It did not cause him much elation, nor did the criticisms, friendly or unfriendly, affect him in any way. Such matters were left far behind. “We shall be dead soon, and then it is only the fact of our work, that will speak for us through all eternity.” All he wanted was to convince people that Oliver had been, nay was, a genuine man, and by believing that, they might also believe that all great characters must also be genuine, or they must sink into obscurity or something worse.

Carlyle had long been watching Sir Robert Peel, waiting for him to bring in some measure worthy of him. Until he did, he refrained from openly avowing any preference for him or his politics. He was now actually repealing the abominable Corn Laws, to Carlyle's infinite delight. By this deed he was proving himself a worthy statesman in Carlyle's estimation, and he puzzled himself how to let the great man know that such an act met with his gratitude and appreciation. It had not been Carlyle's habit to dedicate his books to any notability, or even to present them with a copy. But in this instance he determined to break through his rule. He sent a copy of his *Cromwell* to the Prime Minister, the gift being accompanied by an autograph letter, in which he says—

“The authentic words and actings of the noblest governor

England ever had, may well have interest for all governors of England; may well be, as all Scripture is, as all genuine words and actings are profitable, profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, for edifying and strengthening withal."

Sir Robert Peel answered—

"SIR,

"Whatever may have been the pressure of my public engagements, it has not been so overwhelming as to prevent me from being familiar with your exertions in another department of labour, as incessant and severe as I have undergone.

"I am the better enabled, therefore, to appreciate the value of your favourable opinion, and to thank you, not out of mere courtesy, but very sincerely, for the volumes which you have sent for my acceptance; most interesting as throwing a new light upon a very important chapter in our history, and gratifying to me as a token of your personal esteem.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

Carlyle was naturally pleased at the success of his book, which no longer rested upon criticisms. He was gratified, because he felt the labour he had expended upon it had been given to a good cause. Oliver had been looked upon for two centuries as a gigantic hypocrite, committing murder, sacrilege, bloodshed, with the singing of psalm tunes to deaden the outcries; and after all this slander he had been really a true God-fearing, God's law-abiding man, and wore his natural face at all times unmasked. It was a revelation; and for Oliver, and to any possible descendants of his, an emancipation, an act of justice that had been delayed too long. This little excitement tended to relieve Carlyle a little from his own domestic trials, which were severe. He was quite alone, childless, and temporarily wifeless. After receiving Mazzini's manly reply to her foolish grumblings at an estimable husband, she softened a little and wrote to Carlyle, and he touchingly acknowledged that she thereby lifted a mountain from his inner man. "Oh! if you could see there the real fact of the thing, verily all would be well. It would indeed, as if, by God's blessing, it shall yet be, and so let us say not a word more of

it, but pray earnestly from our inmost heart, that we may be enabled to do all that is true and good, and be helpful, not hindbersome to one another, and in spite of our anomalous lot, be found as wise, not as foolish."

On July 13th he sent her, as usual, her now never-forgotten birthday present and letter. But the post-master overlooked them, and said there was none for her, which caused Mrs. Carlyle keen mortification, and raised all sorts of wild imaginations in her excitable brain. He was perhaps ill; had gone to Addiscombe, and in the enjoyment of his special friend, had forgotten her very existence! She was in an agony. It was beneficial agony, because it made her value what she feared she was losing; his constant esteem, his calm, unchangeable attachment. She was indeed going the way to forfeit esteem of any sensible body. To doubt the truth, the faithfulness of such a truth-loving, veracious soul as Thomas Carlyle, whom she had already tried to the utmost, was unworthy of her altogether. To begrudge him the society of the solitary few who failed to bore him to death was refined cruelty. His mental necessities demanded such sympathy. He had never complained of *her* friendships and confidences! What a relief it was to her, we can imagine, when a voice cried, "Mrs. Carlyle! Here is a letter." A letter; yes indeed, a noble letter. Thus it ran—

(Abridged.) "I send thee a poor little eard-case. My poor little Jeannie! no heart ever wished another more truly many happy returns of the day, or if *happy* returns are not in our vocabulary (why not?), then wise returns, wise and true and brave, which after all are the only happiness, as I conjecture, that we have any right to look for in this segment of eternity that we are travelling together, thou and I. God bless thee! And know thou always, in spite of the ehimeras and illusions, that thou art dearer to me than any other creature. That is a fact if it can be any use to thy poor soul to know. So accept my little gift, and kiss it as I have done, and say, in the name of heaven, it shall yet all be well, and my poor husband is the man I have always known him from of old, is and *will* be."

Perhaps the humorous philosopher did exeusably laugh in his sleeve sometimes, to find he could so pitiably excite his scornful little wife's jealousy. He must have found a *little* consolation in the reflection, that jealousy must in a certain

way proceed from some kind of love or value set upon one ; and yet surely there is nothing on earth so tiresome as the ceaseless watch and suspicion of the jealous ! Deliver us from its torments, oh ye powers ! Surely such a letter ought to have set her mind at rest, but things were little improved thereby. She did kiss the card-case, she even cried over his letter, but she wrote again to Mazzini, even more confidentially than before ; we judge from his reply—

“Awake, arise, dear friend !” he wrote ; “but by pain or not we must go on with a sad smile and a practical encouragement from one another. You have affection for me as I for you. You would not shake mine ? you would not add yourself to the temptations haunting me to wreck and despair ? you would not make me worse than I am, by your example, by your showing yourself selfish and materialistic ? I have often thought that the arrangement by which loved and loving beings are to pass through death is nothing but the experiment appointed by God to human love,” &c.

This is an answer to a despairing heart. Life was just then a burden to her, apparently despicable, worthless, and marriage an unendurable institution. Yet she guarded the affections of her husband with all the jealousy of an adoring wife. One absolutely wonders at the hitherto self-reliant, brave, consciously superior little woman becoming so abject.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Friendship is the great Balsam of existence. The more vehement, the more enthusiastic it is.—CARLYLE.

CHARLES C. DUFFY, of the *Irish National Newspaper*, had sought Carlyle out in London, and persuaded him to cross the Channel to see what they were doing in Ireland. Something Carlyle had written in *Chartism*, about Irish mismanagement, had attracted the attention of this political writer. But Carlyle went first to Seaforth to see his wife, and try to be reconciled. He had also promised to meet the Barings in the north for a few days, and would fain persuade Jane to join them there, for he was most desirous that she should also enjoy all the advantages so kind a friend provided. But Jane's heart seemed gradually to be dwindling into the smallest dimensions. She refused point blank to associate with Lady Harriet, or to visit her. He might please himself, but at the risk of her temper. It was a most perplexing, painful time for Carlyle. He could not tell Lady Harriet of his wife's absurdities; he could not account for his own altered demeanour, his reticence and reserve, which was the natural outcome of the suspicions his wife felt and expressed. He was the shyest of men, and he felt the slightest breath of suspicion was degrading to the open, candid, avowed friendship with which the titled lady had so graciously favoured him. Jane's thought of his faithlessness disgusted as much as it grieved him, but he was firmly resolved to continue the friendship he valued. To gratify a wife's caprice would not be sufficient justification for marked ingratitude and disrespect towards one who revered and trusted him. Mr. Froude says Carlyle wandered on from mistake to mistake. We cannot

see his mistakes; we fail to see what other he could have done in the matter. He pursued continuously the same honourable course. He kept his promise to spend a few days with the Barings, not pleasant days either, for the lady felt intuitively, with a true woman's instinct, that he was changed. It made her rather cross naturally, but she conformed to the new regime with calm indifference, "with perfect politeness and a graceful conformity with destiny," that rather astonished and perhaps piqued him a little; for his friendship with this high-born dame was very true and real, and he never meant to forego it. His wife's groundless fears of her evil intentions never contaminated his soul. "His relations with her had grown sad, so that he almost wished he had never met her; but with Lady Harriet, he felt sure, no ill-will, no unkindness, no injustice were ever harboured, her intents towards you and me are *charitable*, not wicked. My relation to her is a very small element in her position, but a just and laudable one, and I wish to retain that if I can, and give it up if I cannot. *Voilà tout!* Oh, Goody dear, be wise, and all is well."

The greatest mistake he made was in being so anxious to try and force a friendship upon her she pretended she did not want; but it stands to reason she would have been more angry still, and more justly so, had the lady of fashion ignored her.

From Seaforth, before he paid this short visit to the Barings, he went to see his aged mother, who received her illustrious son with a "moist radiance of joy in her old eyes," which touched him sadly; not many more such meetings could be expected on earth. She would be quick to detect the new anxiety that was fretting that great heart, and when morning after morning passed and brought him no letter from his lady wife, she would share his disappointment and indignation.

The day he started for that unpropitious visit, he wrote—

"Oh, my dearest, how little I can make you know of me! In what a black, baleful cloud for myself and thee are all our affairs involved to thy eyes, at this moment threatening shipwreck if we do not mind. The annals of insanity contain nothing madder than jealousy directed against such a journey as I have before me to-day." But the weighty matter ended that had caused such a tempest. Jane wisely resigned herself to fate. The intimacy was to go on, and she consented to take her part in it; to visit occasionally the *miserable* abode

of wealth, luxury, and idleness. Indeed there was no excuse to give it up; nothing reasonable to be conjured up, except that Carlyle had found a sympathetic friend who never bored him. She must have been a phenomenon.

Poor Carlyle! he declared that "he deserved little to be loved by anybody, but was very grateful to any one who would take the trouble to do it." We wonder if he knows how many there are who now love him, for he "being dead yet speaketh." Still Jane was most unreasonable and continued so at intervals for years, embittering her own and her husband's life by these absurd fears, he showing by every deed and word that she was precisely the same to him as she had ever been. Their minds were at variance on many points, but he was her husband, and there never was one more faithful.

Mr. Larkin, we think it is, who says, that "Mrs. Carlyle shrank from Bath House influence, as from siren flatteries tempting him to destruction." Perhaps she avowed as much. If so, it was much to her discredit; she ought to have had more confidence. Indeed when confidence dies, love must be at a terribly low ebb. As Mr. Larkin says, "the actual relation between Mr. Carlyle and Lady Harriet was in reality much to the credit of both." It was a friendship that he would not allow even his "dear little Jeannie" to destroy by her jealousy or her evil insinuations. A man whose single aim was to purify society was not likely himself to become embroiled in any unworthy intrigue.

In Lady Harriet Carlyle recognized a kindred spirit, and because that brave, heroic spirit dwelt in the frame of a gently-reared lady of rank, that was no reason why he should forego the pleasure they experienced in each other's society. Her intentions and his were both pure and elevating, *not degrading*, true sympathy animating the minds of each. We know there are those to whom such a friendship would be a sheer impossibility; we can only say we pity them.

From Scotsbrig Carlyle took a short trip to Ireland, his poor old mother experiencing agonizing fears lest the Papists should injure her renowned son. As soon as he arrived he despatched intelligence of his safety to his brother John, with the strict injunction to tell his mother that far from doing him harm, the "Irish were abundantly and over-abundantly kind and hospitable." Indeed all men delighted to do him

honour, though he, poor man, felt himself constantly an object of curiosity, a state of being he could scarcely tolerate.

At Dublin he heard O'Connell, for whom he entertained intense dislike; calling him the "poisonous professor of blarney." It was only a flying visit, but he considered it might be of use to him later on. From Ireland he returned direct to Chelsea, where he found his house in a state of "chaos." Helen, their faithful Kirkaldy maid, who had conquered her drinking propensities and had become almost perfect as a domestic servant, had accepted a brother's invitation to Dublin, there to act as his housekeeper. She could not withstand the brilliant hopes of becoming a lady herself, so notice was given and accepted with real disappointment. Helen had seemed almost a fixture—a necessary fixture, and how to get another girl to fall into their ways Jane did not know. She wrote to an Edinburgh friend and told her her perplexities, declaring that Helen had grown better and better for keeping.

Carlyle liked the girl, called her a strange creature, which was what he liked best in her, "possessing intellectual insight almost as of genius, combined with a folly and simplicity as of infancy. Her sayings and observations, her occasional criticisms on men and things, translated into the dialect of upstairs, were by far the most authentic table wit I have anywhere heard. This is literally true, though I cannot make it conceivable." Thus her very eccentricities, united to a faithful and loyal heart, made her both interesting and valuable.

When Carlyle returned, Helen had gone and Jeannie was at her wits' end. This was in September. Of the succeeding months' experience with general servants Jane gives a graphic description in a letter to her sister-in-law. It is dated December, '46. She says that the house had been in a regular puddle through the loss of Helen. Their temporary servant had driven both Carlyle and her to despair, while she had been laid up ill. Betty, their old Haddington servant, had sent them down a real finely educated Scotch girl, who was perfect in Free Kirk orthodoxy and free grace spirituality. She was fully conscious of these inestimable blessings, and was extremely shocked, that her master and mistress "received" on Sabbath. Her pretensions alone made her detestable. Carlyle told her that she would have been better educated if she had been left to puddle in the gutter with her neglected fellow brats, by whom she would have been trampled out of

the world, had she behaved no better than now, and his brief request was that she would disappear straightway, and in no region of God's universe, if she could avoid it, ever let him behold her again."

This Edinburgh maid refused to do her work, declared she had never been told she had to wash, and could not bear spoiling her hands. So Jane had to work a good deal herself, till she was laid up, when of course Carlyle's miseries were intensified, though Jane's cousin, who came to their assistance, did all she could for both of them. At last the girl threatened to take fits and be laid up for twelvemonths, as she declared had happened to her once before. Carlyle told her to go in the devil's name, and on Sunday morning this paragon rushed off after breakfast, arriving next morning with an omnibus for her box, and a female friend for protection. "So much for free grace!"

This girl was followed by an old woman they nick-named "Slow Coach." She gained Carlyle's sympathy by her cleanliness and isolation. Going into the kitchen on one occasion, he found the old woman with white apron, partaking of some meal at a clean table cover. There was a calm dignity of demeanour in this lonely old dame, that struck him as being quite pathetic.

"Slow Coach," however, was succeeded by a little creature called Anne, who was in the happy possession of a single silent follower, a butcher boy, who came to see her regularly once a week till she married him and went to Jersey to reside, when perhaps he found his tongue. By that time Helen's brief lady life had suddenly collapsed. Her relation Carlyle considered a rogue. Helen quarrelled with the "fool of a brother" and returned to Chelsea, but, alas! she had fallen into her old degrading habits of tippling, and they found it impossible to keep her. But we are looking forward.

In October, 1846, Margaret Fuller, the American authoress, visited Cheyne Row, accompanied by a whole bevy of Americans, who invariably took Carlyle for the greatest Englishman alive. This lady did not bore him as he feared she would. No lady bored him so much as Harriet Martineau, to whom he also felt indebted. This feeling of gratitude induced him to make a kind of compulsory effort to be agreeable. This effort alone would make his intercourse with her more wearisome. He wanted to enjoy her society but could not. She

was a *presence*, and it was infinite relief when he knew she had left town. He breathed freer. Margaret Fuller thus writes of Carlyle—

“When I first saw him I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humour, full of wit and pathos without being overbearing or oppressive. Quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse, and the hearty noble earnestness of his personal being. He was never ashamed to laugh when he was amused. He seems to be quite isolated, lonely as the desert, yet never was man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds them, but only in the past. He remarked that the only reader he ever cared to listen to was Elizabeth Fry, as he heard her in Newgate, surrounded by the prisoners. Mrs. Carlyle also is full of grace, sweetness, and talent. Her eyes both sad and charming. On another occasion Mazzini, a dear friend of Mrs. Carlyle’s, was present, full of what Carlyle called ‘rosewater imbecilities.’”

Margaret Fuller did not always speak so favourably of Carlyle. He was a man of many moods, and could never tolerate much contradiction, and if he was, as even a stranger could see, as lonely as the desert, it is no wonder he was melancholy and irritable.

When her own household was in a wretched state, Jane found it some relief to take refuge at “the Grange.” She had at last ceased to make any objection to the continuance of the intimacy, and made the best of it for her own convenience. Yet it was always a subject which she could use to annoy her husband when so inclined.

The visit that winter lasted a fortnight, but they both pretended they got but little enjoyment out of it. The complaint was idleness prevailed. One would imagine if Jane had been so hard worked at Cheyne Row she would for so short a space have welcomed rest. According to her own reports she often did at Chelsea, lying on the sofa, reading French novels, and cultivating the “Pleasant.” What is that but idleness? To make entertainment for a miscellaneous number of people for weeks together can scarcely have been unmixed idleness to Lady Harriet. On that occasion old Samuel Rogers the poet was also a guest, and was one of those who bored Carlyle, and we deplore to have to relate, that he expressed impiously an inclination “to throttle him,” but added self-reproachfully, “Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.”

Lady Harriet had no guest who interested her so much as the one most difficult to entertain—her friend Carlyle. But then he *was* her friend, and when she made herself very scarce, as she did on that occasion, remembering, no doubt, the faint breath of slander that had gone between them, Carlyle was annoyed, pained. On their return to Chelsea Mrs. Carlyle was taken seriously ill with cough and headache, and took to her bed, where she was slowly nursed back to convalescence. Lady Harriet was most anxious to show kindness. She insisted upon them both coming to Bay House for a month, for change of air and continued rest, and Jane engaged to go without much ado. Of all things, to be laid up at home is most distressing to any wife, and to creep about in weakness and depression, seeing things going to rack and unable to give them due attention, is grievous. Lady Harriet was very good. She secured a separate railway compartment for the invalid, and at the station her carriage, with rugs, wraps, and hot water bottles, awaited the travellers. Her ladyship received them both most graciously, and was unremitting in kind attentions. Surely such treatment was enough to heap coals of fire on Jane's head—but the coals did not catch. Her health slowly returned, but gratitude was scarcely awakened. She acknowledged that she had been well done to in every way, but the grand style of the noble mansion, with its confusion of servants, visitors, banquets, &c., could not suit people who though totally unaccustomed to such luxuries, were well used to all kinds of personal comforts.

Carlyle wandered much alone among the "whins and shingle beaches," communing with his own heart. He was at that time writing nothing, and was determined to wait until something made writing peremptory.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide, and deliverer of many. That is the meaning of true mastership.

Man obeys those he esteems better than himself, wiser, braver, and will forever obey such ; and ever be ready and delighted to do it.—CARLYLE, *Past and Present*.

THE New Year, 1847, found both Carlyle and his wife at Addiscombe, for the benefit of the latter's health. The house was full of company, and Jane rapidly became convalescent. We must not suppose that Carlyle had become enriched through his popularity. That would be a mistake. He has been reproached with being parsimonious, because he did not provide better domestics for his wife and a private carriage for her use. But his income would certainly not allow the latter at that time, and it was for Jane to make her own household arrangements. His income was extremely fluctuating, and rarely came in when expected. When he brought out another volume of his *Miscellanies*, he wrote to his brother—"These books of mine, poor things, bring me in some money now, like cows that give a drop of milk at last, though they have had a terrible time of it as calves. It is better to have our evil days when one is young, than when one is old." His *French Revolution* also went through another edition that year, and for that and his *Miscellanies* he received about £600.

His pecuniary affairs were much improved, but still very uncertain. From Craigenputtock they now possessed a fixed income of about £150 a year, and in the Bank a sum of £1500 was deposited. One year he made £800 from his books, another year £100, sometimes more, sometimes less—but

Jeannie was an excellent housekeeper, and spent every penny to the best advantage, and he had no extravagant habits, and would not have had, had his rent roll been £1500 interest instead of capital. He wrote a letter to a young man who was anxious for his advice respecting his adoption of a literary career. He told him candidly "that even with the highest talent he might have to be fed oftentimes like Elijah, by the Ravens, and if his talent, though real, was not very high, he might easily see himself cut off from wages altogether. All men saying to him, 'The thing you offer to us is in the supply and demand market, worth nothing whatever.'" So he practically advised the young man to forswear literature if only he had any solid path of practical business to follow.

How he longed for such business we have certain proof. So anxious was he to obtain the Professorship of St. Andrews in his early married life that he, Thomas Carlyle, actually condescended to "boo" for an ornamental addition to his little list of testimonials. He felt compelled to "boo" to the influential in such a cause, never to forward any deed, or to follow any pursuit that his whole soul did not approve. Probably Jeannie, more anxious than he for his success, invented this epistle of adulation. Carlyle was very human, and with the powerful influence of his ambitious little wife, might on this occasion have weakly yielded to her persuasions without soiling his conscience.

What became of the young man who sought his advice we know not, but if he had the spirit of a Carlyle he still wields the pen he loves, or his hand has lost its cunning by disease or death.

After visiting aristocratic circles, Jane declared that she "was quite content with the place she was born to; that she could not be other than perfectly miserable in idleness, world without end; and for a grand lady, it seems somehow impossible, whatever be her talents or good intentions, to be other than idle to death." We do not agree with Mrs. Carlyle, nor in writing of Donothings and Eatalls did Carlyle mean to allude, as do the vulgar herd, to the Bloated Aristocrats only.

These Donothings and Eatalls are found in every class of society. In the palace, the mansion, the cottage, the common lodging-house, or even under a city archway. They are the plague spots of humanity, and anywhere and everywhere met,

carry with them the unmistakable stamp of their profession. For such people Carlyle ever expressed withering contempt. They did not often put in an appearance at Lady Harriet's table, and she herself was always as brisk as a huntress, sparkling, energetic, devoting herself to her high duties, often heavily laden with efforts of one kind or another, and efforts to produce beneficial results can never truly be called idleness.

Jane and even Carlyle seemed to forget that though *they*, in a short time, wearied of the change, and gladly returned from their convalescent home, to their quiet duties, Lady Harriet was carrying on her good efforts for others in the field—her labours seemed rarely at an end. All honour to her, and to the memory of every such Lady Bountiful!

In July, that year, Carlyle took his wife to Matlock for change of air, where Mr. W. E. Forster joined them. He was then an ardent admirer of Carlyle, and insisted upon their both going with him to Rawdon. Thither they went for a week, finding it one of the most charming spots in Yorkshire. From thence, Carlyle went for a visit to the house of Geraldine Jewsbury, at Manchester, where he had an opportunity of looking over the cotton mills and talking to the leaders of the working men, who were studying his books, and could tell him how far his suggestions were practicable. They expressed a passionate interest in these books, favourable or adverse. There he met Jacob and John Bright, and allowed himself to be miserably stared at in the Manchester drawing-rooms. Mr. Froude says, "he shook peaceable Brightdom as with a passing earthquake." He spoke of the mills he saw as "fetid, fuzzy, and ill-ventilated." This would not be flattering to their owners, nor would his opinions on the Corn Laws be gratifying to their chief supporter, with whom Carlyle was certainly at discord, for he declared their abolition was the greatest veracity done in Parliament this century. Jane, meanwhile, was left under the protection of Mr. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, who took her on to Morpeth, saying, "she looked so horribly helpless, he could not reconcile it to his conscience to leave her to the chance of losing herself." Jeannie looked far more helpless than she was. She was ever full of her own resources.

When she returned home, (Carlyle having gone to Scotsbrig,) she found everything delicious there. Anne had been

so good, and was well prepared for her reception. She gave her mistress a pathetic account of poor old Mr. Sterling, who a week before he died had insisted upon being driven to Cheyne Row, where, quite speechless, he made signs, with tears in his eyes, that he had some dying message for them. Surely that was one of the saddest proofs of the real affection he had entertained for them, and now he was gone for ever. Jane deeply regretted his loss, and remembered his virtues.

Carlyle was "sleepless and stagnant" at Scotsbrig. That is his own description of his state of being. His poor old mother was nearing the dread valley of the shadow of death. The fact was too palpable, and would account for Carlyle's melancholy to a great degree. But she was not yet quite helpless, as she proved.

Carlyle received a letter from Jane. Again she had been ill, and again like a beneficent angel, Lady Harriet appeared at Cheyne Row and carried her off to Addiscombe. But the grand lady, the possessor of so much magnificence, never had been accustomed to as much personal indulgence as had Mrs. Carlyle. Being summer time, no fire was lighted in Jeannie's bed-room, and no wine placed at hand to comfort her before going to rest. No, in spite of Lady H.'s inferior method of spending her time, she does not seem to have encouraged luxury, to the demoralization of her guests.

Jane wrote, full of complaints of her ladyship's harsh treatment, and poor old Mrs. Carlyle, fearing her delicate daughter-in-law was freezing with the cold of August, knitted her some warm woollen stockings, and sent them from her "old withered mother." Every one was kind to Jane. Even old John, her next neighbour's servant-man, when he heard she was suffering from headache, managed to stop all the pianos in the neighbourhood from jingling.

After she had been a little time at Addiscombe, matters improved, and she comforted Carlyle with the news that she had never seen Lady H. in such good spirits, talkative, and liking to be talked to. Only she would seem to ignore the fact, that Jane was ill, and this was quite enough to make her believe that there was no place like home to be sick in. Her belief adds to our *assurance*, that after all her complaints, she had a very snug home in which to be sick. But an expected visitor recalled her to Chelsea. Between Emerson and Carlyle an affectionate correspondence had existed ever since they

had met at Craigenputtock. In America, Emerson had not only got his friend's books read, but had helped to make them understood in a way that his own countrymen are scarcely yet capable of doing. Moreover he had entered into no end of uncongenial business relations on Carlyle's behalf, and sent him money when he was most in need of it.

And now once more Emerson was coming to England, and was to be Carlyle's guest for a time. Afterwards to take Carlyle's old hated rôle of exhibiting himself on British platforms. The very remembrance of his own successful, but to his mind, despicable success, irritated Carlyle. Emerson went to Oxford and Manchester. "I rather think," Carlyle wrote shortly after, "Emerson's popularity is not very great hitherto, his doctrines are too airy and thin for the solid practical heads of the Lancashire region. He is a fine high-souled man, but I think his talent is not quite so high as I anticipated."

We are quite sure it was not. Nothing but perfection could reach Carlyle's expectations. Heaven itself and heavenly bodies alone could satisfy his requirements. Unfortunate man. But he truly loved Emerson, and he astounded the American genius even more on the second interview than on the first. In America, Emerson thus described him—

"Carlyle talks like a very unhappy man. As profoundly solitary, displeased and hindered by all men and things about him, meditating how to explode the whole world of nonsense which torments him. He is greatly respected by all sorts of people, understands his own value, and sees society on his own terms. He is as remarkable in London as the Tower of London."

But Carlyle would not believe himself that he was a great man; when in his native county, he declared he felt himself "the smallest man in Annandale." No doubt blue pill and castor oil had something to do with his sadness. He often expressed pity for the rich, but feels all the time that he has need to be "wae" for himself, signing himself to his wife—"Your affectionate Bad!"

Carlyle's contempt for the emancipation question annoyed Emerson very much, as it had done Harriet Martineau. It is somewhat difficult to account for, knowing as we do the boundless compassion of that mighty heart. But he endeavoured to explain himself to the satisfaction of the philan-

thropic, and to prove that he, in his own soul, was indeed no less philanthropic than they. With intense pain he had come to the heartbreaking conclusion that the very negro slaves might be envied in comparison to the destitute, the neglected and benighted heathen of the British Isles. "To have work and plenty of it, with food and raiment, was luxury in comparison to what was endured by many a white man. As for the word slave or servant, had it not been chosen with proud humility by the Highest in Christendom? Were there not, and are there not, thousands of toilworn English workmen labouring from morning till night with the bare possibility of procuring enough to keep body and soul together? Perpetual slavery, perpetual and hopeless misery. Earth crying all around—Come and till me! come and reap me! yet by the governing powers and impotences of this England, men are bidden to sit still, to lie, cheat, or steal for their daily bread! forbidden to obey the calls of nature! Such prove their sisterhood and brotherhood by dying of sheer want and hope deferred."

Carlyle's own heart ached ceaselessly for the miseries of his fellow-creatures. He longed to see more fraternity among men. Fraternity is not and never *can* mean equality. Where the inequality is to our advantage we should show least consciousness of it. It is sure to be recognized on the other side, willingly or unwillingly. But Carlyle never forgot, at the height of his glory, that he was the brother of slaves and prisoners, or when riding on horseback did he ever despise his footsore, weary, or poverty-stricken fellows, tramping within sight, ragged and shoeless. The mercilessness of man to man horrified him, whether the victim of misgovernment be black or white. He felt a contempt for emancipation, because too much was expected from it. The word was in every mouth. Every man, woman, or child, would be emancipated from being obliged to do what they did not like. Carlyle did not believe in any such stuff and nonsense. Political emancipation for the working man, of not the slightest use to an uneducated man, could not change him into a manly, self-respecting, moral character, as suggested. First educate the masses, then endow them with the power of using their educational powers. A man who cannot read fluently, can scarcely understand his own politics, and for a man to vote according to order, is far worse than that he

should not vote at all. Of course we know that many a member sits to make the laws who has not given one tenth of the attentive thought to his subject as the humble voter who has helped him to his place.

But then the emancipation of the negroes was, of course, another question. Carlyle was prejudiced against the very word. The only liberty attainable to the multitude of ignorant mortals was in being guided or else compelled by some one wiser than themselves. Only let their masters *be* wiser than the men. Only let them prove by their justice, their capability, industry, self-sacrifice, that they were worthy of being masters, and such guides and rulers would make even slavery tolerable.

To Carlyle it was a problem how three millions of human beings, trained to be useful to their masters, accustomed to no thought of the morrow, to have everything provided for them, and decided for them—how, if suddenly thrown upon their own resources, they would manage to exist? How could they all be started in the world? The masters might be compensated for giving the poor creatures their freedom, but would they be compelled to find them work sufficient to provide them even with the barest necessities of life? Has the question been satisfactorily answered? What has become of the Uncle Toms without the Cabins?

The theory for the abolition of slavery was grand enough, but slavery was instituted by the Almighty in the olden times, and when conducted according to Hebrew laws, was not an unendurable institution, and Carlyle had tremendous veneration for the old Testament, so he could not bring it to his conscience to condemn what God had justified, though the world was growing very old and needed mending. He feared it would never be restored to its original glory.

Carlyle was, at the time of Emerson's visit, lying fallow, "*Frederick the Great* floating about his brain as a future possibility." But he was uncommonly idle, consequently more unhappy than usual. When Emerson arrived at Cheyne Row "the door was opened by Mrs. Carlyle, and the man himself stood behind her and bore the candle."

"Well, here we are shovelled together again," was his greeting.

"Carlyle's talk was like a river, full and never ceasing; we talked till after midnight, and again next morning at

breakfast we were on. Then started to walk to London, and London Bridge, the Tower, and Westminster were all melted down in the river of his speech."

When people crowded round Emerson in America, urging him to denounce Carlyle for his strong expressions against their country, and told him it was his sacred duty so to do, Emerson stood serene and silent as the rocks until the storm had subsided, and the angry sea was calm.

Perhaps he was a little disappointed in his master, but he never avowed it, and years before when he invited him over to Concord, he gave him permission to be "as cynical, as headstrong, and fantastical as he pleased." And he found his friend precisely the same man as at the hermitage of Craigenputtock, neither spoilt nor improved by his contact with his fellow man. Isolated then—isolated still. The loneliest man in Christendom, with sorrows secret and irremediable.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The comic at his command, with the highest degree of the sublime.

—CARLYLE, *Miscellanies*.

Aversion itself with him is not hatred. He despises much, but justly, with tolerance, even with a sort of love. Love, in fact, is the atmosphere in which he breathes, is the medium through which he looks.—CARLYLE, *Miscellanies*.

WE are told that Dr. Johnson once admitted that to him the "praises of a great duke were pleasanter than those of a great writer." Carlyle never reciprocated that sentiment, never pretended to have any veneration for Aristocracy for its own sake, only for the intrinsic merits with which some of its members were endowed. The praise of a noodle, whether an aristocratic or literary noodle, was not valued by Carlyle half a farthing. Literature to him was a power, and never could reduce him to servility, or make him dependent on a patron; and some would-be patrons "are no more capable of forming a just estimate of a great man's works, than they are of analyzing the music of the spheres." Carlyle had extraordinary gifts and indefatigable energy. He would sell neither.

About this time the question was raised of admitting Jews into Parliament. Baron Rothschild was very anxious to enlist Carlyle into the cause, and wrote requesting a favourable pamphlet on the subject, hinting that he might demand any sum as compensation. Carlyle replied that *it could not be*. For himself he did not care one jot who joined the majority of talking, inactive Parliamentarians, but at the same time he expressed surprise that "the Jews, who were looking out for the coming of Shiloh, should be seeking office in a Gentile Legislature. But the Man of Wealth, Jew or Gentile, seems

to think the coming of Shiloh a very dubious question, and in the meantime" they could look after the main chance.

Carlyle himself was absolutely indifferent to wealth and to all the luxury it can afford. In his sane hours he felt thankful that the grim shadow of beggary had receded far out of sight, and that poverty could no longer afflict him or his wife. Yet still he was afflicted; he had too much to say, and except by saying, was otherwise almost helpless. When at Alverstoke, Addiscombe, Bath House, or other places of earthly grandeur, mixing in the very highest society, a voice would cry inwardly, as to Elijah of old, "What doest thou here?" Never could he banish from his mind at the sumptuous table, in the presence of those clothed in purple and fine linen, that outside at the very gate, perhaps, lay Lazarus, hungry, naked, sick. He never forgot, among the most cultivated, that the uncultivated were yet endowed with an inner spiritual man, making the beggar a brother to Dives, and equally capable of culture. He contemplated himself as being "considered and tolerated as a desperate, half-mad, if usefullish fireman, rushing along the ridge tiles in a frightful manner, to quench the burning chimney, not *one* coming to his assistance." He far from despised good breeding, nay, he considered it "the finest thing in the world." But though it was a thing one might not be endowed with naturally, it was within the grasp of all with means of culture at their command, but totally beyond the reach of the children of toil. What angered him was the terrible example set by those possessed of every advantage to those so far less fortunate. If idleness among the poor is unpardonable, it is equally disgraceful, however gracefully assumed, by the rich.

January, '48, found Carlyle again at Alverstoke, where he laid awake at night contrasting his present brilliant surroundings with his early peasant-home. He wrote to his mother all about his grand doings, or *no doings*, by which he hoped to amuse her. Visitors generally rose at eight, but special orders were given to Carlyle's valet not to enter his room till half-past eight, when he attended upon the celebrated guest and assisted him to dress. Shaving, bathing, and dressing took him three-quarters of an hour. He was provided with a beautiful bed-room with three windows looking out upon lawns, woods, and shrubberies. His bed was large, old-fashioned, curtained, tempting him to laziness, while the quiet

was perfectly unsurpassable. Most of the visitors were out of doors by nine, sauntering about, smoking, or amiably conversing. If Jane were also a guest she would issue out of her own two pretty rooms and join her husband. At breakfast they were attended by an "infinite number of flunkys, cates and condiments. Much making of wits without much gravity of reason;" but no one enjoyed laughter more than Carlyle. Till two in the afternoon he retired to his own room to grumble at himself for enjoying himself so much. At two they lunched and then dispersed, the ladies to drive and the gentlemen to ride on horseback.

Thus day after day glided by—the tide of guests ebbing and flowing in one continual stream. In such an establishment who could charge host or hostess with idleness?

"Strange quarters for the likes of them," said Carlyle, "and in spite of all this fuss not unpleasant." One visit lasted five weeks, and the friendliness of the Barings never diminished, never fagged. Surely Carlyle and his wife ought to have been grateful. That *he* was truly there can be no doubt, and also that if he dared he would have expressed it more loudly; but to spare Jeannie's ridiculous jealousy he said as little about the subject as possible.

Charles Buller was a frequent guest at those fashionable resorts; also Macaulay, for whom Carlyle ever entertained some respect. On one occasion he met Sir Robert Peel at dinner at Bath House. Ever since he had sent him the present of *Oliver Cromwell*, the Prime Minister had always recognized him, though as yet they had not been introduced. He described the statesman as being well read, rather reserved, unobtrusive, possessing a great deal of mild humour, and real sensibility to the ludicrous, which our melancholy prophet and philosopher admired most of all. Sir Robert's laugh promised much, and Carlyle felt it a privilege to know him.

In the spring of '48 all London was agitated by the monster Chartist movement. As he was the author of a book called *Chartism*, he was pestered by everybody interested or terrified by the rumours afloat; but they were all so intent in giving vent to their own opinions, that these interviews with Carlyle produced little but interrupted twaddle. He longed to deliver his soul in writing for the magazines, but no established journal dare give him his full swing, knowing his propensity

to hit all round. The streets were swarming too with Irish beggars. Jane was ill, and Lady Harriet had taken her out of town, so Carlyle spent his time at Chelsea like an Egyptian mummy, without uttering twenty words in a day, waiting the upshot of the monster petition and the Chartist scare.

Thousands of special constables had been sworn in, and Carlyle ventured out into the London streets to see if a revolution was astir. He found all as quiet as Addiscombe farm. No constables were required, though every one was alarmed. The streets were almost deserted, the Duke of Wellington's blinds all down, and the Green Park gates closed. The revolution all ended in smoke. Carlyle was disappointed that so little or perhaps nothing had come out of this Chartist agitation. The leaders were imprisoned, and he declared that "Cant, insincerity, imposture, and practical injustice once more had the rule." The scheme had been wild, he acknowledged, but oh! there were remedies to be found for the crying evils, and the doctrine of "*Laissez faire*" was diabolical. Ireland was famine stricken. Was it a fact that for that unhappy country discontent or emigration were inevitable? Carlyle would never believe that good government was a human impossibility, and determined that he would never allow his own energy in advocating it to depart from him while he breathed.

That year old Lord Ashburton died, and Mr. Baring reigned in his stead. He did not appear to rejoice thereat. After the funeral he looked miserably ill, thin, pale—the very picture of sorrow. He was the inheritor of £60,000 per annum, but he was childless. What was the use of it? So thought Carlyle, and he thought very much the same respecting his own fortune should he ever amass one.

There was also another death that pained him deeply. This was no other than that of Charles Buller. He had attained the highest parliamentary distinction, and the brightest future seemed before him; but through the unskilful treatment of some surgeon, lost a life esteemed invaluable. To Carlyle it was almost the grief of a parent. He, like Emerson, was one of his few spiritual sons. When he had in a measure recovered the blow, he wrote a most tender, pathetic elegy, which was published in time for his heartbroken mother to read, who soon followed her beloved son to the grave, dying of pure grief for his irreparable loss. Carlyle was heart-sick, his hair

was rapidly turning white, and he deplored that as yet he had done so little. The question *now* was what to write about. His *Oliver* had had a wide sale, and the man was at last magnified into a hero. People were anxious to raise up an immortal monument to his memory, to give him a corner in Westminster Abbey or in the public squares, anything or anywhere to do him honour. Carlyle never encouraged that way of perpetuating fame. He said they had much better learn of him to be honest and true.

In '49, people were anxiously watching the fortunes of the brave enthusiast, Mazzini. Carlyle wrote to his mother concerning his Italian friends, "Death grapples with the old Anti-christ, the Pope." Mazzini was then one of the three kings of Rome, actually living in the Pope's palace, and Louis Napoleon, whom Carlyle had often seen driving about in London, with whom he had dined and conversed, was now wielding the sceptre of France. "Very likely," prophesied Carlyle, truly enough, "the Copper Captain will be driving his carriage in England again some day."

Mazzini had, we know, been more appreciated by Mrs. Carlyle than her husband, who, though he pronounced him "beautiful, merciful, fierce, full of fun and wild emotion, had, notwithstanding, a large amount of moonshine about him," and wearied Carlyle with his wild ideas of overthrowing the Austrian Empire! He! why even Jeannie declared she could prove herself a more powerful arch-conspirator. Yet there he was in Rome, resisting unto death.

Ireland remained England's plague-spot—has been, and very likely will be, for centuries—"the breaking-point of the huge suppuration of British society, the ragged lady of a diseased soul," whom, however, Carlyle determined to revisit at some early date.

That year Mr. Froude was introduced to Carlyle, and he gives us his first impression. He found him sitting in his little flagstoned backyard—smoking. His age then, fifty-four; his personal appearance tall, thin, upright, angular, beardless; with a somewhat prominent chin, a thin neck, firmly closed mouth, under lip slightly projecting, eyes a deep violet, with fire burning out of the bottom of them. He was not over polite to Mr. Froude, having heard some of his opinions, which he disapproved. But, indeed, conventional politeness Carlyle did not cultivate, his was all heart-felt or nil.

Mrs. Carlyle was the most interesting woman Mr. Froude had ever seen, and told stories at her husband's expense, which *apparently* amused him as much as their visitors!

Carlyle had said of his great future biographer, that he "ought to burn his own smoke, and not torment other people's nostrils with it." Mr. Froude, when better known, did not torment, but cheered the sage.

In 1849 Mrs. Carlyle at last ventured on a visit to Had-dington. She tried to pass *incognito*, and climbed over the churchyard wall at early dawn to visit her father's grave. "It looked old, old!" and yet some one had lately been there, and cleared away the weeds. She entered the church and sat in the old square pew, where she recalled a vision of her beloved parents and her own childish figure. The place seemed struck with the coldness and silence of the grave, and she herself seemed but the ghost of the happy, yet mournful past.

From such solemn scenes she visited the old schoolroom where she had learnt from her beloved tutor so many of life's lessons. All the people she met seemed so calm and indifferent, while her own heart was bursting with the emotions she could scarcely control. But wherever she made herself known, the delight every one expressed rose to wildest excitement. She was dear to all who recollected the bright, vivacious little Jeannie Welsh of past days.

"Have you any children?" asked one old man.

"No."

"What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Amusing myself," replied brave Jeannie.

She also visited her father's sisters, and excused her late estrangement from them as arising from her fears that they would bother her concerning her soul!

Carlyle was paying his long-promised visit to Ireland. He had left London on the 30th of June, in a Dublin steamboat, leaving Jeannie with Lady Harriet, who showed her no sympathy at parting from him, or for her fears at his catching cold, because he had left his plaid behind him. Carlyle was able to look out for himself, thought my ladyship, and would not hesitate to wrap himself even in the tarpaulin if nothing else was available.

Ireland he found in a wretched state, full of ragged beggars, swarming everywhere—a sight of all others of "despicable,

abject incapability." Irish welfare had constantly been on the lips of Englishmen, while the interests of England had ever been, and still are, paramount. All the religion he fell in with seemed to him too irreligious, doing mischief instead of good. He denounced landlords, archbishops, monarchs, as "canailles whom the gods are about to chastise and extinguish, unless they altered."

He was sorely perplexed with the Irish question, and exasperated that exit out of the difficulty seemed almost a superhuman discovery. He was indeed thankful to return from such scenes of hopeless misery, beggary, and desolation, lasting for centuries and no nearer the end. From Ireland he went straight to Scotsbrig, where the sight of human industry, thrift, cleanliness, human creatures decently clothed and in their right mind, was truly refreshing. In Scotland he and Jane spent a few days at her cousin's peaceful manse, and she gave him a graphic description of her late Haddington experiences. When they parted, she returned to visit some friends at Haddington, and he to the Ashburton shooting-place for about a fortnight, which he styled a "crowded gypsy existence," only restlessly and grumblingly endured.

Before returning to Chelsea he paid a last visit to their old friend, Lord Jeffery, who died the following spring.

Thus ended their three months' excursion, and husband and wife met at Cheyne Row, with their sad faces still more saddened by mournful memories, but none the less welcome to each other for that.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It is the morality of a man, to whom the earth and all its glories are in truth a vapour and a Dream, and the Beauty of Goodness the only real possession. Poetry, Virtue, Religion, for other men have but, as it were, a traditionary and imaginary existence ; are for him the everlasting basis of the Universe.—CARLYLE, *Novalis*.

A GENTLEMAN friend once accosted Carlyle in the streets of Edinburgh, armed as a special constable or volunteer, and said, "You should have the like of this." The characteristic answer was, "Yes, but I have not yet decided on which side." That incident occurred when he was almost a youth ; now, in the year 1850, as a middle-aged man, he had scarcely decided with whom to unite himself.

After his return from Ireland, he meditated a work on that unhappy country, but could not make up his mind what was the precise cause of its wretchedness. That the Irish were a noble, self-sacrificing, patriotic people, capable of managing their own affairs, he could not allow ; but that they had been miserably mismanaged he could, and did. The Irish question was a problem ; he felt instinctively that his personal knowledge was inadequate to solve it, so besides writing a journal of what he saw and felt during his visit, he resolved to let it alone.

But he must do something—write something. Modern Radicalism was disgusting him. Hitherto the Radicals had counted him as being on their side. He meant to open their eyes to their delusion. His interest was always awake to the cause of the "atoms of humanity," which Radicalism, he believed, was ready to leave to swim or sink, or, like dumb-driven cattle, to press on their weary march. Carlyle would make laws that every poor black man should be treated humanely, better, far better, than the finest racehorse.

Masters of white men, and owners of black, should be compelled to provide well for, and kindly to treat those in their service. Surely if a society for prevention of cruelty to animals could be founded, the general voice of a nation could prevent cruelty to one's brethren. To turn adrift a vast and increasing nation of black negroes, naturally animalized by centuries of toil and the vegetation of mere existence, seemed to Carlyle like letting loose a huge menagerie in every town. It would be idleness running to putrefaction. It has been done, and the human animals were found very tractable, and in many instances proved themselves, in spite of their skin, in spite of their previous lives of bondage—veritable men, sober, industrious, godly. But what of the incapables? Have they proved their incapacity by dying off and becoming extinct? We hear of many an old negro who pines after the fleshpots of slavery, and bewails the miseries entailed by emancipation. A gentleman with whom we are personally acquainted recently visited America, where he had himself known many slaves. All were dead after whom he inquired, every one; but, in his opinion, the abolition of slavery will be a benefit to succeeding generations.

Carlyle, however, prophesied only ill, and brought out the first of his *Latter Day Pamphlets* on the nigger question. This gave general dissatisfaction. John Mill, his former friend, made quite a ferocious attack upon it. The breach widened to a gulf, and yet when Carlyle met his antagonist in the street, his heart warmed towards him because his face wore such an expression of sadness. The Petrarchan, but no less painful romance, shadowed his life and left lines of care and sorrow on those handsome features. There are two things essential to human happiness—a hard heart and a capital digestion. Carlyle was lamentably deficient in both, and was at times comforted by the thought that life is short.

His second pamphlet was on model prisons. He went to visit Millbank jail, that he might see with his own eyes how the new philanthropical system worked. The criminals were comfortably housed, clothed, fed, and on their way to supposed reclamation by the love instead of the punishment method. Among them he noticed faces brutalized by all manner of vice; faces expressive of every evil propensity; men whose lives had given ample proof that they were the "Devil's Elect." And these were amply provided for by the imposition

of rates on God's honest poor, who, when sickness or age crept upon them, had no place of shelter save the workhouse, infinitely inferior in some respects to those fine places of confinement. The reflection made him savage, and he wrote so fiercely and contemptibly of such charitable projects, that he mortally offended the originators, and the gulled public who believed in them. Yet he was never hard-hearted, or rarely, when he came into personal contact with misery, however degraded its appearance. Many a coin he bestowed indiscriminately. It was hard to him ever to refuse a cry for help. Upon poor bare-footed beggary he ungrudgingly bestowed his alms, and when some friend would remonstrate, he would say—"No doubt he is a son of Gehenna, but it is very low water with him. This modern life hardens our hearts more than it should."

His *Latter Day Pamphlets* were twelve in number, and have no doubt done much good, though at the time the reading world declared that "Carlyle had taken to drinking whisky, or perhaps gone mad." He bore all that was said very complacently, being by that time inured to all manner of treatment. The criticisms, however unfavourable, did not in the least hinder the sale of his work. He had many disciples who would think it irreverent to criticize anything he wrote, who swallowed all unconditionally. As for himself he declared that the whole posterity of Adam, if he but continued true to himself, could never succeed in making shipwreck of him.

At the height of his unpopularity he was gratefully surprised to receive an invitation to dinner from Sir Robert Peel, who was anxious to know more of so renowned an author, and Carlyle, no less favourably impressed by the statesman, who had actually repealed the Corn Laws, availed himself gladly of the honour conferred upon him. He was received most cordially, Sir Robert personally introducing the now unpopular author to his most distinguished guests.

Carlyle's eyes and ears were all riveted on the statesman, who in his estimation was fast becoming the type of what a minister should be. And as a man he was. His reserve, his calm voice, his hearty laugh, and burst of quiet humour, charmed them. When the party broke up, he remembered it as one of the pleasantest in his life. The Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, insisted upon driving Carlyle home in his

carriage. From that day these two great men began an intimacy that continued for years. Two greater extremes could scarcely be found. The Bishop thought Carlyle one of the most truly religious men living, and Carlyle declared that "he did not hate Sam half so much as he feared he ought."

Once again Carlyle met Sir R. Peel at dinner at Bath House, and his respect deepened. At a grand ball, the only ball he ever patronized, given by Lord Ashburton, he met the Duke of Wellington, for whom he always expressed the greatest admiration.

Once Carlyle met Sir Robert Peel in the streets, and ventured to do what was foreign to him—he saluted. The Prime Minister at once advanced, and shaking him cordially by the hand gave him a never-to-be-forgotten "How are you?" That must have been the last time they met.

On the 29th of June, that same year, 1850, Carlyle was returning from Piccadilly on foot, and noticed an elderly nobleman, whose horse was capering among the carriages in an alarming manner, and at the same moment a tragic event was occurring on Constitution Hill, for which he was little prepared. Sir Robert Peel was then similarly plunging on horseback. Unhappily, this horse threw its rider. He was mortally injured. Carlyle did not hear of the accident till the next day, when he joined his wife at Addiscombe and received the sad intelligence. He could scarcely credit the report, and hastened back to Chelsea for further news. In a few days, however, all was over. In Carlyle's estimation the hope of England had departed. "God bless you all," were the dying statesman's last words to his weeping children.

To Carlyle this was a great blow. Since his personal acquaintance with the illustrious dead he had been big with hope for England's future; having such faith in his administration. This terrible fatality crushed him for a moment, but he bowed to the inevitable. He had had some hopes of entering parliament himself under so able a leader; from that time he renounced the idea, and lost much of his political interest. Sad and depressed, he went to South Wales for change of air, and from thence to the quiet of Scotsbrig. Part of his travels were by steamer, and he most comically described the tortures he endured by the new steam boat arrangements. The gents' cabin contained some sixteen male creatures packed one upon another in layers, and "he felt

it positively immoral to think of sleeping in such a receptacle of abominations. He compared himself to an unfortunate Jonah, most thankful to be cast once more upon the streets."

From Scotsbrig he wrote: "Why should a living man complain at all. We get, each of us, the common fortune with superficial variation. A man ought to know that he is not ill-used, if he miss the thing one way, he gets it in another."

Scotsbrig was so calm, so simple and peaceful in its habits, that it seemed a continued Sabbath to the man who was now habituated to the excitement of London society. The scenery all round was, moreover, of surpassing beauty. Poor old Annandale! He received while there a note from his brilliant, but true-hearted friend, Lady Ashburton. Surely their two lives were then at the extreme ends of society, and he was puzzled to know which end pleased him most. His mother was very weak, but so sweetly, piously resigned. And yet even amid such peaceful scenes he was tormented. He wanted new clothes, and that meant "talk" on painful subjects with tailors and cloth manufacturers. He declared he ought to be "wrapped in cotton wool and laid in a drawer," where, at any rate, human beings would leave him alone, and thus spare him no end of fret and botheration. It seemed to him he had said over and over again on every subject all he had to say. He was the acknowledged king of talkers; his vast knowledge, his pungent wit, his keen sarcasm, made him almost a walking encyclopædia to the intellectual world. He was flattered, admired, tolerated, listened to as no other man was. "His chief strength was moral rather than physical," says Mr. Froude. Mrs. Carlyle continued still out of humour with him, and wearied him with ceaseless reproaches. She went to Addiscombe some of the time that he was absent. She wrote tartly that her company had become useless to him; to which he replied, "Oh! if you could but cease to be conscious of what your company is to me. The consciousness is all the malady in that. Ah me! ah me!"

Did she forget what his company had so often been to her? Wearisome, heavy, without end. She had been so silent as he sat at her feet, that he had often entreated even for a sign of life from her. But now that he had found a friend whose interest he had roused, whose constant sympathy was unfailing, and one, moreover, who revered him more than any other man

living, Jane was angered. Naturally, say some. She never charged him with flirting with Lady Harriet; when people revere each other they never flirt. Perhaps the feeling is much deeper. With true spiritual discernment they admire in each other their best gifts, and love that kindred spirit with all pureness, with all knowledge. It was not Carlyle's intellect that Lady Harriet esteemed most highly in him, but his goodness, his earnestness; so intense, so passionately true. He was something what he so ardently wished to be, and as such, the lady of fashion looked up to him as master. Naturally he appreciated such esteem in so superior a mortal. What man would not? But Lady Harriet had no accursed flannel shirts to mend for her peculiar guest, no odious buttons to put on different articles of his wearing apparel, as had the wife of the hero, and she considered these things, and felt a contemptible pity for the man who thus required such prosaic attentions.

To his mother she wrote grumblingly that "Carlyle never notices that anything ailed her, if only she were on her legs." On his behalf, we must remind our readers that Mrs. Carlyle was so frequently off them that he was only too gratified to find her capable of making use of them; also, that even a hero cannot go buttonless or ragged, and that she, being a spoilt and an only child, did not take very kindly to her needle; though to her credit she used it vigorously enough, by fits and starts, and did not forget to tell her friends of her performances. They had now a little dog, which became a great favourite with his master; and even of this fact Jane writes sarcastically to her friend John Forster—

"Oh Lord, I forgot to tell you, I've got a little dog, and Mr. C. has accepted it with an amiability! To be sure when he comes down gloomy in the morning, or comes in wearied from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on his hind legs, as *I* ought to do and can't, and he feels flattered and impressed by such unwonted capers to his honour and glory!"

To write in such a way of her husband to a comparative stranger was not kind or magnanimous on Jane's part. Again she wrote to the same friend—"that she is ill, and a sight of him would do her good." She had been reading a book written by her friend Geraldine, all on love, which sadly reminds her of her own love's young dream, adding—"She will sing to

another tune if she live and go on writing for twenty years."

Her love's young dream, alas! was not Thomas Carlyle, who had made a dangerous experiment in making a helpmeet of a woman at the very time when her love for another was nearly driving her to despair.

When Carlyle arrived at Chelsea from his visit to his mother he found no one to greet him but his little Nero. Jane, knowing he was to pay a visit to the Lake district, did not expect him so soon. He had stayed a short time at Windermere, but being out of sorts, had proved himself but a sorry guest. He had visited Alfred Tennyson, who had just married, and anticipated much happiness for the poet in his new state.

Carlyle found all the domestic arrangements wonderfully improved, and bestowed silent blessings on his "incomparable artist Goody!"

Finding the change to Addiscombe was doing her good, he joined her there for a week, before settling down to their Chelsea home. 1851 was the year of the Great Exhibition, and the crowded London streets became intolerable to Carlyle. Visitors would naturally pour upon him, and he fled for refuge into the country, taking up his residence with Dr. Gully, of Malvern, to try hydropathy. But he did not appreciate the water-cure system one bit, with its endless botheration. His wife had gone to friends in Lancashire, and he pursued his journey to Scotland.

Again he and his wife had parted with mutual dissatisfaction. Carlyle had ventured to approach her for a farewell kiss with a cigar in his mouth, for which she cruelly reprimanded him, he all the while as innocent as a child of giving offence. But now she seemed ever on the alert to find cause for complaint.

The air of Scotsbrig, the dear home faces, especially the best loved and revered on earth, that of his visibly fading old mother's, were all so sweet and refreshing to the wearied man of too illustrious fame. His mother knew instinctively that all was not quite as it should be at Chelsea, and her heart was troubled. No one knew the honour and truthfulness of her son as she did, no one knew how keenly he would feel the breath of suspicion. He remained with her three weeks—a peaceful time that passed only too rapidly, and then he returned to Chelsea to find the Ashburtons away from town. They had gone to Paris, where, in answer to a warm invitation, Carlyle

and Mr. Browning, the poet, followed them. Carlyle was mentally and physically an invalid, and though, as usual, he was most generously entertained, the Paris expedition was a failure. Lord Ashburton introduced him to everybody worth knowing, but the excitement and the noise caused sleeplessness, and in spite of the enjoyable rides in the Bois de Boulogne, on English horseback, he packed up his trunk, and took his flight back to the gloomy street at Chelsea.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Farewell for the last time, in this world of shadows. In the world of realities may the Great Father again bring us together in perfect holiness, in perfect love.—CARLYLE.

CARLYLE began now to study seriously for his *Life of Frederick called the Great*. He was out of humour both with himself and with his subject. Frederick was by no means a man after his own heart, and yet he could hit upon no character whose supreme determination and force of will could entitle him better to be considered Great. Of Frederick's greatness, however, he was very dubious; but he, at any rate, had proved himself a ruler of men, and possessed immense decision of character.

Carlyle was indeed at a loss for a subject. He would not venture on the life of a saint; he considered he had left theology for the theologians when he threw up the ministry. He wanted to write for practical purposes. Yet we fail to see that his immense work was as didactic or instructive as he meant it to be. It is chiefly valuable on account of its vast historical research, its inimitable humour and wonderful descriptive powers. One might almost fancy that the prophet had grown wearied and disheartened in the delivery of his message. But his voice was not hushed when he ceased to cry aloud and spared not. No, his appeals, his warnings and denunciations are a living voice for all time. Their grim, tremendous earnestness will never more be silent while English letters last. As Kingsley truly says—"Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book," so we say—"Except *the* living man, Carlyle, there is nothing more wonderful than his books, which are ours for all time." He did not write for the uneducated, nor did he write for any particular

class, but for all who would take the trouble to read him. His works require study, and he wanted above all things to make his readers think for themselves, and not be blindly led by another. He never wrote a page without evincing unmistakably the noble spirit which animated him; but the comic and the tragic were ever at war within him; laughter and tears following close upon each other. He was far from happy when he commenced that last great work. Jane was on a ceaseless fret; his mother was passing away, and his own heart was sick unto death. Lady Harriet wrote and begged Jane to come to her assistance in the entertainment of her guests. Lady Harriet never felt at liberty to despatch "bores," if once admitted within her walls. It was compulsory on her, for *noblesse oblige*, to find amusement for the most stupid, uninteresting people as well as for the gifted. She asked Jane's help, showing thereby her own recognition of Jane's powers.

Now Mrs. Carlyle liked to be useful, *but to be made use of* was a very different thing. She took offence, wrote to John Carlyle of what she had to endure, expressed the opinion that if she refused Lady Harriet Carlyle would quarrel with her outright, and then, after making a tremendous fuss, packed up her trunk and went.

Carlyle was pained—perhaps angry. We know a good many husbands who would have lost patience altogether. One cannot expect to be for ever receiving kindnesses and benefits and never to make a return. One would think that with so independent a spirit as Jane possessed, she would be glad in any way to wipe off some of the endless scores of gratitude they owed to Lady Harriet, who kept open house for them both, and was lavish in her kind attentions.

Carlyle always missed his wife. When at home she delighted in entertaining his visitors, and spared him infinite trouble. When she was away they seemed to pour upon him. He retained many of his hardy peasant tastes. He delighted in swilling his flagstones with pails of water, and just in the midst of such interesting occupation a "bore" would beg for admittance. Even ladies have caught him similarly engaged, with a kind of smock on, and his bushy hair all disarranged. Too many such interruptions irritated him. Soon he packed up his bag and followed Jeannie to Addiscombe, where he felt as much at home as at Cheyne Row, and had quite as much liberty granted him.

Sir Henry Taylor relates a curious anecdote of Addiscombe. The house was as usual full of guests, and Carlyle was dyspeptic and gloomy. When that was the case he knew he was apt to alarm gentler souls. He betook himself into the seclusion of his private apartments, where he remained for some days, refusing to see or be seen. Lady Ashburton became alarmed, fearing her friend was perhaps seriously indisposed. She prevailed upon her own doctor to force an entrance. The doctor went to the door and was admitted by Carlyle himself, with a volley of explosives against himself and the whole medical profession. He declared he might as well pour out a tale of suffering into the long hairy ears of a jackass as into those of any medical man living. His language was so grotesque, and the whole scene so comical, that the doctor could not take offence. He returned to her ladyship with assurances that Carlyle was in no danger, if dangerous.

They invariably spent Christmas with the Ashburtons, who never objected to his peculiar habits or his vehement language. They did not tolerate, but valued him too much. His very failings were unlike those of anybody else, and in spite of them his superiority was everywhere felt. The religious world cruelly criticized his *Life of Sterling*, but criticisms had lost their power, he never so much as read one of them. Most afternoons he rode out at Chelsea, for he had now another horse; and at midnight, when his day's work of intense study was over, he would wander about the almost silent streets, or by the riverside, still "lonely, solitary as the dead."

In the summer of '52, he wrote what for him was a cheerful letter to his dear old mother, to which Jane thought well to add, somewhat audaciously, we think, the following postscript—"I am surprised, and wonder that so good and sensible a woman as yourself should have brought up her son so badly that he should not know what patience and self-denial mean; merely observing that he is 'gey ill to live wi'.' Gey ill, indeed, and always the longer the worse." Surely she might have spared a fast-dying and deeply-loving mother such painful recriminations on her son. But Jane, whatever her virtues, was not considerate or magnanimous.

Carlyle was now contemplating a visit to the continent for the purpose of his work, and was anxious for Jane to accompany him. It is difficult to ascertain her own views on the matter. What she wanted was a renovated house, and to be

rid of the master. But he vainly imagined that the house could be done up without turning him out. He was anxious to get on with his writing, and willing to endure a certain, if not an unlimited, amount of annoyance. He consented to be removed from room to room, keeping a pail of water close beside him to allay the heat. But Jane called in workmen of every description—plasterers, joiners, paper-hangers, &c. He was driven frantic with the continued uproar, and at last took up his books and fled to Scotland, on a visit to Mr. Erskine, who dearly loved him. Jane remained behind to superintend operations, right glad to have packed off her husband, and herself delighting in being the architect and factotum of the household improvements. She was then in her element, and found such occupation “infinitely more to her taste than talking in silk at *soirées* at Bath House,” where she was not the presiding genius. It was such a consolation to be of use to the bricklayers or workmen; such a nuisance to be a help to her ladyship. Carlyle spoke of these household earthquakes with overwhelming eloquence. He disliked intensely all domestic changes, as well as change in personal habits.

At Linlathen he sat hours each day with his pen, and declared that his friends only treated him too well. Of one infliction only did he complain, and that was that he was made to talk, and that so incessantly, that he could barely find time to eat. In conversation he gave little impression of the sadness of spirit that so perpetually weighed him down. His talk was so interesting that people quite hungered to hear him. His hearty bursts of merriment, his wit and humour, his wonderful pathos, his passionate earnestness, and almost tremulous emotion were magical to his listeners. But there was much excitement in such table talk; it frequently left Carlyle suffering with exhaustion and weariness. On this occasion Jane seemed determined that Carlyle should have a long holiday, for she kept the workmen about an unconscionably long time. He was longing to get his continental tour over; the anticipated discomforts of which were as great as the reality proved to be. He went first to see his mother, and begged Jeannie to come too, as the old mother wanted sadly “to have a crack wi’ her ance mair.”

From Scotsbrig Mrs. Carlyle noticed a deepened sadness in the tone of her husband’s letters, and she knew the cause. She wrote to him in some alarm, but he allayed her fears by

reminding her "that it was the nature of the beast." He was determined to hasten to Germany to see if he possibly could arouse himself to any interest in Frederick, for whom he *could* not care much, after all. Yet it would be disgraceful to be beaten after commencing the work. Jane positively declared she could not accompany him abroad for weeks, the men not having half completed their work, so he decided to go alone. He wrote that he is determined "to swallow life rather than be swallowed by it"; that there was really nothing the matter with him but just "plain mental agony in his ain inside. God bless thee, dear Jeannie," he added; "that is my heart's prayer, go where I may or suffer what I may." Jane must have known that, and that she added to his sufferings by tormenting him so ceaselessly with unworthy doubts and suspicions. During his absence in Germany, she was again hospitably entertained at Addiscombe, where she met a certain Mr. G——, who became very fond of her, because he perceived that "she did not admire his wife, and he was grateful for that!"

Carlyle set out on his German travels on Sunday, August 30th, 1852, and returned in October of the same year, half dead of his German experiences. The first words with which his wife greeted him were, "Take care of the wet paint."

The restitution of all things in Cheyne Row had been an incredible labour. The comforts of Addiscombe had, however, been at Jane's disposal whenever she had been willing to accept them. Carlyle acknowledged all the grand improvements, but he never cared much for art decorations, and the smell of the newly-painted rooms was unbearable. Lady Harriet, knowing how wearied and heartsick he was, invited them both for a long stay at the Grange, whither he gladly took refuge; and Jane also, if she only had been generous enough to acknowledge it was a refuge.

From Bath House in '53 they saw the solemn pageantry of the Duke of Wellington's funeral procession, and to their disgust imagined they saw in one of the mourning coaches some official or dignity reading a newspaper. But the fact was simple enough. Every official had been supplied with a large printed programme of the proceedings bordered with black. These must have been mistaken for newspapers. A deeper sorrow than any he had yet experienced overwhelmed Carlyle

at the end of the year, namely, the death of his beloved mother. Jane had paid her a long-looked-for visit in the autumn. The dear old woman had kept her bed for days, but when she heard that her illustrious son's lady-wife was coming to see her at last, she insisted upon getting up and being dressed in her Sunday gown, to greet her with the respect she considered her due. She had spent a humbly diligent and beneficent life, and had borne her trials and sufferings with exemplary patience, and now was quietly waiting to be called up higher into the presence of Him in Whom she had believed so unflinching even from youth to tottering age. She had ceased even to find pleasure in the prospect of seeing her beloved "Tom." During Jane's visit she fell into a kind of lethargy, when they expected every moment to be her last. This lasted for days. Suddenly, as her daughter was bathing her face, the invalid seized the sponge, and with extraordinary vigour, washed her own face, and talked with perfect unconsciousness of her re-awakening. After such a resurrection everyone hoped she might rally for some years, and Jane soon took her departure. On bidding her good-bye, she expressed a wish that she could do the dear old woman some good. "You have done me good mony a time," was her answer. She had no message for "Tom," only a painful certainty that he would be sorry "she was so frail."

When Jane returned to Chelsea, she found the *Frederick* MS. accumulating, and for Christmas they both again went to the Grange, where Jane admitted she was enjoying herself for once. Her husband entreated her to return to Cheyne Row and see if she could come to terms with the neighbours about their fowls, which persistently annoyed the sleepless author with their crowing and cackling. "Those Demon Fowls," were a standing joke at the Grange, and a veritable torment to the Carlyles, both of them apparently lying awake, lest they should lose one luckless cackling proceeding from the hen-coop!

While Jane was gone on her errand of mercy, in which she was highly successful, news reached Carlyle that his mother was dying. He took a mournful farewell of Lady Harriet, as he hurried away from those brilliant scenes to the humble bedside, and she bade him not to hasten back, but not to be dilatory. He arrived at Scotsbrig just in time to see his beloved parent alive. She breathed her last in a gentle sleep on Christmas Day, 1853, aged 83. He was then fifty-eight.

Jane wrote to comfort him, telling him that he had cause to be thankful in that he had not been too late to hear her last words, as had been her case. She deserved her punishment, however, for she had not been the dutiful child to her mother that he had ever been to his. He declared that he was thankful for nothing in life so much as for the mother he had, and that the essence of all his best works was all her due.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

To men who have formed themselves into harmony and wisdom, high life, as it is called, will be a province of human life—nothing more.—CARLYLE, *Life of Jean Paul Richter*.

THE New Year opened with sorrowful reflections. In Carlyle's note-book, dated January 8th, 1854, he writes—

"The stroke has fallen. My dear old mother is gone from me." In earliest childhood he had dreaded her loss above all things, and in middle age felt it hard to bear. It was an unspeakable joy that he had left the Grange and gone to her. Never could he forget the faint look of recognition in the wearied eyes that could still turn lovingly towards him and remember how ill he slept. She had suffered little, except from shortness of breath, had slept in perfect unconsciousness sixteen hours at a time. Her last words were characteristic. Her "Tom" bent over her, and she murmured softly, "I'm muckle obleeged to ye."

A good Power had given such a mother, and good though stern, had taken her away. He noticed shortly before she breathed her last that an expression of great astonishment crossed her worn and withered countenance. Her change had come, and infinite wonder seemed the effect. Oh to penetrate the mysteries thus opening to that departing soul! One thing he could do—determine to live the rest of his life with the same simple bravery, veracity, and piety that had animated her. Would that he might. Alas! he complained of everything within his own mind being frozen, that worldliness entangled him in its meshes, that he could not, as did his youngest brother James, believe exactly as his parents had believed, but the farther he wandered from that simple faith the more gloomy he became.

On his return to Chelsea, he shut himself up in seclusion, would receive no visitors, nor accept any invitations. His soul was exceeding sorrowful, "the present and the future all hung with black." But towards spring his hospitable doors were again opened to his friends and numerous callers. He was not always glad to see them, and he had much difficulty to appear courteous and yet to be true. Surely he was not alone in that difficulty. The Sabbath he spent in solitude, conversing like Ulysses with the shade of his pious mother. He spared himself the light common talk of society, and dwelt in "a grand element of sorrow and eternal stillness." She still seemed to cheer him even from the grave, bidding him ever to trust in God. He would "remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality, based upon eternity and encompassed by eternity."

That year the Carlyles spent in town. He was in no mood for drawing-rooms, or any human society. War had broken out with Russia; in his opinion, a reckless, needless war. The newspaper accounts every morning, which he insisted upon reading or hearing, caused him as much irritation as the "Demon Fowls." All the Crimean affair was a mad business. For himself, instead of fighting for him, he would exterminate the "Unspeakable Turk" from off the face of the earth. England's alliance with France pleased him no better. It was enough to make all thinking men indignant that we should be on such terms with our late antagonists, now under the rule of that "scandalous Copper Captain, Napoleon III." Try as he might to crowd this all-absorbing question out of his mind altogether it rankled there perpetually. He was prevailed upon to visit the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. "A monster mountain of glass," he styled it, the eighth wonder of the world, which, however, quite repaid him for the examination.

In the summer, the Ashburtons pressed the entire use of Addiscombe upon their friends, while they were in the Highlands; but Jane hated to be there during their absence, lest some little accident should spoil the grand sofas or carpets. Of course if her husband grew ill from the heat of London she would go with him to look after him and order his dinners. Jane herself was in a very poor state of health, and the change would have been beneficial for her. Night and day she was haunted by thoughts of the horrors of the war. One

personal friend, Colonel Sterling, brother to the "ever dear John," was in the Crimea, and she searched the papers daily to see if his name were in the list of the dead or wounded.

Carlyle had now a room at the top of the house, meant to be sound-proof, the scene of the laborious industry of his unsurpassable imaginative powers. Since his death we have visited this peculiar attic. The house was empty save for the workmen who were clearing away the dust and preparing it for future occupants. To us, the very dust spoke of the departed genius, as we passed from room to room, and hallowed thoughts crowded upon us of his indomitable perseverance, his mighty wrestlings, his manifold victories over powers seen and unseen. These feelings reached their climax as we stood in the centre of this sound-proof room; unbidden tears would dim the sight. Then we closed the door, and without much difficulty could imagine the beloved figure of the "old man eloquent" clad in his simple gray dressing-gown, sitting over the fire in his easy chair, or at his desk with pen in hand, or with trembling hands seeking papers or books in that capacious cupboard with its innumerable lockers, drawers, and shelves. This is on the right-hand side of the fire-place. The walls of the room were double, with doors to let one pass to the windows, and narrow passages between. When closed, all outward scenes were effectually shut out, light streaming in through an immense skylight. The walls are painted a pale yellow. The room, however, was not quite sound-proof, for faint noises of hammering we heard, no doubt from workmen within. Carlyle had needed such a room, and though it had not quite answered his purpose it was a grand place of retirement. We felt ourselves on sacred ground. This was the private scene of the wise man's travail of soul. The same feeling one experiences in Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey, intensified by the thought that here the spirit of Carlyle had entirely dominated the body, and even might still pervade the atmosphere. We lingered long in that lofty chamber, and then made our way into the neglected back garden, gazed with reverent eyes on those old flagstones where the master has so often entertained distinguished men and women. Some long since have entered the Silent Country and left no voice behind them; others though dead yet speak. The greatest among them, our beloved Poet Laureate, still lives to inspire us by example and song.

Carlyle loved Tennyson, but he had a queer way of showing his appreciation. When he introduced Sir J. Simeon to the poet at Bath House, he made the well-known speech—"There he sits upon a dung-heap, surrounded by unmistakable dead dogs." (By which he meant the Greek versions and adaptations.) "I was told of this," said Tennyson, "and some time afterwards I repeated it to Carlyle, adding—I'm told *that* is what you say of me."

Carlyle gave a kind of guffaw, made no denial, but said, "Eh! That was not a very luminous description of you." They were often together about this time. They used to dine together at the Cork Tavern, in the Strand, and at other places, and at night take long solitary walks together.

On one occasion Tennyson read aloud his *Revenge* to Douglas Jerrold and Carlyle. Jerrold remarked, "You will last." Carlyle added, "Eh! he has got the grip of it." It does not seem much, but it meant a good deal, and Tennyson understood.

It has been said that Carlyle was unkind to young aspirants. Indeed we cannot say what has not been said in attempts to detract from and deteriorate his character, since he departed from life's busy scene. We give one other example of the manner in which he treated them.

Chelsea, May 9th.

"My good young Friend, I am much obliged by the regard you entertain for me, and do not blame your enthusiasm, which well enough becomes your young years. If my books teach you anything, don't mind in the least whether other people believe it or not; but do you, for your own behoof, lay it to heart as a real acquisition you have made, more properly as a real message left with you, which *you* must set about fulfilling, whatever others do. This is really all the counsel I can give you about what you read in my books or those of others. Practise what you learn, instantly and in all ways begin twining the belief into a fact, and continue at that, until you get more and even more belief, with which also do the like. It is idle work otherwise, to write books or even to read them. And be not surprised that 'people have no sympathy with you.' That is an accompaniment that will attend you all your days, if you mean to lead an earnest life. The 'people' could not save you with their 'sympathy' if they had never so much of it to give. A man can and

must save himself, with or without their sympathy, as it may chance.

"May all good be with you, my kind young friend, and a heart stout enough for this adventure you are on. That is the best good of all.

"I remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

Carlyle felt little satisfaction with his own productions. They fell so far short of his intention. He had so much to write, immense masses of subjects fermenting continuously in his busy brain, that he oftentimes felt unable to reduce to words, thereby making what was perfectly intelligible to himself, intelligible also to others. His present work, the history of *Frederick, called the Great*, he compared to making the grave give up its dead. The labour was immense—that very immensity made it interesting to the toiler. During that summer, spent entirely in that obscure and somewhat gloomy street at Chelsea, he would wander solitary on Wandsworth Common, and sit silently meditating under the furze bushes. "His days seemed dark, his mind spiritually muddy."

In November, he ran down to Windsor, having obtained an introduction to the Palace, through the influence of Lady Harriet, or some of her high people. Prince Albert chatted with him for an hour, and showed him Prussian prints to assist him in his gigantic task. Carlyle was gratefully pleased with the Prince's goodness and condescension. At this time he had almost renounced all political questions; and was entirely absorbed in his historical researches. There seems to be no reason to suppose that he anticipated any further result from this interview with the Prince than what he obtained—that of examining choice Prussian prints bearing on his subject, and the unfeigned pleasure it gave him to become personally acquainted with the husband of his sovereign Queen Victoria, an honour for which he felt greatly indebted to Lady Ashburton, and which must have given him unquestionable gratification. He thought the wisdom of the Prince was of the deepest importance to the welfare of England, and the world at large, as influenced by him. Carlyle acknowledged that wisdom, which this personal interview stamped indelibly upon his mind.

Lady Ashburton, herself so gifted and brilliant, cared little for the frivolous occupations of fashionable life. By entertaining men and women of genius, statesmen, warriors, the real workers of the world, she might have felt her life was not an idle or useless one. Among all her guests, none was more feared, admired, or revered, than Carlyle, the acknowledged King of English Letters.

We grieve to be obliged to give extracts from Mrs. Carlyle's diary, kept about this time. In it she wrote down what she would have been ashamed to say. From some of her remarks we fear that she anticipated the publication both of her letters and her journal, after she was dead and gone. Celebrity had been her ambition, but to make herself appear a martyr, and her gifted husband a perfect tyrant, through whom alone she was entitled to more celebrity than many another equally gifted woman, was not to her credit.

In giving them to the world, Carlyle felt no need to suppress them. What his pen should never reveal, her own pen has done for him, unmistakably. Her letters prove that the first twenty years of her married life she was indisputably as happy and contented with her lot as a previously disappointed woman could possibly be—that her home was cheerful and bright, that Carlyle was invariably tender and kind in manner, that he showed admiration for her many virtues and noble qualities, that he appreciated every little labour of love on his behalf, and that the small amount of occasional drudgery circumstances forced upon her neither impaired her health nor damped her spirits. She was always conscious of her own physical charms and graces, as well as of her intellectual powers; and had he not demonstrated the same consciousness, she would never have been the contented wife she was with him, when her heart was not wholly absorbed in some other friend still dearer to her than he.

Still, all those dreary years of Carlyle's life, she knew that since the Margaret Gordon episode, he had never seen a lady whom he regarded in any way as equal to his vivacious little Jeannie. That was satisfactory—it mattered not how many heroes she found, so long as he religiously never found another heroine but Jane Welsh Carlyle. But at the end of that term a lady appears upon the scene, every whit her equal in intellect, vivacity, personal graces, and conversational powers; nay more than that, her superior in some things personal, and

in all things temporal—superior by birth, rank, wealth and influence. That this lady generously shared with her all her earthly advantages, treated her with marked attention, showered benefits upon them both, in no ways mitigated the envy, hatred and malice, burning so furiously in Jeannie's rebellious little heart. This trial proved her heart was narrow—narrower even than her husband ever dreamt it could be. The terrible effect of this ever-smouldering jealousy towards this generous, sympathetic and gifted lady, spoilt many years of Jeannie's life, alienated her from her unchangeable faithful husband, and turned all the sweets of friendship to gall.

Surely Jane Carlyle's most devoted admirers must admit, that the epithets she made use of are unusually strong for a woman of refined taste, and that she frequently betrayed the contempt she felt for everything sacred, as well as gave way to unjust and mean suspicions of her husband, and cast aspersions which are perfectly unfounded upon his reputation. If she did this to procure extra sympathy for herself, or from pure disgust at the frequent immoderate adulation he received, we are unable to say. It is sufficient for us to be able to prove to our own entire satisfaction, and we hope to our readers, that such aspersions were unjust and wholly unworthy the generally pure and generous mind of Jane Welsh Carlyle.

That Thomas Carlyle was bilious, dyspeptic, melancholy, absorbed in his work, absent-minded, peculiar and irritable, we do not for a moment deny—but that he was ever tyrannical, rude, selfish, neglectful of his duties towards his wife; cold, unsympathizing, or hard, we emphatically declare, from her own statements, to be a false representation of the character *we* revere, as if *personally* acquainted with him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

No man can explain himself, can get himself explained. Men see not one another, but distorted phantasms, which they call one another, which they hate and go to battle with, for all battle is well said to be—Misunderstanding.—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

It was a comfort to Mrs. Carlyle to write down complaints she was not slow at uttering. "Oh the miles and miles Carlyle tramped backwards and forwards between that eternal Bath House and Cheyne Row, every stone of which now seemed to lie like a stone weight on her heart." She once told a friend that "marrying a man of genius is a mistake. I've had a hard time of it. But wait till I die, and see what an apotheosis I shall have." And indeed so she has, and now we are bound to consider what were her grounds of complaint against this man of genius. While Jane was young and fascinating, everybody had been in love with her; while these charms lasted, which in the eyes of her husband they did to the end, she was happy. She was a born coquette, by which term we mean, that she loved admiration, and delighted in pleasing the sterner sex; no more. She never pretended what she did not feel, as flirts do. But when she felt silent admonitions that youth was dead, that old age was creeping on, and her physical charms visibly declining, it was at a time when she was least able to bear it, a time when another than herself was in the ascendancy among the circle in which she formerly desired to be, and now so unwillingly found herself. Jane loved to be head of affairs. She would prefer being the head of a mouse than the paw of a lion. She must be first. At Bath House that could not be, nor anywhere else, if Lady Harriet was present, who was then the presiding genius of London Society. And to Jane it was palpable enough, that her husband, Thomas Carlyle, and Lady

Harriet Ashburton, exercised a far more powerful sway over the minds of people they met than she did. It was painful, humiliating, unendurable. This peasant husband, for whom she was supposed to have taken up a noble life-task, in order to help him to celebrity, had far outstripped her, and was now the acknowledged superior of many a man of mark, while she, Jane Welsh, was simply celebrated as his wife, though much admired for herself. But Jane must have recollected the plain facts of the case, known only to few; in black and white she admits that it was no such thing as self-sacrifice that prompted her to undertake that difficult task, but ambition. And he knew it, and granted her her heart's desire, even when that heart was stilled in death. She was not, as Miss Jewsbury asserts, the only one who believed in him. Among her few relatives or acquaintances he might have been, but had Thomas Carlyle never seen Jane Welsh, he would have been no less recognized as a master-mind. She was never, even as his wife, what Mrs. Taylor was to John Stuart Mill, as friend only. She criticized, but never inspired or shared Carlyle's work, and found the labour of hearing of it "enough to give her the lock jaw."

Every day she wrote a little in this journal. One day she "walked, walked, walked, with no aim but to tire herself." Another it "rained, rained, rained." "Oh Lord, this is too ridiculous," as the farmer exclaimed. Next day she relates an infliction she never anticipated before marriage; she actually mended Mr. Carlyle's trowsers! What an unexpected calamity! November 5th she spent alone, Mr. C—— of course at Bath House. November 6th Jane mends her lord's dressing-gown! "Oh for sleep, sleep, unfathomable and everlasting sleep, the only conceivable heaven."

Another day she is going to Bath House, and finds it a terrible "bore to have to dress, now she is fading, remembering what she once was—young, pretty, and happy."

Jane is not alone in such reflections, only to some people they are not sad or envious ones, but patient submission to the inevitable lot. The brightest beauty, as well as the plainer members of the human family, must fade and die; things utterly useless to grumble about; lamenting over which is the very idlest of all employments.

When the spring came round, Jane records that she took an omnibus at the top of the street, and drove to the Angel,

Islington, where she recalled the day she first arrived in the big metropolis. Then she was set down on this very spot, and was eagerly welcomed by her patient husband, and her adorer, Edward Irving. How changed is life now. "The past is gone—and gone, is gone." Poor Jeannie! We grant thy burden, too, was heavy, thy heart-sorrows no ordinary ones, enough to crush a weaker soul.

Miss Jewsbury said that "Mrs. Carlyle at that time was miserable, more abidingly and intensely miserable than words could utter." The misery was a reality, and we do not question the assertion, but we venture to say that other causes than Carlyle's friendship with Lady Harriet was the cause. Her weak health, her fading charms, and the dearth of outside friends, affected her more than she would allow. Edward Irving, Lord Jeffery, John Sterling, Mazzini, John Forster, and now Colonel Sterling, were dead or absent, and Carlyle himself she had, we fear, somewhat estranged, by her groundless suspicions. She fancied she could see through this "great dame's manners and little ways plainly enough, and knew how much they were worth." She knew how little her favours to Carlyle cost the high-born lady of fashion, and remembered only too bitterly all her own daily endeavours to make his life free from hindrances, not happy—that she did not even pretend to do, but free from hindrances. The fowls had been removed by a five-pound note, and every other annoyance that money or care could drive away; and yet she likened the man for whom she once so gratefully thanked his mother for producing, to a glacier or a mountain; declared he showed her no tenderness, gave her no caresses, and no loving words. A wife knows that it is generally her part to bestow these *first* after marriage, and his before. Now by her they were persistently withheld. He was full, too, of uncertainties; of "ifs and buts, perhapses, possibles, and probables," just like every other man of our acquaintance, and many women too. We must not expect more from a genius, as a married man, than any ordinary individual; for the mind of a genius is, alas, pre-occupied, and he cannot decide to go hither and thither at a moment's notice, or even remember promises when foolishly made. It is all very trying, but if every woman kept her journal, we should often hear something worse—occasional murder must be the consequence, if Charles Buller is to be credited.

Jane was sick of Bath, "sick of the sight of diamonds and bare shoulders, and other splendours." She longed for rural simplicity, where the rustics could gaze upon her with bewildered admiration. So she went north; visited once again old scenes, and wrote to Carlyle that it would have touched his heart (even his) "to have seen the attentions she received, and the tears and kisses bestowed upon her for the sake of her dead father and mother."

Unfortunate Carlyle! under his rugged exterior he had the heart of a very woman, and grieved silently over these strange, cold epistles of undeserved reproach, which rarely had a beginning, and invariably ended "Yours faithfully." He ceased to remonstrate; it was utterly useless. There was no way out of the dilemma. And now another horror hangs over her. Carlyle wrote—"I perceive that you will have to set quite earnestly about getting me some wearing apparel when you come home. I have fallen quite shameful. I shall be naked altogether, if you don't mind." Think of riding most of the summer, with the aristocracy of the country, in a duffle jacket, which was literally part of an old dressing-gown a year gone. Is the like on record? Indeed, to say the least of it, Carlyle's dress was generally peculiar; but who cared what such a man wore? He was in no way indebted to his attire for any of his marvellous popularity. "He may wear a queer 'at," said a cabman, "but what would you give for the 'ead-piece a' inside of it?" Ah! what indeed! He was loved with a real personal affection, and he swayed the minds of his disciples in an extraordinary manner, unaccountable to them, and to those who did not experience the influence over their own minds.

The sense that his new work was actually getting into shape cheered him much. It was turning out much better altogether than he expected. When Jane came home she found him wonderfully improved in spirits, and was received with every demonstration of joy by little Nero and the canaries; whether her pet leech participated in the joyful commotion we are not informed. When Mrs. Carlyle read the opening chapters of *Frederick*, she expressed unfeigned delight; pronounced it at once superior to all he had ever done, and told him so. There was no opinion he valued more highly than hers on his literary productions. She invariably told him her candid opinion, without any addiction to flattery.

He said her remarks were the only bit of human criticism he had heard from any one.

Carlyle's special gift, as Mr. Froude explains, was to bring the dead to life; to make the persons of whom he wrote living creatures, playing their part on this mortal stage as if endowed with real flesh and blood. In his oft-repeated term that "might is right" he is grossly misunderstood, by some purposely so. He never meant that force, either physical, wilful, or intellectual, is the thing most desirable, or that success, as far as we can trace it, is the sole test of merit. He never meant that "Cromwell was right because he cut off Charles's head, and Charles wrong because he lost his head, or that Frederick's political immorality is to be condoned, because by it he succeeded in making Prussia great, or that Napoleon was right so long as he was victorious, and to be condemned because he ended in St. Helena." Such ideas he never had, and would be the first to denounce. He looked upon all tyrannical force with perfect hatred—tyranny of the mob, or tyranny of the few. But might belongs to the Almighty, and wherever He bestows it, it must be right in the end; and when the time comes for all the inexplicable to be made clear, we shall certainly find it so, however dark and inscrutable things may now appear to our mortal sight.

Jane returned to Chelsea in miserable health. A doctor had recommended what he might have recommended to the whole world at large, that she should be kept always happy and tranquil. Now it would have taken a very great deal to make Jane one or the other, and we hope the said doctor had no very heavy fee for such a very simple but useless prescription. To show what chance she had of adopting his *régime*, she describes a scene in that little house at Chelsea. It takes place in "a room where everything is enveloped in a dark, yellow fog—a London fog. For air to breathe, a sort of liquid soot. For breakfast, which is spread, adulterated coffee, adulterated bread, adulterated cream, and even adulterated water. Mr. Carlyle at one end of the table, looking remarkably bilious; Mrs. Carlyle at the other end, looking half dead. Mr. C.: 'My dear, I have to inform you that my bed is full of bugs, or fleas, or some sort of animals that crawl over me all night.'" Mrs. C., for reply, gives a sarcastic shrug of unbelief, and thereby makes the great man pardonably angry. Being practical, as soon as breakfast is over, Jane

paid a visit to the bed, and there made a vigorous search, and found his assertion only too true. A tiny creature is observed, small enough of itself, but an evidence past dispute that more of its species must also reside in the neighbourhood. In veritable dismay, Jane called the maid, and scolded her more vehemently than she considered pleasant. She gave immediate notice. In utter discomfort, poor Jane sat down and penned a sad letter to a certain Mrs. Russell, which terminates, "Oh, my darling, I wish you were here to kiss and cheer me up a bit with your soft voice. In cases of this sort, Geraldine, with the best intentions, is no help; unpracticable, like all women of genius." Jane, indeed, seemed to have a natural aversion to genius; but we must not forget to remind our readers of the energy this same Geraldine displayed on former occasions, when Jane herself allowed that she visited the lower kitchen regions oftener in a day than she herself in a month.

Mr. Carlyle, Jane notes, had turned fashionable, and dined at six; she being still an invalid, took an invalid's privilege, and dined when it suited her best. For supper, she adhered to her Scotch porridge, while Carlyle partook of breadberry, or, as the maid called it, "master's pap." So much commiseration has been expressed, publicly and privately, for Mrs. Carlyle, in which we freely coincide, but as far as the friendship between her husband and Lady Harriet is concerned, we can only say her sufferings were self-inflicted. A certain lady, writing in *Temple Bar*, gives us a graphic idea of the respective characters of these two ladies. She asserts positively "that especial care was taken by her ladyship that a certain prominence should be conceded to Mrs. Carlyle, who evidently expected the same, in that delightful and most hospitable house known as the Grange. Mrs. Carlyle's instinct was to take the lead, and at the Grange this was not easy, for the grandeur and brilliance of the hostess eclipsed all others. Lady Ashburton was said to possess the fairy gift of 'scattering pearls and diamonds whenever she spoke.' But to those who knew her more intimately, the wise counsels, the tender consideration, and the protection of her faithful friendship, were beyond all superficial comparison to pearls and diamonds, and can never be forgotten."

The visitors consisted of nobles, bishops, statesmen, fastidious ladies, and men of letters, among whom none received more marked attention than Carlyle and his wife. The latter

maintained always an attitude of proud defiance towards those very few sceptics who did not appear to understand or recognize her remarkable ability. This writer also adds her opinion that "Jane showed a rather exaggerated deference to those in high social position. She did not pass over or neglect those whose worldly surroundings were insignificant ; quite the reverse ; but where it was possible, she preferred to associate with those who were on the heights, while she required homage rather than equal terms from those of the same class as herself." All or nothing seemed to be her rule, if her acquaintance was to expand into friendship. The same writer gives two anecdotes characteristic of Carlyle.

"The very least attention from Carlyle just glorifies me," said Jane, one day. "When I have one of my headaches, and the sensation of red hot knitting-needles darting into my brain, Carlyle's way of expressing sympathy is to rest a heavy hand on the top of my head, and keep it there in perfect silence for several seconds, so that although I could scream with nervous agony, I sit like a martyr, smiling with joy at such a proof of profound pity from him."

That "heavy hand" was very thin, and not large, and she might have spoken of it rather as a loving hand had she ever spoken of him without contempt or banter.

When the question arose of buying up and silencing the noise of the cocks and hens which disturbed the rest, not only of Carlyle, but of Jane also, who was equally susceptible to the least sound, she started very early in the morning to get the matter settled to their mutual satisfaction. She had the headache, to which she was a martyr, and could not eat anything for breakfast. Carlyle appeared just in time to see her off. With evident concern he inquired after her headache, and whether she had had any breakfast.

"No, it had been quite impossible, but by and by, she might have eaten a bit of toast, if she had thought of taking it—too late now."

Instantly Carlyle had darted into the house and hurried back, just able to throw the bit of toast into the carriage-window. She smiled pleasantly and drove away—toast in hand.

Thus we see that an eyewitness positively declares that so far from being slighted by Lady Ashburton, she was treated with marked respect and deference. Carlyle was justified in

considering his wife unreasonable, and the misunderstandings between them, so much to be deplored, were not wilfully caused by Lady Ashburton, whose actual relations with each and all of her guests were always to her credit. We do not deny, any more than she would have done, that she had far more subtle sympathy with Carlyle than with his wife. The old serpent is often busy with the best of us, but in the pure disinterested friendship existing between the melancholy philosopher and the lady of fashion, his assistance was entirely dispensed with.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A right woman, with the strongest feelings I have ever seen, and the completest mastery over them. Such an one would be worth knowing.—CARLYLE, *Rahel*.

Her last and perfect sleep.—CARLYLE.

CARDINAL WISEMAN once spoke of St. Paul as “having had a thousand friends, and loved each as his own soul, and seemed to live a thousand lives in them, and died a thousand deaths when he must quit them.” Now-a-days, if an unfortunate individual entertains an enthusiastic friendship for more than one of the opposite sex, Mrs. Grundy lifts up her pious, prudish hands in dismay, and instead of aspiring to be such a one as Paul the Aged, except the bonds—bids us be such as he save his friendships, for Mrs. Grundy would keep us in chains of her own forging. And we are afraid of Mrs. Grundy. Yet it does not become an independent Britain to be domineered over. We, in spite of our exclusiveness, have not really deteriorated as a Christian community surely, and are as much to be trusted as the Jews of old. To the pure all things are pure.

Christmas, 1855, was the last Christmas the Carlyles spent at the Grango under the presidency of Lady Harriet Ashburton. If they had known that, we wonder if it would have made any difference. Could Carlyle have shown her more appreciation, more gratitude or consideration, and would Jane have spoken less bitterly, and looked with kinder eyes upon her envied rival, had she guessed that never, never more would she have the opportunity of acknowledging that she owed her some word of thanks and heartfelt gratitude for intended kindness? Who can tell? That visit was of some weeks' duration, so we will hope that it was not made unen-

durable to Jane by her fascinating hostess, who perhaps was suffering more, mentally and physically, than Jane had ever suffered yet. On that occasion, the company was most aristocratic and select. Her ladyship thought the highest nobles in the land could be only honoured by the presence of her special friend—the peasant philosopher. There was a continuous course of gaiety of some kind, we are told, and those who have been admitted into such circles will know exactly what those gaieties were. Not balls, for Carlyle was only once present at a ball; not theatricals. Whatever they were, they wearied both him and his wife. Most likely Carlyle would have enjoyed his friend's society more had she kept less company, but Lady Harriet fulfilled what she considered the duties of her station more indefatigably than she enjoyed its luxuries. She never seems to have shirked those duties.

Again the festive season came to an end, and Carlyle and Jane returned to their little house at Chelsea. When Lady Harriet was the presiding genius over those grand assemblies, they always knocked Mrs. Carlyle up, when another took her place she throve better then. They remained at Cheyne Row until July, when the intense heat drove them northwards. Lady Ashburton was travelling to Scotland at the same time, and very considerably offered to take them both with her. She had a royal saloon, to which an ordinary first class carriage was attached. She was travelling alone, with her personal attendant, a lady companion and her doctor, for she was ill at the time, though always uncomplaining. She was rather perplexed how to arrange matters. She felt unable to accommodate them all in her private saloon. She could not pick and choose. Jane refused to leave her husband, and indeed a *tête-à-tête* journey would be anything but delightful to Jane. It was therefore arranged that Lady Harriet should travel alone in her own compartment, where there was of course a couch, and the rest should travel together in the ordinary way. Surely a first class carriage was good enough, even for Jane Carlyle, and yet Mr. Froude considered that Carlyle should not have allowed such an arrangement. Indeed the poor fellow could only allow the ladies to manage it between them without much voice in the matter. But Jane's indignation had no bounds. She felt that she had been treated as Carlyle's luggage because her ladyship was in a saloon, and she, with her husband, in only a first class ordinary compart-

ment. We fail to see under the circumstances where else she could have been, unless she and Carlyle had been in the saloon with Lady Ashburton, and the doctor left alone. Evidently the state of Lady Harriet's health required privacy and quiet, though she did not say so. Mrs. Carlyle was not sufficiently sympathetic to the sufferer to gain her confidence. So the last journey they ever took together was embittered by unjust recriminations and dissatisfaction.

Dear tragic Lady Harriet! So brave, so true. On this journey the carriage took fire, and everything was in a sad state with the attempts to extinguish it, without avail—it continued to smoulder. At Newcastle they were forced to change into other carriages. After putting up for the night at Edinburgh they parted, Lady Harriet for the Highlands, Carlyle for the Gill, and Jane for her own friends. Nothing remained so clear on the memory of Carlyle as Lady Harriet's calm and patient bearing during the inconveniences necessarily caused by that accident. It was indelibly impressed upon his mind for all time, and our hope is it was not lost upon Mrs. Carlyle. "God knows," she wrote to her husband, "how gladly *I* would be sweet-tempered and cheerful-hearted, and all that sort of thing, for *your* sake, if my temper were not soured and my heart saddened beyond my own power to mend them."

In vain Carlyle besought her to seek another power, a power which gives strength to the feeblest. Jane detested being troubled about her soul, despised any strength that was not her own. But she acknowledged that "a *skin* had been given to them both, much too thin for the rough purposes of human life." The skin of the Carlyles had much to answer for, and made them almost envy the black. Jane cared not to acknowledge that she possessed an immortal soul, a belief grasped firmly by his greater intellect, without which he declared life would have been intolerable to him. And he longed to clean the windows of Jane's darkened mind, to let into it the light of heaven. Again Jane wrote that she would be sure to visit his brother Jamie and his wife, for she never forgets kindness or unkindness either! Unhappy Jeannie! What self-inflicted torture an unforgiving spirit must inevitably endure from day to day. Surely all God's commands were given for our good—no kinder one among the Decalogue than the new one Christ taught, to forgive as we

hope to be forgiven. Jeannie was dearly loved by her northern friends, and most heartily welcomed among them. She declared they "all seemed to grow so good and kind as they grew older, which was not the way in the south." She gave an amusing anecdote of her old Haddington nurse Betty, to whom she had sent her likeness in which she wore her bonnet. The white feather or flowers seemed foreign to the old dame, who said, "As yer wur for sending yer pictur, I would liket better if yer had gotten it dune wi' yer bare pow." Chatting to this same old Betty, Jeannie regretted that her aunts, who considered her a Pagan, should exist always in such a fuss of religion.

"My dear," replied Betty, "they were idle, plenty to live on, note to do for it. They might hae ta'an to waur, so we maun no compleen."

But Jeannie was continually complaining; she wrote again to Carlyle, comparing her many friends of former days "as something like those of the Hare."

When she was returning to England that year Lady Harriet offered to take her back with her in her saloon. Jane declined the honour; "though a very little herring, she had a born liking to hang by her own head."

Of course Lady Ashburton knew nothing of such remarks; some graceful excuse would be made, or we are quite sure she would never have persisted in forcing Jane to accept her favours. No one could be a more agreeable companion than Jane, and she knew it, and if she chose to exert herself, she could make herself quite an acquisition to the gifted, but sick and weary lady of fortune. She would return with her if Carlyle did, when she could be stowed away as his luggage, and not be indebted to any one. One mourns over the fuss made about that unintentional slight. But when people are bent upon looking out for grievances, they are not hard to find.

Carlyle had been to Scotsbrig where his widowed brother John and stepsons were rustivating. He also visited Ecclefechan churchyard, standing bareheaded over the graves of his beloved dead. He was not idle during his holiday, for he had brought his work with him, and toiled at it incessantly. He wrote regularly to his wife in precisely the same affectionate manner, without any further useless recriminations at the altered tone of her letters. He rejoiced at his temporary

absence from the heat, the dirt, and noises of London, and felt convinced that life in the country would now be much happier and wholesomer for them both. If Jane had any real grounds for her jealous fears, he gave her the opportunity for removal from the evils she conjured up. But she would not hear of country life; to her it was intolerable.

Towards the end of this visit he had promised to join his friends, the Ashburtons, who were staying in the Highlands. He did not express much anticipated delight; but the change from Scotsbrig must have been refreshing. He must have tired, though his adhesiveness was tremendous, of his yearly visits to Annandale, and often to Annandale only. He accepted this invitation. His mother's vacant chair alone was enough to sadden him at Scotsbrig, so he went to Loch Luichart, where he took long walks amidst the magnificent scenery of the neighbourhood, solitary but enjoyable, till he returned tired out. Wrapping himself up snugly, he would lie down and sleep off the effects of his exertions. Carlyle and his wife were regular salamanders. The month was September, yet he complained of having no fires about the place, and that Lady Harriet was out of humour and not very companionable. She was only human, and was suffering silently, we fear, and was not very much pleased in the way Jane continued at times to reject every friendly advance on her part. Whatever the cause, she was unusually quiet, and Carlyle was puzzled and annoyed too, because, during his stay, Jane only wrote once to give a satirical refusal to accompany Lady Harriet on their homeward journey. Carlyle acquiesced in his wife's arrangements, and parted from his friends. Lady Harriet was much disappointed. She had been particularly anxious that they should profit by her unusually comfortable conveyance. Perhaps she had some foreboding that this was her last opportunity of showing them that her intentions towards them were only kind and true, and pure. Jeannie refused her that last charitable act, one would hope to her continual regret. This seems to have been the last time they ever saw each other.

The spring following, 1857, Lady Harriet Ashburton was abroad. On her way home from Nice, she broke her journey at Paris, and from there the sad and unexpected intelligence was forwarded of her sudden and lamented death, which took place on the 4th of May. We are not told where or how

Carlyle received the news. It was a terrible blow to him nothing could equal save his mother's death, a blow from which there is no complete recovery. The same evening that he received the melancholy tidings he wandered gloomily up the moonlit streets; everything appeared to him to wear a funereal aspect, and every sound was a solemn dirge. He called at Lady Sandwich's door to inquire after the devoted aged mother of his lost friend. He knew she must be almost heart-broken at the tragic event. He was scarcely less grieved himself. He candidly acknowledged what that noble friendship had been to him. Her constant regard for ten years back "had been the proudest and most valued of his possessions." Now gone, for ever gone! "The most queen-like woman he had ever seen," as said all her friends, whose equal they scarcely hoped to meet again. And this beautiful soul had recognized the immense superiority of Carlyle over all her other guests. She knew how good he was as well as how great, how pure-hearted, earnest, God-fearing was the real inner man; and she did him reverence. She, the gifted, high-born, majestic lady of rank, with true sympathy was struggling, even as he was, after a higher, better life, yearning for grander things than money could buy, and he helped her. For in comparison to him she was ignorant, foolish, weak. If his words were inspiring to the most intellectual, the noblest men of the day, surely they could not fail to enlighten and cheer the heart of this brave, aspiring, gentle lady of fashion. She knew the latent pieties that were stirring within him, and the solemn consecration of his whole soul to the service of his Maker, so far as he understood what those requirements were. Carlyle would have taught her, as he taught all, that "without a spiritual belief in a Divine Being, in the knowledge of whom, and obedience to whom, mortal welfare alone consists, the human race must degenerate," and that the "road we had to travel, if we made a good end, was the road the Christian pilgrim had travelled on his way to the Celestial City, no primrose path thither having been yet made by God or man."

If Bishop Wilberforce, who was a frequent guest at Bath House, thought Carlyle an eminently religious man, we will hope that Lady Harriet found it only good for her to have his openly avowed and constant friendship unbroken to the

end. "A tragic Lady Harriet, deeply though she veiled herself in smiles, in light, gay humour. Essentially a veracious soul too. Noble and gifted by nature." That was Carlyle's testimony of the friend he had lost, "the one genuine friend he had acquired in England whose nobleness was more precious to him than he knew until it was lost to him," which "he never so much as hoped to repair in any measure henceforth." And we think he never did.

We can find no letter from Mrs. Carlyle concerning the sudden death of Lady Ashburton, nor of Edward Irving, or John Sterling, which seems unaccountable. But after this date her letters to him resume their former affectionate terms, with petitions to God to bless and keep him, that for years had been withdrawn. She entreated him, however, not to put such great, black patches of wax on letters addressed to her at least. For he had gone, at Lord Ashburton's earnest entreaty, to attend the funeral of her whose death was a great and irreparable sorrow to him. The scene to him seems to have been too sad to write about, for we find no clear account. Indeed, most of those *Reminiscences* were written years after the events took place, when the weakness of old age was creeping over him, and he was weary of waiting for re-union.

Jane stayed a long time in Scotland that summer. Lord Ashburton sent her some relics of his departed wife, to whom she sends profuse thanks! Carlyle wrote but little, and in the midst of his gloom and sorrow cross fits came to his relief, and he besprinkled his epistles with a few consolatory excretions. Jane did not seem to improve under or relish the Puritanical, strict observance of the Lord's Day. She wrote that Edinburgh was a "devil of a place for keeping Sunday in. Such mouthing and prating, and touting and praying as I was never before concerned in." Quite welcomes a slight ailment to deliver her from church-going—most appropriate sickness!

Christmas Day, '57, they passed at Cheyne Row, and then Carlyle had to go through a trying ordeal. The widowed lord entreated them both to go and cheer his loneliness for a short time. Jane was unable to do so through household dilemmas, so Carlyle went alone. In the silence of evening twilight he entered once more that empty drawing-room. To

him he owned it was a tragic moment, probably one of the most trying in his life. But he had gone with the honest endeavour to be of some comfort to the solitary mourner to whom he was scarcely less a friend than he had ever been to Lady Harriet. They both shared the same irrevocable loss, and their hearts were drawn in mutual sympathy.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Such a friend, such a brother, was Thomas Carlyle.

CHAPTER XL.

Literature too is a quarrel and internecine duel with the whole World of Darkness that lies without one and within one—rather a hard fight at times.—CARLYLE, *Past and Present*.

It was not in any way due to Carlyle that after the tragic death of his incomparable friend the old affectionate days came back to his home. It had in no way been his wish, or his fault, that they had ever departed, and he welcomed his wife's renewed kindness as he always did after a sharp storm. That this storm had been long and wearisome to him we cannot doubt, and her smiles and caresses were very cheering after so much gloom and heartache. They both felt that they had now *only* each other, and while they were spared together, "there was always a world left." Both were growing old, but Mrs. Carlyle was especially feeling physically weaker, and her husband's affectionate attentions became more valuable. He still continued to visit the solitary Grange, and deplored the absence of her who had ever made it so homelike to him, so bright and beautiful. And Jane had still her household worries, or rather say excitements, for she seemed to have a veritable enjoyment in constant alterations, improvements, and new arrangements in the house, which poor Carlyle declared to be "heartbreaking, disgusting and dirtier to the mind, than cleaning one's own boots would be to the body." But when Jane had set her heart on such accomplishments, she would not be beaten.

Carlyle seems to us amazingly patient. From what we know and have seen of gentlemen whose avocations keep them within the four walls of home, we should call him a paragon of patient husbands. He was no less indomitable in his labours than his wife in her superintendence of other people's

work. When only half finished, his *History of Frederick* became a detestable business. Yet he was determined to complete it to his own satisfactory conclusion—that at any rate he had not shirked taking pains because he found the labour uneongenial.

In '58 he found that he could write no more of his inexhaustible subject without another tour in Germany. First he went to Scotland to be rigged out in proper travelling costume. Thero he found his wife's cousin out of health, and with his usual thoughtful generosity, insisted upon taking all the expense of a journey to some Mediterranean health resort for the benefit of the sufferer. He loved to wander about the churchyards, gazing on the white headstones, thinking of those dear ones gone before, with sad and sombre thoughts. Truly he had lived alone, thought alone, worked alone, and grieved alone. The summer heat, the loss of his friend, the completion of the half of his book, had all told on his nervous system, making him "grandly bilious" and gloomy. He was irritable with his patient sisters, and the awe-stricken tailors, who trembled at his voice.

"Pardon me, pardon me, ye good souls," he cried in self-reproach. "It is not that I am cruel or unthankful, but weary and as worn with the heavy burdens of life as an old way-worn animal."

He paid a visit to the sceno of his old exile, dear old Craigen-puttock, and with deep emotion looked into his old library closet, wishing he could finish his *Frederick* in that same quiet spot. But this tour to Germany must be endured. He screwed up his courage to sticking point, packed his trunk and went by the ordinary route to Hamburg. Jane wrote to him of a madcap French lady, who was determined to see "Carlyle." Galloped all round Hyde Park in chase of his brown wide-a-wake. All in vain. She met a most courteous clergyman of her acquaintance to whom she appealed for one glimpse of Carlyle.

"Take me to see Mr. Carlyle," was her only request.

"Ask me to invite the Archbishop of Canterbury to dance a polka with you," he said, aghast, "and I would dare it, though I have not the slightest acquaintance with him, but to take you to see Mr. Carlyle is utterly impossible!"

Carlyle left Leith on the 24th August for Hamburg. It was a journey of pure business, and was little commented

on. He mastered, however, every necessary detail, nothing escaped his investigation, he grasped every particle of information attainable that could possibly help him to elucidate his history.

When he had exhausted every available source of information or suggestion, he returned to Chelsea, September 22nd, having accomplished his undertaking in exactly one month. On his return he found that his first volumes had been greedily devoured by the public, and produced that year only the round sum of £2,800. While writing *Frederick*, he calculated that he rode about 30,000 miles, under cloud of night most of it. When he returned from these rides, he generally found Jane, who was now habitually in the feeblest health, lying on the sofa. He would look at her piteously, grieving helplessly over all the past sadness of their two lives, and would try to restore her as well as himself to cheerfulness, by wishing her, as Irving used to say, "many happy years to come, and the worst all over."

Again Christmas, '58, was spent at Cheyne Row. Carlyle saw through his windows, and met in the streets, "numerous people stumbling about in a drunken Saturnalian delirium, or quasi delirium, according to their sorts and conditions." It seemed to him a very strange method of thanking God for sending them a Redeemer, and they a set singularly worth redeeming too!

Indoors, however, things were restored to their nominal state of quietude and calm affection. They were perhaps more to each other than they ever had been yet, for the world wide over, there was no one else. Though Jane's health was visibly declining, her spirit still sustained her, and her small tea-parties and the table talk were as brilliant as ever.

Carlyle continued to work all day, to ride late every afternoon; to sleep till six o'clock dinner, and then to pace the streets after dark—sometimes till midnight. Visitors generally found Jane alone; and she enjoyed entertaining them with unfaltering energy.

Lord Ashburton had married again, that winter. "The changes of the age which fleeting time procureth," sighed unforgetful Carlyle. "Ah me, ah me!" Yet the second Lady Ashburton was no less a friend to him than the first, according to Mr. Froude. He says she became the "guardian

genius at Cheyne Row, a tender sister to Mrs. Carlyle, and sister, friend, and mother, to her husband." But we still believe, that she in no way compensated for the friend he had lost, even though she became all this. Carlyle's affections were too deep ever to be ousted, though his heart was large enough to embrace the universe. When Carlyle thwarted his wife, she found the best plan was to cry. Most likely most wives do the same as the best means of reducing the "blockheadism" of their husbands to a state of acquiescence. We don't advise any one to commence at once who has not already tried this innocent means of getting their own way—we would not do such a thing. Don't—pray don't.

Though still on very affectionate terms, Jane found it difficult to talk much to her "king of talkers." She declared that "he, the apostle of silence, grumbles at her when she puts his doctrine into practice." When separated, anxiously they each awaited a daily letter, full of every particular respecting health, feelings and doings. Jane received intelligence that a dear young friend is to be married. Of course congratulations had to be sent, which she declared to be a tempting of Providence; for all the world like saying a "Te Deum before the battle had begun, for marriage was but a fearful leap into infinite space."

Mrs. Carlyle treated herself like an exotic, until she really could not bear a breath of air without catching cold. It was a great mistake. In our climate we must accustom ourselves to change of temperature; it is a positive necessity. Moreover, she swallowed two glasses of wine, then a stiff tumbler of whisky toddy, and so on, for two days, to battle down the September cold with stimulants! On one occasion she made herself a jacket, but she avowed it was so distasteful a piece of business, that she would not touch another needle for six months, except to sew on buttons. We really wonder in what marvellous industrial manner Mrs. Carlyle spent her time. We should like to be informed. We may find the fruits of her labours after many days—as she hoped to find Helen's of Kirkaldy.

The Christmas of '59—60 they spent at the Grange once more, under the presidency of its new mistress. The house had undergone a change that Jane thoroughly appreciated. It was warmed throughout with hot water pipes, and she need shiver no more. The new lady was charming; the house was

full of visitors, no less than four brides being present. From that time Jane always throve at the Grange better than anywhere else, and Cheyne Row lost much of its magnetic power.

That year Mrs. Carlyle had a great loss in the death of her little dog Nero, over whom she grieved as a devoted friend of eleven years' standing ; and Carlyle too missed the faithful creature. To childless people a domestic pet invariably becomes dear. In the year '60 Carlyle visited Sir George Sinclair, at Thurso, where nothing was wanting on the part of his generous host to make the change enjoyable. Sir George was "a learned man, full of piety, veracity, and good nature." But Carlyle began to fear, that instead of finishing his *Frederick*, his *Frederick* would finish him. This was no idle joke, but a veritable apprehension, and made him sick and weary, and bored beyond all endurance. Compassionating his guest's almost frantic state of mind, Sir George courteously wrote himself to Jane, to give an account of his journey and safe arrival.

Mrs. Carlyle sometimes begrudged him the time he expended on the "unborn generations," and began to go about more on her own account. Her doctors strongly urged upon them both to live apart as much as possible while Carlyle was so sleepless, excited, and engrossed in his work. Sir George accompanied him to Chelsea, and dined and chatted with the wife, while Carlyle persisted in sitting aloft to write. To die, and leave his work unfinished, was an idea that at times haunted him, and for fear—for very fear, he must stick to it like a burr. Years were coming and going, and still so much to say. One almost feels sorry he undertook such a task, such a monument of indomitable perseverance. Yet surely we all glory in it as a noble British achievement ; of which, as fellow-countrymen, we cannot fail to be proud.

If his absorption in his work was cruel to Jane, she felt it was inevitable, and pitied him on that account. He wished her to go to the Gill, for he thoroughly appreciated his sister's "milk-loving habits ;" but Jane much preferred accepting an invitation to Lord Stanley, at Alderley Park. She confessed that she did not care to be stared at by good Mrs. Aitkin's children as their "Aunt." So to Alderley she went, intending to stay for a week and then to proceed to Scotland. But when one has married a man of genius, as she says, one takes the consequences. And among the consequences to her, was this

very delightful visit to Lord Stanley, also its termination. For sudden news arrived that Carlyle must return to Chelsea, to his reservoir of books ; and she took it, though it was not so intended, as a peremptory order to march back to Cheyne Row, instead of onwards to Scotland.

The correspondence that ensued between them was a literal game of cross purposes. She returned to Chelsea, but he did not, and told her plainly, that the conclusions she had arrived at were "foolish, infatuated, precipitate, and in fact a huge error ;" while his sister wrote, that Jane ought to have taken her holiday, and have left him to "fin for himself." When he did arrive, he horrified her by waking up in the middle of the night, bolting up, smoking, and sometimes taking a cold bath ! Jane woke up herself frequently during the night, but to hear Carlyle floundering over head was an extra trial to her nerves.

Mr. Froude tells us that there was now an improved condition of domesticity in the house, due to Carlyle. Mrs. Carlyle, however, did not approve the change ; she declared she never felt her house her own since "her general was converted into Cook and Housemaid." But she had heaps of personal comfort. Lady Sandwich sent her a seal-skin pelisse, costing twenty guineas, a Greek merchant sent her a beautiful woollen shawl, she slept under racoon skins, and drank three glasses of wine a day ; all of which comforts were the results of marrying that dreadful man of genius !

In one of her inimitable letters, she relates a tale of horror concerning the Marquis of Devonshire, who was remarkable for taking the law into his own hands occasionally. The story ran, that on a voyage, the Earl caught the skipper on his knees before his daughter, grasped him by the collar, tossed him overboard, and watched him drown, while the frightened girl implored mercy. The whole tale was a pure fabrication, which Jane prophesied would most likely end in the noble earl bestowing a thorough good thrashing upon the originator or somebody else if he could not catch him.

In '61 Jane went to Ramsgate with Geraldine. We wonder if it was during this visit that Geraldine got the impression that Jane could not have loved Irving much or she would not have insisted upon such punctilious honour. Jane only insisted that Irving should avow his determination *not* to marry Miss Martin but Miss Welsh. And it was not

at her instigation that he so madly married Miss Martin after all. Well, poor fellow! surely he paid the penalty! and at the same time made others sharers in his folly and participators in his pain. It would have been infinitely better if he had defied old Mrs. Grundy, faced a breach of promise, and obtained his freedom by those means, than to have made such a mess of his own life, as well as other people's. But they all made the worst of things, as people generally do, and there is nothing more to be said.

Poor old Lady Sandwich was devoted to Carlyle. When she was in town, he visited her without fail twice a week, as much from real personal affection to the dear old lady, as from tender remembrances of his lost friend. She took a villa on the outskirts of Windsor Forest, which she invited him to share. There he could take his books and be quiet. He felt such a "poor, shivering, nervous wretch," that he would not go without Jane accompanied him. They found Windsor Forest full of Windsor Cockneydom, which took all the sense of retirement away, so that neither he nor Fritz much enjoyed their rides together. The stately appearance and courteous bearing of the old lady always affected him painfully, and in a strangely pathetic way. Never, never could he forget the friend he had lost. He longed to return to Chelsea. The choking emotions he was forced to suppress were intolerable. To his relief lumbago attacked him, and as "women are born to duties as the sparks fly upward," Jane came to the rescue and returned with him to Cheyne Row. His next anxiety seems to have been a fear lest he should be invited to Miss Barne's wedding. He begged Jane to intercede for him, for it would be so hard to refuse anything to that "bonnie wee lass," but such a scene would be the ruin of him. He was spared the infliction, and he invited bride and bridegroom to come and spend an evening in his own house among quiet things—Jane and the cat!

In 1861 Mr. Froude became Carlyle's chosen friend and companion, seeing him at least twice a week, accompanying him on his long walking tours, and exchanging thoughts with him on every imaginable subject. He assures us that he invariably found this extraordinary man "consistently noble, high-minded, simple-hearted, and affectionate. Indeed, the more intimate he became, the ever grander and more imposing

did his character appear." He was a great talker, but never gesticulated, employing his marvellously flexible voice only to emphasize his words.

Jane had a serious fall and injured her foot. Carlyle carried her to bed at the imminent risk of knocking her head off against the lintels. She declared she would not "allow herself to be carried by him any more, as her head was of much more consequence than her foot." As soon as she had sufficiently recovered from the effects of this accident he sent her to Nithsdale, and by his whole conduct proved how truly thoughtful and generous he was. He gave positive orders that no money should be spared in procuring for her every comfort and convenience. He wrote to her daily without a single complaint, representing everything as going on at its best. To judge by these considerate epistles, his sleep must have been uninterrupted; the bores all out of town, the servants irreproachable, both in their conduct and attendance.

These daily letters which invariably passed between them, Mrs. Carlyle once complained, *must* be despatched dead or alive. At the same time nothing offended her more than not receiving one from him, if he chanced to disappoint her, so that the pain and the pleasure derived from the custom was mutual. All this time he was toiling incessantly at his desk. The third volume was in the press, the fourth rapidly progressing. Oh! if he could only hold out another year. He seems to have had some trouble with his publishers, but to others he gave due credit. He called Chapman a "hard-fisted, cautious bibliographer." To another he said, "I see you're a raal mon, but taking the publishers altogether, they're a d—ble race. They want to vest their money at night and get it back in the morning. But see, if you publish good books, you must just be content to wait. You may raise cresses on a dish clout in a night, but it takes years to raise the oak." And it took him thirteen years of hard plodding to rear his monument of *Frederick, called the Great*.

While in Scotland, Jane always managed to visit her old nurse Betty, who confided to her the fact that "her Gudeman" (Carlyle) directed Punch to her every week, "with his ain hand to sic as us." A wonderful condescension, thought the old dame, an act worthy of him, we agree. There was a beautiful love between Jane and old Betty; the ancient dame soothing, comforting, and caressing the sick and weary,

excitable little lady, as if she were still her spoilt nurseling. Jane visited her mother's grave in the lonely churchyard amid the green hills of Haddington, and asks, "Would we be light-hearted at the cost of having nothing in one's heart, very precious and sacred?" "Oh no! better ever such grief for the lost, than never to have loved any one enough to have one's equanimity disturbed by the loss." Ah surely! "Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

From Haddington she invariably visited her old aunts, and never received a letter from her husband with more gratitude than one that delivered her from the "prayers." Indeed that element of religiosity made her feel like a fish out of water, or rather "like a human being *in* water and the water too hot." Her return journey home had a curative effect upon her whole system; of Carlyle "it made pigs and whistles." Jane told him that she had heard of one of their late maid-servants having been converted, who prayed continually for her late master, and made frequent inquiries to learn the effect of these fervent petitions on his behalf.

CHAPTER XLI.

Night's candles are burning out, and with her, too, Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day.—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

LADY SANDWICH, the aged mother of the late Lady Harriet Ashburton, was the only person in London, or rather in the whole world, that Carlyle visited at regular intervals. In 1862 she died, to his inexpressible regret. Twice a week the faithful Fritz had carried his illustrious master to Grosvenor Square, and still persisted in going in that direction, quite unmindful of the sad "escutcheon" that sickened them to see. There were many who would willingly have been to the lonely man all that departed friends had been, but it was no easy matter to him to form new ties. He would bury himself at the top of the house, safe from all interruptions, and engrossed in his labour would find mental relief. On one occasion he was invited to Blickley Park, Norfolk, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian. He felt unequal to the "botheration" entailed. The Countess wrote again that there was a good library at his disposal, and no company, as her husband's health would not permit society. Both these were great inducements to make Carlyle change his mind, but—there was still a but, an if, or a perhaps. Mrs. Carlyle refused to send anything but a decisive answer, at which Carlyle told her she had better go without him. But Jane was hankering after a visit to her great friend Mrs. Russell, in Dumfriesshire, and avowed it.

"Then go to Mrs. Russell, pack yourself up and be off as soon as you like!"

Not a very gracious permission, and Jane did not at once avail herself of it; she knew only too well what absence from home meant. About this time they were in the happy possession of an "emotional domestic," who had but one recommendation,

and that was she understood the arrangement of Mr. Carlyle's books. This she fancied made her superior to her position, and she gave herself no end of airs. Jane was, however, reluctant to part with her, imagining Carlyle set some value upon her services. It was some relief to hear him call her "an affected fool," with the addition that it would be "quite agreeable to him if she would carry her fantasticality and incompetencies elsewhere." When she was leaving she wanted to make a scene, first with her mistress, who, however, was not to be bamboozled; she then rushed up to the top of the house and made one there with more effect, her tender-hearted master being "dreadfully sorry for the poor creature!" Another Scotch "blockhead" was engaged, "a cow, a moon-calf, who turned wholesome food to poison, blackened the dinner to cinders, made the house lively by constant crashes of glass and china, her brutal manners, lumpish insincerity, and base ingratitude."

Carlyle was full of trouble as well as his wife while dwelling under "the valley of the shadow of *Frederick the Great*," and his wife complained, perhaps with some justice, that he was more and more impatient of servants and housewives. Surely his patience was somewhat tried by the former, according to Jane's own showing, though he became quite attached to a small domestic they had of fifteen, who was simple and faithful, and anxious to please.

In November of '62 Lord Ashburton was at death's door with congestion of the lungs. "God help me," exclaimed Carlyle, "since I am to lose him, the kindest, gentlest, friendliest man in my life; I may say, the one friend I have in the world." "The one friend" was rather oftentimes repeated, like the "one person" Carlyle praised at different times, mounting up to tens of people.

Jane shared his anxiety about Lord Ashburton. One evening in great suspense they sat up, Jane walking backwards and forwards, saying it was no use going to bed in such a state of mind. The door suddenly opened wide, a note was handed in from Paris, the second that day. She dared not open it. Carlyle snatched it hurriedly, and then his fears were so great he could not read it. His agitation so increased that he could barely exclaim—"Better—I can see that word and nothing else. Is not that word better?" It was; we can imagine their relief. Fluctuating news continued from day

to day. Jane offered to go over to assist Lady Ashburton in nursing the much-loved sufferer, but knowing how feeble was her own health Lady Ashburton would not permit her to do so. Sometimes Jane dared not show Carlyle the notes she received, they upset him so. And as it was, he often got up on the wrong side of his bed, sick of his daily task before he took his pen in hand.

On New Year's Day, 1863, he discovered that his only salvation depended upon a beggarly pair of old cloth boots being lined with flannel, new-bound and repaired by one of the two domestics, which piece of business Jane declared they were either of them as capable of doing as of repairing the "Great Eastern." There was no help for it—the mighty task they could not do she could; so she sat down bravely that New Year's Day and did an immortal act. With that "great ugly beast of a man's boot" on her lap, she stitched and worried herself the blessed day through, and the second day of the same month she reduced its fellow to the same comfortable condition for the feet of that tiresome genius! Young ladies, beware! unless you feel up to the mark to perform even such tasks as these, never marry a genius! We always give this advice, and some very proper young ladies reply most religiously "they hope they never may," and we, for the sake of the unhappy genius, echo their wish exceedingly.

What a dreary, monotonous life! Visiting dukes and lords, dining with celebrities, daily tributes of admiration, champagne, shawls, wines, horses, adorers, and *two* whole days in the year spent over a pair of wretched boots! Who would be the wife of a genius? He all the while struggling manfully as for life itself with his gigantic task. People were considerate to Carlyle, as a rule, as far as their hero-worship would allow them. One gentleman sent Jane a beautiful shawl with a letter which delighted her husband. In it he said he was unwilling to interrupt him in his stern task, but was humbly desirous to show his admiration for his goodness, his attainments and great gifts to the world, and begs her to accept the accompanying shawl as a token of the same. Carlyle wrapped it round her himself, and walked about in evident delight, saying, with great mistaken modesty—"I think it is the only bit of real good my celebrity ever brought to you." He evidently considered friends and favours one by one.

In taking his long rambles he never met any poor creature

in apparent suffering, from whatever cause, without showing some kindness and sympathy. On one occasion he saw a blind man waiting to cross the road; immediately he was at his side escorting him safely over. He then presented him with a coin and offered to go with him to his journey's end, but the old man gratefully declined further assistance. Carlyle, who was with a friend, followed at a distance to see where was the old man's destination. Quite undismayed, his benefactor saw him enter a public house. "Poor old fellow!" exclaimed Carlyle, "perhaps he needs warmth and shelter." He had relieved his own heart by that act of charity, and surely such deeds are recognized on high as much as the modern method of only relieving necessity to the worthy, through so-called charitable institutions, turning even our God-given sympathies into mechanical hardness. As yet there was no falling off in Carlyle's personal appearance. He was still erect and muscular; his hair was quite white; he complained of dimness of sight, though his eyes lasted him as long as life; his hand trembled somewhat from constant use, but there was no serious ailment whatever. It was not so with poor horse Fritz, however. He gave several indications of declining vigour and sense, though Carlyle persisted in riding him.

At last, February 13th, '63, he fell and broke both knees, throwing his master, shaken but unhurt, on to the pavement. After that, of course, Carlyle was obliged to part with him, but expressed much anxiety concerning the poor creature's fate. Finally he was sold for £9, having cost £59, and considered cheap at that.

A certain Mrs. Fergusson was praying incessantly for Mr. Carlyle, and attributed his escape from injury as the probable result of her fervent petitions; so that by those who most differed from him he was not as yet considered past praying for.

That summer was unbearably hot, and Carlyle was "vara obstinato" in his own way. He would remain in town without his usual visit to Scotland till he had finished *Frederick*. To try and get away from the heat and pursue his heavy task undisturbed, he set up his tent in the back area. The Ashburtons had presented him with a new horse, but he complained that he could not take to it, had no affection for the brute, and as he rode him thought regretfully of old Fritz, who used to go along trying to find out his master's wishes, "a horse of

sound sense and sensibility," and had a profound regard for his rider that was veritably reciprocated.

Jane had now found new friends in the celebrated Mrs. Oliphant, Madame Elise, of millinery renown, and a faithful servant who had become the happy wife of a clever physician. She made pleasant visits to one and all, and of however short duration, they did her good. She also accepted invitations to dine, to meet Dickens and others, while her husband remained stoically pursuing his task.

But dark days were dawning for both of them that had been mercifully veiled from their sight. How truly says Charles Kingsley—"That if we foresaw the troubles that are coming, it would break our hearts, and if we foresaw the happiness which is coming, perhaps it would turn our heads." Poor Carlyle's present burdens, as he met them each day, seemed indeed as heavy as he could bear, yet when the weight was immeasurably increased, strength to endure was also granted. Jane began to be in constant pain with a neuralgic arm, the torture of which she bravely tried to hide from him as much as possible, knowing that his own existence was heavy laden with the ceaseless effort to complete his work that he might be able to give *himself* rest, as if that were possible, and *her* the whole attention of his later years. She was now habitually weak and ailing, and slept very often under the effects of morphia, and as for port wine she was credited with saying, even as a wee child, that "it maks inside a' cosy." That being the case, when Carlyle saw that these things alleviated her in any way, he did not attribute her use of them as indicative of breaking health.

He would always spend part of his evenings with her, she lying on the sofa as usual, looking at him with eyes as "bright as stars and diamonds," and her presence growing more and more a cheery sunshine to the weary man. Naturally he would talk of the overwhelming subject of some great tragic scene that oppressed his brain. On one occasion it was the "Battle of Molwitz" which had been most difficult of description. Triumphantlly he read his account aloud to her, thankful that he had mastered the difficulties. She listened, as she invariably did, with few remarks, but he could hardly imagine her indifference to what was to him of absorbing interest. She, poor thing, was becoming fast convinced that she would never see that graphic description in print, that she

was hurrying fast to the grave. "Alas!" he cries, "how little I knew of her secret thoughts, wishes, or necessities—then or ever!" Visitors who had not seen her for years were loud in their exclamations of dismay at her altered appearance. Surely they might have shown greater discretion, for such remarks but added to her depression.

In '63, another terrible fatality happened to Mrs. Carlyle. She had been on a charitable visit to a distant cousin, and on returning near St. Martin's Church, she tried to reach an omnibus, when a cab prevented her doing so, and she fell on the curb-stone. Unfortunately, her right arm was disabled by the neuralgia, and she was therefore quite unable to break her fall. She was more seriously injured than she imagined, though she suffered intense pain. She was assisted into a cab, and was driven at once to Chelsea, but the driver was bidden to call first at the door of a friend, Mr. Larkin, so anxious was the poor sufferer to spare her husband alarm. Mr. Larkin accompanied her to Cheyne Row, but Carlyle's quick ears caught the unwonted sound of a cab at his door, and he presented himself at once. It was a grievous shock to witness the agony on her face. She was almost powerless. He and his friend managed to carry her upstairs, and a maid was despatched in haste for medical assistance.

Mrs. Carlyle knew how distracted he would be, what fears he would conjure up, with that tormenting imagination of his, and made as light as possible of the effects of her fall. He was only too glad to be assured of her safety, while he began to think it might not be serious after all. Poor Jane! her very attempt to disguise her intolerable pain irritated her nerves. For a time her fall had contracted the muscles of her face, and made it rather a difficult matter to close her mouth. Carlyle, quick to discern the peculiarity, but failing utterly to perceive the cause, said, "Jane, ye'il find yerself in a more compact and pious frame of mind if ye shut your mouth."

Surely the remark was enough to try her patience. Another time he told her "she ought to be thankful it was no worse." This was too much for her equanimity. "Thankful!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "thankful for what? For having been thrown down in the street when I had gone on an errand of charity; for being disabled, crushed, made to suffer in this way? I am not thankful. I will not say I am." For she detested any approach to cant.

He left her, saying he was sorry to see her so rebellious. He wrote in his note-book—"She speaks little to me, and does not accept me as a sick nurse, which truly I had never talent to be. I will stop this, lest I fall to crying altogether." He would fain soothe and comfort her. The sight of her sufferings, and certainty of his own utter helplessness, was all too much for him. If he could only direct her thoughts to his mother's God, and teach her to believe that however He afflicts His children, He has some unfathomable but merciful design in His dealings with them! Such a faith must inevitably cheer. But Jane persisted in ignoring any special Providence, and turned a deaf ear to all that had proved such unspeakable consolation to Edward Irving in his unutterable sufferings.

But, alas! the time came when she, too, would fain pray for herself, as well as entreat others to do so for her. Not yet finding herself a compulsory prisoner to her bedroom, she set about having it turned into a beautiful boudoir, where she could receive her many sympathizing friends while Carlyle still sat solitary. She had heaps of champagne, sent chiefly by Lady Ashburton. "And champagne does me good, I can tell you," was her settled conviction. By degrees, unbeknown to her secluded lord, she crept from her room into the next and so on, until one evening she stole into the drawing-room, where he was busy writing, like an apparition, exclaiming timidly, "Here I am, come back to you, dear!" That was a gleam of sunlight to the solitary student, one bright picture that could never be obliterated from his memory.

Ten months elapsed before she sat again with him in that elegant drawing-room—ten months spent by her in excruciating physical torture, effectually crushing out all hope, save for death as a relief. She had the kindest and cleverest known doctor, but they were one and all quite incapable of curing, or even at times of alleviating her sufferings. She would lie alone on her bed almost contemplating suicide, till every pattern on the wall-paper was learnt by heart, every article in the room engraved on her brain, every accustomed sound from within and without intolerably familiar. Carlyle was beside himself, and continued to write more vigorously than ever as an effort to drown thought. Three distinct times a horrible dread seized him that she would die and leave him. He could not explain what he experienced in that fear. She seemed the only creature left on earth for him to love,

In January, '64, she began to improve a little, and longed to get out of that scene of tortures unspeakable. Carlyle accompanied her to St. Leonards, where most comfortable apartments had been secured for her. His brother, Dr. John, and her cousin, Miss Welsh, were in the same carriage, while Carlyle at every station went to see how she bore the journey. Unfortunately, she did not derive as much good from that change as he hoped, but she preferred to remain there rather than to return to Chelsea in the same sick state.

Carlyle finding another volume of *Frederick* indispensable, and that the sea air in a measure alleviated his wife's sufferings, returned to town, and made arrangements to leave Cheyne Row for a time, while he took a house at 117, Marina Terrace, St. Leonards. There, with a temporary library and desk, they all managed an "eight months' martyrdom." In one of her notes, written with her left hand, she says to him—

"OH, MY OWN DARLING,—God have pity on us. I am wretched with that horrible malady. God help me, for on earth there is *no* help.

"Lady Ashburton writes that Lord Ashburton (who, after all, had succumbed), has left you £2,000, without legacy duty. The wished-for has come too late. Money can do nothing for us now.

"Your loving and sore-suffering,
"J. W. C."

Again she writes, that she would like him beside her when she suffers most, but could not bear to hinder him in his work. To her pious aunts she also sends an entreaty that they will pray for her; at last she was brought to inaudible prayer herself—doubtless heard and answered in some hidden way.

When Carlyle rode out in the peaceful country scenes, tears would dim the long-tearless eyes, that looked on the gay daylight and degraded nightly scenes of the London streets with rage and disgust only.

But Mrs. Carlyle seemed to get even worse. Twelve successive sleepless nights made her wildly resolute to kill or cure. One morning she announced her fixed determination to travel by express to London, and from thence to Scotland, her brother-in-law, the doctor, as companion. And with

grand heroism she accomplished the excruciating journey, and found it not death, but a renewed lease of life. She went direct to the Gill, where she was tenderly nursed by Carlyle's sister Mary, and from thence to her beloved friends, Doctor and Mrs. Russell. Once she cried, truly, "Oh dear! you cannot help me, though you would. Nobody can help me, but God only; and can I wonder if God take no notice of *me*, when I have all my life taken so little heed of *Him*?"

Yes, indeed, it is wonderful, but no less a fact, that those who all their lives persistently ignore a Father in Heaven, hope as much from Him in distress as those who have loved and humbly tried to serve Him all their lives. Most wonderful of all, He hears their faintest sigh, sees them ever so far off, and folds them in the Everlasting Arms of His love and mercy. In His own good time He restored Jane's health, and she expressed real thankfulness to Him for her recovery. She wrote of her appreciation of a grand, solemn faith, that could bear all, and triumph over all. She does not profess having herself possessed such a faith, but that *that* was a faith she could admire; while she continued to detest all religious excitements and cant.

On October 1st, '64, John Carlyle brought her home to Chelsea. They arrived later than they were expected. Carlyle had been in agonies of anticipation, and when he heard the cab at the door, he rushed out in his dressing-gown, welcomed, kissed, and even cried over her; it was like having the dead restored to life. The servants were scarcely less excited. She found her bed-room newly papered and decorated, so as to be hardly recognizable. Two dozen of champagne awaited her from Lady Ashburton; new milk from the rector's cow, fresh every morning; and as soon as ever she was able to pick and choose for herself, Carlyle presented her with a beautiful brougham, that he only too often and too bitterly regretted that she had not had before, then, perhaps, that accident might have been prevented. But it is idle to lament over second causes, in any case. "God be for ever thanked that I did not longer loiter," was his pious thanksgiving, in which we can all participate. Jane could not express "how good and quiet Mr. Carlyle was after her return, for he studied her peace and comfort more than he ever did before," though *we* cannot forget how lavishly she had praised him years and years ago; not once, but many times, until she was

possessed with the demon fire of jealousy. *That* made her withhold from him, for the time, even common justice. This was now all forgotten. To have her once more restored, as it were, from the jaws of death, sitting before his eyes, presiding at his table, smiling occasionally upon him with her own rare, sweet smile, filled his mind with feelings too deep for utterance. "His heart wept tragically loving tears, though his eyes were dry, for in it was a wealth indeed of woe and love that abided with him." Through life they both abided, but in death the love alone, without the woe, through all eternity.

CHAPTER XLII.

He was destined also to be famous—more than enough!—CARLYLE,
The Diamond Necklace.

DURING the latter years of Mrs. Carlyle's life Mrs. Oliphant was a good deal at Cheyne Row, and she gives a far more faithful picture of his wife than did Carlyle himself. To him she ever remained in imagination what she was when he first knew her. He became blind to her faults, her altered appearance, her advancing years! Mrs. Oliphant tells us "she was full of force and energy, worn into wrinkles and sparseness of age with her caustic wit, her relentless insight and potent humour. With a humorous twitch at the corners of her eloquent mouth, she would tell sometimes of the fine people who left her out in their invitations, as the great man's insignificant wife, with a keen *mot*, which told of individual feeling, not extinguished, though under command," when she chose to command it. The fact was she enjoyed the lionizing far more than he, and went more into society from their own accounts, and would feel any personal slight most keenly. She contemplated both the men who loved her, with a kind of curious contempt; she admired their genius, but laughed at their weaknesses. "He was quite unconscious of this contempt," says Mrs. Oliphant. We doubt it. It seems to us Carlyle was never unconscious of anything around him, unless absorbed in his writing.

"Jane had a wonderful gift of narrative. It did not matter what the subject, whether that gaunt figure in the gray coat, stalking silently in and out, or the cocks and hens which a magnanimous neighbour sacrificed to the sleep of the sage, or a wonderful story of some maid-of-all-work. She had never a thought of missionary usefulness. In fact, to do good

was not her aim. She had a scorn beyond words for impurity," yet when she heard that her neighbours were immoral characters, she went to their house on business matters, and shamed them out of the neighbourhood to more congenial haunts. Once she was accosted in the street by some man, to whom she vouchsafed but a single word, "Idiot!" She was not particularly gentle, or a tender companion; she had little feminine softness of manner, and was no meekly loving wife.

To Mrs. Oliphant and Geraldine Jewsbury she spoke of Irving, and we are inclined to think to Carlyle also. It was no small glory to boast of the love of two such men, yet we cannot but wish that she had never boasted of a love that ruined the life of one at least. Surely that should have been kept more sacred. There was even an announcement in the paper, in 1862, of Irving's well-known relations to the wife of the most celebrated author of the day, that had Carlyle seen must have annoyed him, unless his feelings were all deadened, and his heart turned to adamant. It seems a general belief that Carlyle, because he never alluded to certain matters, was unaware of their existence. The fact was, he both knew and felt all too keenly, except criticisms on his works—those made no impression whatever, if they pleased others they did not hurt him.

Jane "was the proudest woman, as proud and tenacious of her dignity as a savage chief. She could not be called charitable, but pitiful to the bottom of her heart, and her tongue was far more satirical than her heart." When she was at Rawdon, with Mr. W. E. Forster, she went with him to a public meeting at Bradford, when a young man of the people got on the platform and addressed the audience with real heart eloquence, and delighted Jane, who felt inclined to embrace him on the spot. Suddenly she thought she would give him her address instead. As soon as he saw it, his delight knew no bounds. He acknowledged Carlyle as his master; said he owed him everything for years. Jane considered the man a very creditable turn-out, and Mr. Forster invited him to breakfast the next morning. Such acknowledgments of Carlyle's usefulness impressed her much, and made her conscious of a righteous pride in such a husband. A very different affair to the London lionizing.

With the great intellectual movements of the day neither

Carlyle nor his wife had much sympathy. They were both far more conservative than democratic. What Carlyle desired was a silent, steady, sensible reform. With Darwinism, Positivism, Evolution, Agnosticism, he would have nothing to do. They were not so much indifferent as detestable to him. On one occasion he met Darwin, Macaulay, and other distinguished people at dinner. He seems to have listened until his patience was exhausted, when he began to speak himself, as the most effectual means of silencing what he considered their babble; and he scarcely ceased until the party broke up, the subject of his monologue being "Silence." Darwin thanked him on its conclusion with some satire on his subject. Carlyle would probably give a grim smile of satisfaction at his own successful endeavours to shorten the scientific discussion. To him such was all vain talk, and much sadder than solitude.

He criticized Lyall's book as tending to prove that Adam was probably no other than a fortunate Ourang Outang, who succeeded in rising in the world: "May the Lord confound all such dreary insolences of loquacious blockheadism entitling itself science. Science was formerly a far different matter from the melancholy maundering and idle looking into the unknowable." Darwin declared that Carlyle thought it a most ridiculous thing that anyone should care whether a glacier moved a little quicker or a little slower, or even if it moved at all; "as far as I can judge," he adds, "I never met a man with a mind so ill-adapted for scientific research." Carlyle considered that the welfare of mankind depended indeed much more upon virtue than on "scientific discoveries." In all his ideas he was Christian rather than secular; but he was singularly and deplorably reticent concerning his religious beliefs.

"After all," exclaimed Darwin, one day, to Jane, "what the deuce is Carlyle's religion?" She said she knew no more than he did. That was her fault; she so detested the subject. Yet about this time she wrote a letter which called forth this earnest reply—

"There is something in your note more welcome than anything I have had yet, a sound of piety, of devout humiliation, gentle hope and submission to the Highest, which affects me much. Proud stoicism you never failed in; but there is something beyond, of which I think you have hitherto had too little. It softens the angry heart, and far from weakening

it, is the final strength of it, and nourishment of all real strength."

It is a mere allusion to what to him was ever of paramount importance, the very essence of his own life. He was afraid to say too much, lest he should work harm instead of good. His works are nearly all passionate appeals to man's highest nature, and display a positive faith in a revealed God, everywhere and in every man.

A great deal of the Christianity of the day tended to make men weakly, self-indulgent, moral cowards, and idle; teaching them that Christ has done everything for them; they are quite safe if they could only believe that, while he felt in himself an ever burning necessity, impelling him to work out his own salvation in fear and trembling, for it is God who works in us, and if a man or woman is idle, it is plainly evident that God is *not* in such a one, let him believe what he may. "By their fruits ye shall know them," was Christ's own teaching, and Carlyle believed Him, and by the labour of a life proved that he did. "If I had my deserts," he cried, nevertheless, "they would be Purgatory." He believed verily that he was living in an age of shams—religious, social, and political shams. He had evidences that he was, indisputable evidences from the actions and the words of those who practised them. "And people were contented to go to perdition in their own way."

Mr. Knighton at one time was a constant visitor at Cheyne Row at the time Mrs. Carlyle was an invalid. He found her generally in a cap and shawl on the sofa, and Carlyle in a long, gray dressing-gown. When he returned home from these visits he would note down the topics of conversation and what he could remember of the remarks made by his host. One thing he noticed—Carlyle smarted under his wife's reproofs or criticisms, became impatient; while he was gentle as a lamb with Mrs. Knighton. His native chivalry always made him courteous to ladies, but he dreaded what Jane would say next, if he gave her *carte blanche*. She never spared him, as far as she dared go.

They spoke of the Bible, and Carlyle said it was the most beautiful, most sublime of books. Speaking of Thirlwall, his former friend, he declared that it spoilt a man to be made a bishop. Of the German stupids that had been imported into England from the Continent, Prince Albert was the grand

exception, he said. He told a story of seven brothers who were all condemned to purgatory but one. That one was the possessor of an ugly dog. When he reached the Gates of Paradise the solitary brother refused to enter unless his brothers were also admitted; he would rather suffer with them. For his sake they were pardoned. Then the man remembered his ugly dog, and could not bear to leave him outside. He pleaded so earnestly for the poor brute that this prayer was also heard, and they all passed through the gates to the Celestial City. That story, Carlyle declared, contained more pathos than can be found in a thousand modern novels. It was enough to make a man sit down and cry. He had no patience with mawkish sympathy with vice; he considered it the worst symptom of the age. In fact the human race was "moving with accelerated velocity downward." We want a superior race to be got somewhere and somehow, a race of God-fearing, honest, sincere men. "If I were a preacher," he said to Mr. Knighton, "I would tell people one Sunday what they were to do, and the next I would inquire—'Well, have you done that? How much have you done yet? None! Then go home and do it.' I would remind them once more, giving them a little at a time, but not a step farther than I thought right. What conceivable use is it going over a long rigmarole, Sunday after Sunday, of the same thing that they know well enough no one intends to practise, they themselves, perhaps, least of all."

With such ideas it is no wonder he had no patience to sit under any pulpit. He belonged to no sect, but he began to see the usefulness of the Established Church more plainly year by year. He had had, he confessed, a natural prejudice against the sleek, trim, shovel-batted parsons, and to the end detested sacerdotalism, even more strongly than he loved Puritanism. It seemed to him a kind of spiritual flunkeyism, a kind of ushering men into the presence of God, as if they had no right to approach Him alone, and on equal terms as the priest himself. He would go his own way to heaven without their aid, though he wished them well. His exact religious views no one ever heard him express.

Lord Shaftesbury is credited with saying there is only one true religion, and that is what no wise man ever tells to another, and Carlyle seemed to think the same. We do not agree with either of them on that point, and feel certain that

Lord Shaftesbury, later in life, made no secret of his, if Carlyle did, and even he was decided enough on one point, "that the chief end of man was to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever."

Charles Kingsley writes—"Strange to say, Thomas Carlyle now says that the Church of England is the most rational thing he sees now going, and that it is the duty of every wise man to support it to the uttermost." It is the deplorable controversies, divisions, and internal miserable squabbles of the Established Church that weaken her influence, and debilitate her strength. If her members and ministers would only consent to differ and remain as brethren, it would be much to her advantage. Resting as she does on the Rock of Ages, she must endure—however much she suffers—and she will, till the end.

Carlyle said to some one that he detested Rénan's *Life of Christ*. When asked, he allowed that such a life might be written, but added, that to his ideas it would be wrong to do it. If Carlyle did not believe in the divinity of Christ, why should it be wrong to write His life? That simple statement is a proof that Carlyle believed that Christ was God, and he worshipped Him in his heart as the Saviour, the Man of Sorrows, and too much reverence could not be shown in speaking or writing upon that Divine mystery. He could not refrain from laughing at some one speaking of the treachery of Judas Iscariot as "extraordinary conduct." He was disgusted that every man *thought* he could write, as that was all the *thinking* they could do. To the many translators of the Roman and Greek poets he would say, "I don't want your silly poesy, I want to know what those men in their wisdom thought and wrote, not what you in your folly think or write."

Mr. Knighton one evening told Carlyle that the reviews and magazines had been very busy with him. "Ay!" exclaimed Carlyle, "have they? I never read them. I have the utmost contempt and abhorrence of the literary canailles of the day with their reviews, magazines, and *Times* newspaper. They should try and understand me. Give me a God-fearing and God-believing man; he will understand me. The Reviewers collect refuse and then grope among it for novelties. The work just befits them."

One day a parson sent him a most elaborate letter com-

mencing with reminders of his age, his nearness to the grave, &c. Carlyle crushed it in his hand, and put it on the fire without perusal. Indeed he had no time to bestow on the gratuitous advice he had never solicited. He was quite willing to be prayed for, which if the petitioner was in earnest would be infinitely more to the purpose.

After Jane returned, her husband felt quite sanguine of her restoration to health, and prophesied a brighter future than any they had yet enjoyed. She was indeed in a happier mood than she had been for years. The unconscious cause of so much misery was removed; her husband's affections were undivided with any living creature, and she had learnt to value them more than she ever had done. There was a calm at Cheyne Row—a calm unbroken by “demons.” But when any one spoke to Jane of some day being as strong as ever, she would give a sweet but incredulous smile.

In January, 1865, Carlyle finished that unutterable book, *Frederick called the Great*, and determined to have done with it for ever. It was acknowledged one of the greatest monuments of human pertinacity ever accomplished. Poor Carlyle came to the bitter conclusion that it had been labour lost. But people, nay nations, were loud in their praise. The Germans had it translated at once; to them it was a work that increased their national pride, and their sharpest scrutiny failed to detect any inaccuracies. To England it was a grand addition to national literature, and they awarded to the author, ungrudgingly, the title of “King of English Letters.” He was a marvellous literary portrait painter; never was equalled in bringing the dead to actual life in the minds of his readers. America granted him most extravagant adulation; Emerson and Ruskin declared it was the wittiest book ever written. Of every character he seemed to pen a kind of enthusiastic biography. Even now Ruskin asserts that the book oftenest in his hand is Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, and avows that in his opinion, “in serious thought, his half-pages are generally only worth about a single sentence of Tennyson's or Carlyle's.”

This enormous labour was now finally accomplished, to the satisfaction of the reading world. Unfavourable criticisms are difficult to find, and we prefer spending our time in other research. When the first excitement was over, reaction—inevitable reaction set in, and Carlyle became sick and gloomy.

Overwhelming work gave place to idleness. He lived in a chronic state of the two extremes. Leave home he must; idleness in Cheyne Row, with that noise-proof room overhead, was simply intolerable. To Scotland once more, after a three years' absence, he would wend his steps. Would his Jeannie go with him? No; his Jeannie preferred to take another direction. Carlyle hard at work, and Carlyle bent on compulsory idleness, was not restful. Jeannie was still weak and feeble; her right hand was quite useless, but she would not disappoint him of his letters, she would learn to write with her left hand. So he quitted London, and was soon with sister Jane, who had procured "new pipes, new towels, new potatoes, and a new sofa," all for his especial use, and what a cordial reception so renowned and beloved a brother received we can better imagine than describe. He took his own horse, poor old Fritz's successor, with him, whom he had called Noggs, and they went long rides together. Noggs was quite unaccustomed to the sight of a train in rapid motion, and insisted upon standing quite still to watch one pass, evincing an almost equal amount of wonder and abhorrence as his master at such an unnatural phenomenon. But the southing of the wind in the branches of the trees of an adjoining wood hushed the minds of both the horse and his rider. He received frequent little notes from his wife, and expressed much admiration for the poor little left hand performances. His own right hand trembled and shook, and he felt the necessary physical changes of old age creeping over him, only his heart had all the loving capabilities of perpetual youth. Carlyle said once "that what people call love is confined to a very few years of a man's life; in fact, to a quite insignificant fraction of it, and even then is but one thing to be attended to among many infinitely more important things. The whole course of love is such a beggarly futility, that in an heroic age of the world nobody would be at the pains to think of it, much less to open his mouth upon it." When he said this he must have been in a painful transition state, for here at seventy he declares that his heart has all the capacity for loving as when a youth. Poor Carlyle! it was at a very unloved and unloving period of existence he wrote those words. It is a shame to quote them, they are so entirely foreign to the man, whose great passionate heart was for ever craving for human sympathy.

Jane resolved to go to her friends the Russells, but she found that she did not derive any benefit from the change; she could not sleep, and that made her ill. So she hurried back to her own little home, and Carlyle wrote—"Poor, witch-hunted Goody! was there ever such a chase of the fiends?" He made many visits after leaving the Gill. He went to Scotsbrig, to Mr. Thomas Erskine at Linlathen, and found Saint Thomas "grown more secular, eat more, drank more, and took his ease. Wearied Sinner Thomas with his new theological theories, who would have nothing to do with them. Nevertheless, Saint Thomas still has a fellow-feeling with Sinner Thomas in many things, and loves his singleness of heart and purpose more than he can express." Would it were always so. The saints should first set the example of loving the sinners, and perhaps they, like "Sinner Thomas," would declare as he did, that "on the whole, I take up with my old love for the saints. Of all the people I see, the best class of all are the religious people, certain of whom have taken, very strangely, a kind of affection to me, in spite of my contradictions towards them."

Carlyle had his intense likes and dislikes, loves and hatreds, affinities and antagonisms, yet he declared he could not hate anyone, not "even the devil, with downright proper orthodoxy." On his return journey he denounced railway stations as the liveliest emblems of Tartarus this earth affords; in which his friend Ruskin coincides. There was a pleasant dinner-party that winter, at which Thomas Carlyle, his wife, Froude, Spedding, Milne, and Ruskin were guests—quite a mutual admiration concern. Ruskin was delighted with Jane, and there was nothing in her manner or appearance to indicate a coming disaster.

When Gladstone retired from office as Lord Rector of Edinburgh, the students were clamorous for Carlyle to take his place. They had once before offered it to him, but on account of his work he had declined. Now he had no inclination, but no other excuse. His horror of any public display was well known. But the young men were importunate, they would take no denial; they would even dispense with a speech, if he would only come among them—he, the most renowned of their countrymen. Carlyle yielded to their wish. Hitherto all his Edinburgh experiences had been rather painful than pleasant; this would be the fulfilment of his boyhood's

dreams. This would be the crowning-point to prove to all the croakers, that in choosing the poor mason's son, his Jeannie had been right after all; the man she had chosen was not to be despised; he had possessed a "spirit worthy of the maiden."

Loud were the congratulations on all sides when the fact became known. The speech he felt he must not, would not forego, in spite of the two thousand pairs of eyes to meet, in spite of the excitement and botheration entailed. He would tell the young men what he could to inspire them to walk upward and heavenward. An opportunity was given to him—a grand opportunity; God forbid he should let it slip unheeded.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Death—the unalterable, inexorable, stern separator! Eternity my one strong city.—CARLYLE.

THOSE early spring months of 1866 were unusually happy. The old piano which Jane had neglected for ten years past was one evening retouched. An ever memorable occasion. They had now both become fashionable, and dined late. On entering the drawing-room, Jane insisted that her husband should lie on the sofa, with the injunction that he must not fall asleep, which was particularly bad for him. After a few faint objections, he complied with her request. Presently, without being asked, she went quietly to the piano, sat down and played all his favourite old Scotch airs. He was delightfully surprised and cheered with the hope that she would soon be completely herself. She made no reply to his remarks, however, on that subject. When she had gone through all she could remember, she once again closed the instrument, and silently resumed her place near his side.

That little incident became a memorable event. He thought a great deal of the coming "Inauguration." It was no slight recognition of his merits to have succeeded Mr. Gladstone in office, and triumphed over Mr. Disraeli. On such an occasion a little honest pride on his part was excusable, as well as a few nervous tremblings in anticipation of the coming ordeal.

His friends were all in joyful excitement, and foes, if he really had any, were silent. Not a dissentient remark was heard, only hearty congratulations, true and honest. The morning dawned for him to take his journey north. Professor Tyndall, full of generous enthusiasm, arrived with a cab at Cheyne Row to accompany him through the glorious but trying scene.

Jane dared not venture. But she thought of his comforts, and knew what the excitement would cost him and her. If she were not present, she would be no less a participator. She went into the passage to see him off, gave him her own little flask of brandy, bidding him take some in the Hall on the auspicious occasion, and think of her. He kissed her once, nervous and agitated, yet again he turned back and kissed her once more; then was hurried into the cab, and for the last time she watched her tiresome, but now beloved genius, vanish from her sight.

Surely we have cause to be thankful that the future is veiled from our eyes! On reaching Edinburgh he found himself in the bosom of his own family. There was his brother John, whose rooms he shared once more. Sister Jane and her husband James from Scotsbrig, &c. Alick, we believe, had already gone to Canada. Their presence did much to restore Carlyle's equilibrium. Yet he still felt what a blessed thing it would be when it was all over. He passed a restless night. The necessary public display of the honours bestowed upon him were detestable to contemplate. The hour had come, and Carlyle found himself arrayed in gorgeous robes of office, the central object for two thousand eyes to gaze upon. He was not in his element exactly, did not feel quite as comfortable as he might, with grandees right and left of him. Talking was not difficult to the "old man eloquent," but on this occasion painful to begin.

The first thing necessary was to be rid of his unaccustomed robes, which in his opinion were of no earthly use. Casting them aside he felt considerably better, a plain old man with a message to the thousand young men around him, who had chosen him of all others to be their Rector; he, who once was as poor, as obscure, as unnoticed, as the humblest among them. As he looked down upon their eager faces, his heart glowed with many tumultuous emotions. All early days were but as yesterday. His boyhood's entrance into that city, his years of plodding industry, of suffering and penury, his first sermon, his first friend, his *mésalliance* with a lady bride, the forebodings of her friends, their contempt, and finally his success, and this unquestionable vindication of his wife's unerring judgment.

All these thoughts rushed upon him with momentary sad-

ness, scorn, and pride, but with gratitude undying to the Great Giver of all good gifts, who now was crowning his old age, and that of his wife, with glory and honour. In appearance he was still healthy and robust. He had taken notes as he had done when lecturing, but found them now, as then, useless. Many had gone from England to Edinburgh to hear him, and not one regretted the journey. He spoke for an hour and a half with such glowing earnestness, such sparkling wit, such fiery eloquence, that he touched the hearts of his hearers in a way no other man could. Besides, they all felt he was one of them. The expression of his face was most variable. He looked as well as spoke all he felt of severity, sarcasm, humour, and when he alluded to sacred subjects, his face was lightened up with wonderful earnestness and beauty. He touched upon his own struggles in life, and then in conscious pride at his own victories, he raised himself erect, threw back his white hair from his massive forehead, bidding them also bravely to fight the battle of life with steadfast purpose, and resolute will. In conclusion, he recited some verses translated from Goethe, when his eloquent gestures and marvellous intonation reached their climax. He resumed his seat amid vociferous and prolonged applause that almost overpowered him. As soon as possible he hurried away to his brother's room, followed by crowds of young students, cheering continuously, and eagerly longing to shake hands with him, as he hurried away from the glorification. He was much moved by their evident sincere appreciation of his "bit merits," though he considered they were wildly overdone, that nothing he had ever accomplished deserved so much applause. He scarcely knew what to do. All these enthusiastic young admirers were unknown to him, yet to each one in a measure he felt grateful, almost affectionate. On reaching his brother's rooms he turned round and faced them, waving his hands in farewell. Seeing that they were oppressing him somewhat with their excessive demonstrations, they desisted, their hearts still glowing with enthusiastic reverence for their venerable "Rector," whom they now had seen and heard, and would remember for all time. He entered the house to be met by the congratulations of his own family. Indeed, wherever he went for a time, what else could he expect?

Professor Tyndall telegraphed immediately to Mrs. Carlyle

the simple words—"A perfect triumph." She, poor thing, had been imagining terrible disasters, among them that Carlyle had made a most extravagant speech, had become fearfully excited and fallen down dead. Oh the relief that telegram brought with it, and wildest excitement. The servants exulted, Maggie Welsh clapped her hands, and Mrs. Carlyle went off into a violent fit of hysterics. A beneficial fit, recovering from which, the laughter and tears both subsided, and she drove away in her brougham to spread the delightful news.

Carlyle wrote, "All is finished, infinitely better than I expected. You never saw such a tempest of enthusiastic excitation among the students. Never in the world was I in such a scene!" In the cool twilight he walked about the old familiar city streets with Brother John and St. Thomas Erskine; felt in an element resembling the fiery furnace, literally half-killed with kindness, and invitations to dine, dine, dine! Jeannie wrote to him that if ever he got into such a mess again she would never forgive him—never. He meant to return to Chelsea directly, but was tempted to spend a few peaceful days in Annandale, "to recover his wits." There he unfortunately sprained his ankle and was unavoidably detained a little longer. As soon as he was able he wrote to his wife to send her next letter to Dumfries, whither he would stay a night or two with sister Jean on his way home.

Once more he wrote complaining of her silence. He had been dreaming that she was in desperate bad circumstances, and started up at the painful thought, exclaiming, "That is the meaning of her silence then!" In her last letter to him she had informed him of a grand party she intended giving on Saturday evening, April 21st, in honour of his honours, and would get it all over before he came back, that he might escape the botheration of it. In reply he humorously alluded to the grand party "unexampled in Modern History." She never saw this letter; when it arrived at Cheyne Row, her circumstances, we trust, had vastly improved. She had changed this world of shadows for life immortal. "Anxiety had tattered her to fiddlestrings." She had declared visitors and congratulations had been incessant; she enjoyed them. To listen to her husband's praises never piqued her *now*, and his beautiful address was on every lip. Saturday arrived—the day of the grand party of distinguished scientific and

literary characters. Their chivalrous, generous-hearted friend, Professor Tyndall, had returned from Edinburgh, and had given Jeannie a graphic account of the whole scene. He was to be one of the party, also Geraldine Jewsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Froude, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. J. Forster, Spottiswoode, and others. Mrs. Carlyle determined to take her accustomed drive in Hyde Park, taking with her a new little dog, that she had to replace the irreparable Nero, who lay in his last sleep under a stone in the back garden. She thought a run would do the dog good, so let him out of the carriage, while the coachman drove slowly on. A few moments later, some lady drove over the dog's paw, and he made a terrific yell, as dogs invariably do when hurt. Mrs. Carlyle in great alarm jumped out of the carriage and hastened to the rescue. She took the howling little creature tenderly in her arms, her last act an endeavour to soothe. She re-entered the carriage, and the coachman proceeded on his route. He drove on and on, backwards and forwards, looked in the carriage, and saw his mistress tenderly nursing the dog, with its injured paw in her hand. Again he drove on, expecting further orders. None came, however. Once more he looked in. Mrs. Carlyle was in precisely the same attitude. Terror; a horrible dread seized the man. He asked a lady to look inside. She did so, and horrified told him her fears; others came and pronounced her to be dead. The poor fellow was bidden to drive on to St. George's Hospital. He did so, and then hurried off with the sad intelligence to Mr. Froude, that something had happened to Mrs. Carlyle. Intuitively her friend felt what it was, and hastened to Geraldine, whom he found ready for the party. She hastily threw on a shawl, and they drove at once to the hospital. Their fears were only too true. Their beloved friend lay beautifully dressed, her bonnet still unremoved, on a hospital bed—dead—quite dead; all the brilliant mockery of expression vanished, and with it the lines of pain that of late years had contracted her forehead. Death had smoothed away every wrinkle of sorrow and of mirth. The magnificent brow was spread out to its full breadth, and the whole face wore a solemn majesty of expression in life unseen. Geraldine looked on that beloved face with speechless grief. When John Forster arrived he was almost distracted, and Mr. Blunt, the Rector of Chelsea, scarcely less agitated.

What could be done? How let Carlyle know? How spare him the agony of an inquest, which they believed would kill him? Mr. Forster determined to use all his influence, and Dr. Quain, who had attended her for long, would be able to certify the cause of death.

The body was removed to Cheyne Row, the blinds were all lowered, when a certain Mrs. Warren went to a closet and brought therefrom two long wax candles, which she lit and placed in candlesticks at the foot of the bed. This she did according to orders received from Mrs. Carlyle herself. For thirty years these two wax candles had been carefully laid aside for this solemn occasion. They were the identical candles she had so hastily extinguished and carried away, to her mother's annoyance, on the occasion of their almost first distinguished gathering at Chelsea. Repenting of her rash impatience, she made the pathetic resolution that they should never illumine any other than her own death scene. When expecting every hour to be her last, she disclosed her wishes respecting them to Mrs. Warren, and obtained the promise that it should be as she desired. When Mrs. Carlyle appeared to have received a renewed lease of life, the good woman would imagine that another hand than hers might fulfil that dying wish.

Meantime, Carlyle had been wandering about the green solitudes, quietly thinking of her brilliant assembly at Cheyne Row. He was not sad nor happy, but had no forebodings of the coming heartrending grief awaiting him.

On returning home to Sister Jean's hearth, he sat quietly contemplating, when two telegrams followed each other in quick succession. How *he* received the news we are not told, but it stunned him. It almost turned him to stone. It seemed too awful to realize. His little Jeannie who now loved him, trusted him, clung to him, was snatched away for ever—for ever. Oh! how could he endure life bereft of all his dear ones! peeled bare of every comfort! Tears would not come to relieve him. His friends were alarmed for him as they watched the dry agony of those deep-set eyes. Where was she? Of his mother he never dreamt of asking such a question. If there were a future existence, she had so thoroughly prepared for it that for her there was no doubt. But his wife—"Oh! may God have mercy on me, on her and on all such," he cries from the depth of his breaking

heart. Heaven without her could be no heaven, he felt. He wandered about the now emptied earth all through that Sabbath silence, almost speechless, and quite tearless. Early on Monday morning he and John set off for London. When they arrived at Cheyne Row, the windows were all darkened, and his wife, all that remained of her, was sleeping calmly in her new narrow bed, not closed yet from sight. Once more he saw that calm motionless frame, and pronounced her "lovely in death." Oh the awful stillness, the gloomy atmosphere of that so lately bright little home! Grim death had entered and claimed his own. Why, why was he left, left so long to mourn over all his beloved ones? Everybody was kind and helpful, but utterly powerless to comfort.

The next day he wandered with Mr. Froude all over the neighbourhood where she had been last, standing with his white head bared to the wind in reverent, heartrending sorrow, with every remembered hasty word or deed magnified into unpardonable faults, and remorsefully mourned over. Oh that we could always treat our loved ones, so that if death should suddenly snatch them from us, as in this case, we could remember nothing but tender words and loving deeds, without one shade of regret for a vanished past!

On Wednesday, that precious burden was escorted by the bereaved husband and sorrowing friends to Haddington, there to repose in the grave of her father, according to a promise made forty years back. On arriving at Haddington, Carlyle wildly longed to escape from the boundless sympathy and pity of all who had known her. Every tender allusion simply distracted him. Indeed, at such times, any words are out of season. They do but stab afresh the breaking heart. In the evening he wandered out with some friend, with whom he scarcely exchanged a word, out among the old familiar haunts. He gazed up at the window, where with Edward Irving he had first seen that graceful girlish figure. He recalled the sad expression her face wore even then, so early inured to sorrow, for she had just lost the beloved father with whom she was now to rest, and Irving's brightest and best-loved scholar is once more with him beyond the grave. The long weary fight, so heroically endured, so frequently triumphed over, is all ended now. *He* still left to linger on. That was the hardship. That night he lay throughout wide awake,

alive only to the sad voices of the irrevocable Past ; " silent in the great Silence."

Thursday, April 26th, was the day of the funeral. At 1 p.m. the small solemn procession, consisting of Carlyle, a dozen friends, and two volunteers, wound its way to the old churchyard which poor Jeannie had visited so romantically a few years back, and in the nave of the old Abbey Kirk they left her.

"Darling, darling !" cried the sorrow-stricken heart. "And in a little while we shall both be at rest, and the Great God will have done with us what was His will !"

"Do you intend a kindness to thy beloved one?" he says, "do it straightway, while the fateful future is not here. Has thy heart's friend carelessly or cruelly stabbed thee into thy heart? Oh forgive him! Think how when thou art dead he will punish himself!"

His own passionate expressions of remorse in no way exaggerated his real feelings. Nothing can be more pungent than recollection of what in life seem mere trivialities, if those whom we so carelessly pained are suddenly called away, and can never more pardon or hear us. At the same time, this feeling, like all others, is measured by the heart capacity of the individual. With Carlyle every mental emotion was intense. Joy, sorrow, hope, despair, remorse and gratitude, antipathies and affinities. This record of his faults which he himself designed that the public should know, if they were to know anything about him, seems to us to be the most eloquently expressed testimony of his greatness and goodness. He sought for the worst to be written of him, say, that *could* be written, and of her the best. None ever shone with nobler virtues than Carlyle, and it is utterly out of the power of mortal to accuse him of graver faults than those which are committed daily and hourly by frailer human beings, almost unconsciously. He was not purely intellectual, but intensely human. We love him for his weaknesses ; his gigantic mental powers raise him so far above us, that but for them, we could scarcely love him as a brother man. His tenderness, enthusiasm, indignation, and irritation, warm our hearts towards him and prove us kin. Like St. Paul, he may call himself the "Chief of Sinners." But he was much nearer a saint than many who are believed such. His self-aspersions contradict his and her own narrative, and do but add to the lustre such a life sheds

even on our humble pathways. The very strength of his nature made consolation impossible in his great grief. His life now seemed scarcely worth a wish or a prayer. He had climbed the mountain top of life. At the foot he was sad, but not utterly lonely; now, at the summit, he had lost all, and stood solitary and heart-broken, unwilling to descend to the world beneath, unable to soar where they had gone. With Jeremiah he cried, "Woe is me now! for the Lord has added grief to my sorrow. I fainted in my sighing, and I find no rest."

CHAPTER XLIV.

The need of the human heart for uttermost union—oneness with life in another. This, amid the meannesses, the basenesses of the vast majority of mankind, this is that haven, which so many long for—so few attain.—CARLYLE.

ON returning to Chelsea, his old home seemed as if struck with lightning, all his life's joys blasted and shattered to ruins. A leaden weight pressed him down, varied only by sharp poignant memories of the irretrievable. He wandered about from room to room, refused to see anybody, or to have anything of hers removed out of his sight. Ghastly thoughts of ever losing her had so rarely assailed him. He had vainly imagined that being the elder he would go first. In the midst of his grief he remembered poor old Betty, whose distress almost equalled his own. He wrote to Mr. Erskine, thanking him for having visited her, and entreating him to go again. He could endure no intrusions, however kindly meant; they were utterly powerless to console. God alone could do that; of Him he could and did take counsel, and comfort. He gradually became less unutterably miserable; noble, tender, solemn thoughts of the heroic life now ended so beautifully, made his own death stand solemnly consolatory as a future deliverance from the burdens of the flesh. Over and over again he reiterates, "May God's will be done for ever and ever." He could still write, and composed the beautiful epitaph engraved on his wife's tombstone, as it came from his very heart. He had scarcely returned from Scotland when the following letter was received from Dr. Carlyle, who had accompanied him. It was from Lady Augusta Stanley.

“OSBORNE, *April 30, 1866.*

“DEAR DR. CARLYLE,

“I was here when the news of the terrible calamity with which your brother has been visited reached Her Majesty, and was received by her with feelings of sympathy and regret, all the more keen from the lively interest with which the Queen has so recently followed the proceedings in Edinburgh. Her Majesty expressed a wish that as soon as I could do so, I should convey to Mr. C. the expression of these feelings, and the assurance of her sorrowful understanding of a grief which she herself, alas! knows too well. It was with heartfelt interest the Queen heard yesterday that Mr. Carlyle had been able to make the effort to return to his desolate home, and that you are with him.”

As far as it was possible for Carlyle to be susceptible of any feeling of gratification, this sympathy of the bereaved widow, rather than of his sovereign, gave such comfort. He was personally unknown to Her Majesty, in whom he had ever taken the warmest interest. He replied thus:

“DEAR LADY AUGUSTA,

“The gracious mark of Her Majesty’s sympathy touches me with many feelings, sad, yet beautiful and high. Will you, in the proper manner, express to Her Majesty my profound sense of her great goodness to me, in this day of my calamity. I can write to nobody. It is best for me at present, when I do not even speak to anybody.

“Believe me, yours with many thanks,

“T. CARLYLE.”

The first week in May he sent for Mr. Froude, whom he had not seen since he returned from Haddington. Mr. Froude found him terribly altered—seemed to be turned to stone. After that they recommenced their long walks together; such a companion was a boon indeed to the desolate philosopher. To Mr. Froude he would open his heart, speak of his unquenchable hope of immortality, and persisted invariably in wending his way to the spot she had last seen. On one occasion, he alluded to the “many mansions,” and said, “If God, Christ had a right to say so, but if only man, had no more right than he himself,” &c.

Mr. Froude was in a fog himself on the subject, and sometimes Carlyle was assailed with doubts, it appears, which Mr. Froude in no way enlightened, but rather tended to thicken the mist. It seems to us that Christ must have been indeed God or the greatest impostor the world ever produced. Carlyle and Mr. Froude must sometimes have come to the same conclusion. The assumptions of Christ make it indisputable. And who could imagine such a life, such a death, that of an impostor! Which was He? Oh the immense importance of the answer! Unfortunately, Carlyle and his brother John agreed best when separated. It was not the "nature of the two hearts" to live amicably in too close companionship, so John returned to Scotland and Carlyle was left solitary. As soon as this was noised abroad, other friends drew near; lady friends with gentler influences, soft voices, tender words, soothing and comforting. These were especially Miss Bromley, of Ripple Court, and the Lady Ashburton, both friends of *hers* too, making them doubly welcome. Miss Bromley was first successful in carrying him off to her beautiful home in Kent, out of the dreary sadness of Chelsea. There he had been spending long lonely hours in sorting out his wife's letters and tying them in bundles. He enjoyed the change of scene; the country was mournfully welcome after the desolate streets. A dinner party became inevitable. He submitted to fate, but it completely upset him. He could not sleep all through the night. Sat up reading for hours, occasionally sobbing, "Oh my lost one, my lost one! irrevocable to my lonely heart for ever!"

Miss Bromley had showered beautiful hospitality and kindness upon him, her sympathy, he declared, was beyond all praise, but he was again in Hades. The dinner had increased his sufferings, though Hades was within and not without that desolate heart. He returned to his own lonely dwelling, and then began languidly writing his *Reminiscences*. He did not encourage visitors, only allowing Mr. Froude and Ruskin to visit him whenever they liked. Thus he passed the summer and autumn of that sad eventful year. When the dull winter months drew on apace he was tempted to try a brighter climate. Lady Ashburton was at Mentone and wrote letters of entreaty for him to join her there, and he decided he would go. Professor Tyndall was as anxious for him to take this journey as was Lady Ashburton, and most generously volun-

teered to accompany him, which he did, nobly defraying all the expenses. Being somewhat of a hero worshipper himself, he would feel it a personal honour to do any kind act for such a man, who called him friend. Heroes only love the heroic. We can say no more. So when Christmas Day dawned, instead of frost and snow, or fog and mist, Carlyle saw a bright summer's sun in the clear blue of heaven's immensity. His journal teems with marvellous landscape scenery, amidst olive groves, palm trees, orange woods, wild silent ravines, lofty mountains, up the rugged paths of which he would go sometimes on a donkey's back, with his generous hostess as companion; sometimes alone, imagining in the solitude that he could hear the voices of his lost ones, calling to him, "Hither, friend—hither. Thou art still dear to us. We bid thee to hope!"

The sun, moon, and sky were a ceaseless surprise by their incredible brilliancy, while the atmosphere was marvellously elastic, dry, and hot, yet pure and bracing. In that beautiful neighbourhood he spent the winter, charmed and grateful to his noble hostess for her "wildly generous hospitality." Indeed he had found "noble exceptions among the green-eyed greedy millions."

When our English winter had passed, and spring approached, he wanted to return to Chelsea. It was his determination to spend every anniversary of his wife's death where he could visit the spot upon which her eyes had last rested. In vain Lady Ashburton implored him to accompany her to Rome and Naples. To London he would go and to London he went, first writing to his brother John to forgive his past irritability and impatience, and meet him there, that he may see his familiar face, instead of a "dead blank" on his arrival. John responded heartily to the invitation and awaited him, all disagreements forgotten and forgiven by those two great hearts, which could contain nothing ignoble but momentarily. Here Carlyle soon found himself besieged by well intentioned as well as selfish intruders, who could not understand the value of "an old man's leisure." These he felt he must somehow manage to sweep away. The calls were so incessant, intolerable. He was like a magnet, drawing to him every one who had a wish or desire unsatisfied. And he felt himself so often utterly powerless to help by word or deed. One man asked his advice for being born hideous! Poor Carlyle! He could never be other than pitiable to the miserable, and

they indeed seemed to know it. Mr. Froude found a young girl with glowing eyes gazing up at the sage's window one day. "Does Mr. Carlyle live there?" she inquired. On being answered in the affirmative, her face lightened up with the enthusiasm of a pilgrim at the shrine of a saint. Another servant girl wrote to Carlyle that she had actually pawned her mistress's property in order to buy books, and was afraid of being found out and imprisoned. Carlyle made inquiries, found it was true, and at once, with counsel as of a father, gave her money to save her from shame. But he was terribly worried, and after all was wonderfully patient. He could not write, felt idle, companionless, and oftentimes sick, understanding human beings weakly invoking saints, yet himself not doing so. About this time he drew up a deed by which Craigenputtock became the property of the University of Edinburgh, the rest of it to be laid out in supporting poor and meritorious students, under the title of the "John Welsh Bursaries." He could not leave it in his wife's name, as she had taken his, so he left it in her father's.

Every time her birthday came round, he sent a gift to old Betty, who mourned his wife with a "life-long love and a sacred sorrow." To a poor old beggar man, to whom she would give a shilling every time she met him in Chelsea, he also sent an anonymous dole. His own charities were a far longer list than hers. He was only too happy to have the means at last of relieving distress, but all privately; he took care not to let the world know what he did. He lived in an age of progress, which did not agree with him at all—that unfortunate "skin being far too thin." "Statesmen, philosophers, theologians, all swimming with the stream, careless of truth except to their own advantage. Christianity and political economy clashing one against the other, one saying money is the root of all evil—the other that the want of it is the root of all evil."

The modern world, moreover, thought and taught that the salvation of man was in Universal Suffrage, when each could look after his own ends. "He found even the Tories preparing to outbid their rivals in their own arts and their own folly, courting the votes of the mob, by the longest plunge yet ventured into the democratic pool." "There was a visible growing contempt for titles, aristocratic or other, a visible decay of respect and reverence for whatever is above one's

own paltry self, up and up to Almighty God Himself even, if you will look well, which is a more frightful kind of progress for you." Indeed, man would abolish God altogether from their own poor bewildered hearts. But Carlyle was convinced "that the Fool, and the Fool only, and nobody else, says that there is no God, and with dismal results too."

Science itself seeks to eclipse God, and tries fruitlessly to fathom the mysteries of this dark impenetrable world. Scripture gives man a place a little lower than the angels. Science would assign him a place only so much higher than an ape, and yet give him the right to read omniscience. In '67 he wrote a pamphlet called *Shooting Niagara*, and this was his last public utterance on English politics. He himself called it very "fierce, exaggerative, rugged, unkempt, defective," but it was the last word the "howling doggeries" would have from him—his last effort to avert "Universal wreck."

Now a new edition of his works occupied mercifully both his time and attention. Maggie Welsh was his present companion, and did her best to help and cheer him. He took to riding again, Miss Bromley having presented him with a fresh horse, to which he gave the name "Comet." He became the "most silent man, not locked into the solitary system."

Mrs. Oliphant paid him a visit not long after his wife's lamented death, scarcely with the hope of condoling or even of showing sympathy—of that he was assured in every friend who knew them both so well—but for the sake of seeing the man she esteemed so highly, and pitied so sincerely. She describes how mournfully sad was the now faded drawing-room in which its late mistress ever took so unfailing an interest—how different its aspect, the widowed master sitting alone in an unaccustomed place in the centre, as though for ever unable to bear his wonted seat, without a sight of that lost figure on that little couch. His occasional short laughs were as pathetic as tears and sobs in another. With bitter wrath he spoke of the "little vermin of a dogue" which he said was not even her own, but borrowed, and which was the innocent cause of her death. What littlenesses, what haphazard chances seem to be employed by Providence, to bring about mighty events. He constantly dwelt upon the mysterious workings of a special Providence, not only in preparing instrumental men to carry out the Divine will, but instrumental means, which

appear to our blinded sight mere trifles. Mrs. Oliphant wanted him to pay a visit to the Eton Boys, but he felt unequal to the exertion, although he took a lively interest in the young. He began quoting the Scotch version of the 90th Psalm; his memory failed him, and Mrs. Oliphant was unable to help him out of the difficulty. "It is a mother I want!" he exclaimed, with one of his peculiarly pathetic, short laughs. Yes, indeed! a pious mother to help to guide his feet once more into the ways of peace, a praying, loving, Bible-reading mother, to cheer him through the dark valley. Some American author says, "God would not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers." A peculiar thought, but has something in it too.

His brother James paid him a visit, and was gladly welcomed. He was quite a stranger to London; had seen none of the sights, but had come with the sole object of cheering his desolate brother—and right glad was "their Tom" to see him. He reminded him more of his revered father than any of the others, having been brought up in his faith and under his tuition. He was a simple rustic farmer, faithfully doing his daily allotted task in the fear of God. Possibly Thomas Carlyle envied this brother's simplicity, as we know he loved him for it, and joined in his cheerful broad Scotch brogue with more pleasure than in the small talk of the highest circles.

When seventy-two, he wrote in his journal that "length of days were not to be coveted but deprecated. My lost bright one, all my bright ones, are away, away!" An unfathomable lake of sorrow lay beneath him. He went a week into the country, but it took him "twice as long to recover from the effects of country air and other salubrities." He was no longer fit for visiting or valetting, talking or dining. All had become unmanageable and unbearable, but out of grateful acknowledgment of boundless kindness acceptance was sometimes unavoidable. Youth to him had been no garland of roses, nor was age composed entirely of a crown of thorns. He acknowledged many mercies left. Everyone sought to do him honour; he had innumerable devoted friends, to whom, on former occasions, he had begged to be remembered, declaring that "he loved them all a great deal better than any one supposed, from his grim ways."

A lion entertainment was given by the Dean of West-

minster, to which Carlyle was persuaded to go. There he met Princess Helena and her Prince Christian. He calls her "an innocent little Princess, with a little flash of pretty pride, only one, when she shook her bit of train right, raised her pretty head, and sailed out. A Princess born you know. Looked really well, the exotic little soul!"

April, '68, Carlyle paid a last visit to the Grange, with curiously mixed feelings. Lord Northbrook had invited him to his seat in the neighbourhood of those old familiar haunts, and he could not withstand the inclination to revisit those ever memorable scenes. On Sunday he accompanied his host and Lord S. G. Osborne to the church he used to attend when staying with the Ashburtons. It was now in a highly restored condition, everything about it made bright and beautiful by the munificence of the now Dowager Lady. Carlyle sat in silence, looking and remembering. Surely there was much, much to remember. Now all was a dream, of what once was so real. How strange it all seemed to him; like looking on a world all dead and gone, and he alone left to mourn! As he rode across the country, pensive, sombre, serious thoughts he had crowding upon him, painfully sorrowful, not unmixed with infinite tenderness, sweet memories as well as bitter, and with a conviction that it was the last time! The impressions were doubtless melancholy, but his companions were most interesting. He was quite struck with Lord S. G. O., of letters renowned; found him highly gifted and amusing, actually glad to have made a new acquaintance.

He still went annually to his beloved Scotland, for he was never so happy as with his own kindred. He seems to have suffered much from Heinnach; to have had an intense love of his own country. Carlyle considered that local attachments distinguished man from apes, and was the root of all true patriotism, valour, civilization. By local attachments he must have meant love of country rather than of dwellings, this last being a distinguishing characteristic of many inferior domestic animals as well as of man, and was one of Carlyle's strongest phrenological organs. Adhesiveness and reverence were those largest developed, and helped to make him what he was—strong in human love of creatures and place, strong and constant, proving that death and the grave are weak in comparison. His affections were heightened and deepened by his love of God, the Supreme Good.

He continued to suffer from constant, poignant, but utterly impotent sorrow, go where he might. "God alone knows our destiny," he wrote, "His mercies be upon us! What a natural human aspiration!" Certainly, quite human, and we are thankful he was not above such. For pedestalled or unpedestalled he was but a man, a miserable sinner, and without God's mercy could expect no brighter destiny.

Like the poor publican, Carlyle's aspirations at his highest moments amounted to no more or less than "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

"To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind."

CHAPTER XLV.

Time was, Time is, and withal Time will be. There are three tenses or Times ; and there is one Eternity, and as for us—

“ We are such stuff as Dreams are made of ! ”

CARLYLE, *Past and Present*.

IN 1869 Carlyle received an intimation from the Dean of Westminster that no less exalted a person than Her Gracious Majesty the Queen desired to become personally acquainted with so renowned a scholar.

This was a noble distinction indeed, but he groaned in anguish that Jane, whose delight nothing could have exceeded, could not rejoice thereat. It was the climax of all his efforts for her sake, and she was gone where earthly ambitions are no more. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the mutual woe of the sovereign and the weary philosopher made a sad bond of sympathy between them. It must have been a touching scene, that meeting—the widowed Queen, with the thoughts of her own irreparable loss, holding out in sweetest condescension her queenly hand to the no less sorrowful old man, peasant born, but a glory to his country by his own mighty brain efforts.

That interview was ever remembered by the toil-worn sage, and can never be forgotten by the most sympathetic, loving-hearted woman in her own realms—our beloved Lady, Queen Victoria. “ She was so good, so gracious to him,” said Carlyle. That his wife could not participate in such a gracious mark of her condescension was his only regret. On his seventy-fourth birthday he wrote—“ If this be my last birthday, as is often not improbable to me, may the Eternal Father grant that I be ready for it, frail worm that I am.” When Mr. Erskine died

he wrote—"My life now has nothing in it but the shadow ; sad, grand, unfathomable of what is coming—coming."

What he called the Gospel of Dirt was now spreading. He was pestered with tracts and pamphlets innumerable on scientific and atheistic subjects, all of which horrified and disgusted him. What an idea to revel in, that man is only a highly improved ape ! What miserable conception of the origin of man ! If it is so, where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. How much nobler the Bible's revelation of human origin—that God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul, made in the image of his Almighty Creator.

No, neither Atheism nor Evolution wetted even the soles of Carlyle's feet. And "how would the world get on when Christianity was abolished. Only 'figure the residuum.' Unless men returned to a firm, unflinching faith in God, they must sink to hell and death eternal." Of that Carlyle had not the slightest doubt. With the diabolic school of the French, Cneptism, &c., he had no patience, all atheistic tendencies seemed to him the products of stupid cracked men ; he felt a veritable pain and loathing pity for the grand hallelujahs so often expressed at the advent of atheism ; likened it to the "shout of the hyena should he find the whole world carrion."

But he was becoming much quieter in tone generally, except an occasional outburst, when he would invariably express contrition for his explosion. He seemed to live in the shadow of the great Hereafter ; was somewhat morbid. Such utter solitude naturally tended to make him more so. His right hand was now quite powerless, and whatever he wrote more he dictated to his niece, Mary Aitkin. This method of transmitting his thoughts was very trying to him. He found the very presence of another, however silent, an obstacle to thinking out any subject at all to his own satisfaction ; but he hated living without producing something. However weak the effort, it must be made. *The Norse Kings* was written and completed by dictation, and this book is his very last work. Visits to Addiscombe recommenced when Lady Ashburton returned from the Continent. She was unwearied in her care of the old man, who was now nearer and ever nearer to the great secret, impenetrable to the most penetrating terrestrial sight for ever. "If we are to meet," he cried, "oh, Almighty Father, if we are !"

As years advanced, his affections increased in intensity.

Love he found to be the one undying, unfading emotion of the mind, for it burnt on ever brighter and deeper as his body decayed. Reunion was the one desire of his heart. In '73 John Mill's death awoke a world of reflections, emotions, and remembrances. The thought of his sad history, in this muddy world, gave him real pain and sorrow, all so melancholy and tragic. "Would you ask where is Romance—we would answer, where is it not?"

Shortly after, the English Church lost one of her cleverest, stoutest-hearted sons, in the fatal fall from his horse of the Bishop of Winchester, Samuel Wilberforce. Fancy what a treat it must have been to hear him and Carlyle argue, as they so often did. Carlyle declared that Sam, in spite of his bishopric, had precisely the same religious belief as he had. All men were dying around him. He was glad to welcome one old living friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who again visited England with his daughter, and cheered the lonely scholar once more. Carlyle inquiring after him some time after his return to America, received the reply that except for the decline of his mental powers he was well. The idea of his being well or happy with mental powers failing him made Carlyle roar with laughter, as to him an utter impossibility.

Emerson outlived the Chelsea philosopher about one year. He kept Carlyle's likeness suspended on the wall where he could see it as he lay in bed. Almost his last act was to gaze at it, and his last words, "That's the man—my man!" Faithful in his friendship till death.

In '74, the Prussian Order of Merit was conferred and gratefully accepted by Carlyle, though he humorously declared that for actual use a quarter of a pound of good tobacco would have been more serviceable. He was also destined to have fires of coal heaped on his head by Mr. Disraeli, of whom he had said that "he was a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief, only never in such good company!" "Indeed, though he preferred Disraeli to Gladstone," says Mr. Froude, "he had rarely spoken a word in his favour." Of Mr. Gladstone he had, unintentionally perhaps; but of him he said, that though full of cant, he believed in his cant—and honest belief in Carlyle always covered a multitude of sins. With this truth to his opinions, we rejoice he credited Mr. Gladstone, who, however mistaken he may be, always acts upon conviction.

This is, intentionally or not intentionally, in our opinion, a

great testimony in Mr. Gladstone's favour. What an inestimable blessing to have the courage of your own honest opinions, even if they honestly change every year, or even every month in the year! Mr. Disraeli probably was not ignorant of Carlyle's unfavourable remarks concerning him and his politics, but he was eager to recognize intellect as the Premier. He wrote to Carlyle informing him that a baronetcy had been offered to Tennyson, and to him, as he had no children, the Order of the Cross of the Bath was earnestly pressed, as some acknowledgment of his literary labours, &c. At the same time he hoped he would accept a pension, that might add to the comfort of his declining years.

Carlyle replied that he gratefully acknowledged the noble feelings that prompted such generous and splendid proposals, all of which, however, were quite out of keeping with the whole tenor of his life. Title had no value to him, and more money would be merely an encumbrance, &c. Before sending this, he waited until he heard how Tennyson had received his offer, for he feared his refusal might have influenced him, and as Tennyson had children who might inherit their father's honours, he would most earnestly have urged upon him the duty of acceding to the proposal, even should his inclination prompt a refusal. He rejoiced to hear that Tennyson was elected a peer. Now there was another noble man in the right place!

Mr. Disraeli was really sorry to find Carlyle so obdurate, and Carlyle was ashamed of the hard things he had said of his would-be patron, and gave him credit for great magnanimity and generosity. But he continued to hate his policy as much as ever. To the country at large he cries, "Oh, forgive me my sins generally, and think of me as mercifully as you can." To his brothers he wrote—"Fancy the old brother 'Sir Tom' in such catastrophes!" The Grand Cross would be like cap and bells to him. Yet there was much to admire in Dizzy. He might delude the world, but he never deluded himself. He had called him a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief, but never in such good company; after such an instance of magnanimous generosity, he would probably question that ancestry! But the Jews in England, as a rule, had no serious beliefs whatever, and Dizzy at least made no pretensions. What could we expect of a people "who took Jesus Himself for a scoundrel, and thought all they could do with Him was to nail Him up on a Cross. Ah! that was a bad business, and

so He returned to Heaven, and they go wandering about the streets selling old clothes!" And Carlyle would willingly have condemned them all to continue in that walk of life for all time, as well befitting them.

The poor people at Chelsea were delighted that the old man, who was the pride of their hearts, had declined the Grand Order of the Bath. "Very proper of *she*," said a conductor to Mr. Froude, speaking of Her Majesty, "to think of offering Carlyle the Grand Cross, and more proper of *he* to have nothing to do with it." We agree with the conductor; we prefer that our beloved master should have remained the simple man he had lived. Carlyle, emerged into "Sir Thomas," would have lost rather than have gained by such distinction. "'Tisn't that as can do honour to the likes of he!"

Carlyle lamented the ignorance of the English lower orders. The pursuit of culture he considered in the highest degree commendable to every human soul, let his daily labour be what it might. Ignorance, to knowledge, is like darkness to light. Why let the souls of the poor be doomed perpetually to intellectual obscurity? The masses called imperatively for education, or they must degenerate lower and lower. In that surely his advice has been followed, but we have not yet quite arrived at the results anticipated. The effects of emancipation from ignorance, like that from slavery, future generations will enjoy when we are beyond all earthly progress, knowing even as we are known.

He was still in much physical suffering from his old complaint, and exclaimed on one occasion—"I can't wish Satan anything worse than to digest with my stomach to all eternity." He was much annoyed at people's mistaken and persistent interpretation of his doctrine of Might and Right. They seemed determined to misunderstand him. Might is never man's prerogative; never self-attained. It is God-given, and for God's own special purposes, even when it comes as a scourge. Still, coming from God, emanating from Him, Might itself is Right, though wielded by a demon. The inscrutable design, and even fulfilment of such design, are far beyond our finite conception, but they are nevertheless there—must be.

Cromwell worked God's will, intentionally or unintentionally, and was endowed for that express purpose, as was also Wellington, Napoleon, and all other great men. When their work was accomplished, what became of them matters little.

Cromwell's head was taken from its grave, and stuck on the gates of Tyburn; but, as Carlyle quaintly said, "Not till he had quite done with it." So men live and die, but not till the Almighty has quite done with them, for this fleeting world, and finds them other work beyond.

The fire of Carlyle's soul burnt red hot to the end, and the very fact that he found his mental powers did not decay, as his body wasted visibly, gave him a brighter hope of immortality. It confirmed his belief that the mind was not a function of the body at all; that it had another origin, and another destination. His innate humour never deserted him. He would study his Shakspeare, and the sermons of the old Puritans; his love for the latter increased by the excessive fun that burst out occasionally. He believed all great men were great laughers too, and that those who have the gravest capacity, have also the greatest fun in them.

On one occasion he went to St. Paul's, and standing in the nave, the sound of the organ, and the distant "Amen" of the choristers, impressed him deeply. Tears filled his eyes, and he would fain believe such sounds, such prayers, proceeded from true piety. This impression he expressed, and he was persuaded to attend Westminster Abbey to hear his friend Dean Stanley. It was with Lady Ashburton, we believe, that he went. He was put in the Dean's seat, in much too close proximity to the choir. He noticed much irreverence in the choristers and other worshippers, his own devout soul full of reverent awe, until rather less saintly feelings took its place. The intoning annoyed him intensely, and, alas! instead of the Dean some other popular preacher ascended the pulpit. Carlyle listened attentively for some time, his limited stock of patience diminishing perceptibly. His friends noticed his gradually changing manner, and began to tremble lest a catastrophe should occur. Their fears increased when he commenced crushing his hat, and striking the floor impatiently with his stick. Every moment they anticipated an outburst, but the preacher closed his discourse ere his anger had reached its climax, and they were all liberated from an half-hour's thralldom. We fear he never went again, perhaps was never invited; but Carlyle, with his devout soul, could worship God anywhere. One Sunday afternoon he went with Mr. Froude to Battersea Park, and sat in the large gravelled circle in the centre of the Broad Walk under the trees. He was growing

very feeble. Presently an old blind man and his daughter came and sat at a little distance from them, and began singing that beautiful hymn, "The pilgrims of the night." Carlyle listened breathlessly to the sad pathetic strains; his chest heaved. "Far, far away, like bells at evening stealing," came floating on the still summer air. "Take me away—take me away; I shall cry if I stay any longer," he murmured, and his friend led the faltering steps further on, until the sound died away in the distance, and he was calmed.

On his 80th birthday honours poured upon him. From Scotland a gold medal, from Berlin a letter from Bismarck, which really gratified him much, besides a telegram signed by Germany's most distinguished men. It ran thus: "To the valiant champion of Germanic freedom of thought and morality; to the true friend of our Fatherland, who by the labour of a long rich life has successfully advanced the hearty understanding between the English and German people; to the historian of Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great—send, on his 80th birthday, grateful greeting and warm congratulations." Another address, presented by his own eminent countrymen in honour of the day, accompanied by a gold medal. Yet another address, signed by Earl Cadogan, the President and the Honourable Secretary of the Chelsea Literary Institution, was presented to him as one of the Vice-presidents of the Society. A portrait, bearing his autograph, has been put in the reading-room in honour of the event.

In his journal he noted that this was "the birthday of a skinless old man; a day of the most miserable agitation of his life, full of fret and fuss, all proceeding from excessive kindness and goodwill," which he gratefully acknowledged. He closed that day by slowly pacing along the Chelsea Embankment, taking pious and patient counsel of his own soul. In '76 his beloved friend John Forster died. He attended his funeral at Kensal Green, and a month later that of Lady Augusta Stanley. The same year he heard of the death of his brother Alick in Canada, and was deeply touched by the graphic account sent by his son. His last words showed that his mind was wandering back across the ocean to his old Scottish home, and dwelling in tender memory on his renowned brother. "Is Tom coming from Edinburgh to-morn?" he asked, and thus went out of the world, as it were, with his hand in his. To Carlyle this was most pathetic.

One more short letter he wrote to the *Times*—only a few lines in length—written with the hope of averting what he considered would prove a national catastrophe—namely, a Philo-Turkish war; and if it in any way contributed to prevent so mad a disaster, it was one of the most useful things he ever did in his life.

He was much gratified by a visit from Sir Garnet Wolseley, and much pleased with the brave soldier. Before leaving, he tried to impress upon him a duty that he might have the privilege of performing, namely, to turn out all the talking apparatus of the House of Commons, and lock the door after them. Sir Garnet has not yet been either willing or able to carry out this injunction, and only latterly has added, for once, his own voice to the jargon. What would Carlyle say to that?

In '78 John Carlyle died, to his brother's dismay. Surely all were dead and dying around him, and the King of Terrors had become a friend he longed to greet.



STATUE OF CARLYLE.

By Boehm, in the Chelsea Embankment Gardens.

To face page 362.

CHAPTER XLVI.

His garment only is dead. The essence of it lives through all Time and Eternity. His place now with the stars of Heaven.—CARLYLE, *Past and Present*.

SOME people never grow old. Carlyle's physical frame diminished in size, in strength and activity, but his mind retained all its supreme original powers, his heart the fire of youth, his imagination its unsurpassed creative faculty. As in days past he rarely attended theatres without suffering in witnessing the tragic scenes represented on the stage, as if they were stern realities; so now all the past history of his life rose up before him as if ever present. His Jeannie never grew old; his mother never lacked the vigour of his own early days; his brothers and sisters remained lads and lasses; his departed friends all rose up before his mind in living forms, and he dwelt among them, recalled them to his side as he sat lonely and apparently desolate in that quiet house at Chelsea. Ah! to him how it was peopled with his lost loves. Strangers, try as they might to find access to the old man, could not enter his heart. All he had loved, not many, but so well, completely filled up every gap. He allowed many to come, to look at the "great man" as he sat awaiting his great change, but the only friend he wanted was Death. Of him he stood in no mortal dread. Mrs. Oliphant called once more. He was still sitting in the centre of the room, in a suit of gray cloth—no shoddy—his well-known marked identity, "his figure gaunt and feeble, helpless and stranded amidst the wrecks of life."

He was full of old-fashioned politeness, was ever courteous to ladies, and tottered to his feet to greet a stranger, as long as he had the power.

For the first time for forty years a baby was born in that house—another Thomas Carlyle, the child of his niece. He looked tenderly upon the little face, called him a bonnie little mannikin. “It was curious—very curious, to contrast the new-comer with the departing guest,” he said.

He was always kind to the young. Two school-boys, sons of the sculptor, Mr. Munro, knowing what friendly terms their father had been on with the famous Thomas Carlyle, ventured to call on the venerable sage. He received them both cordially, made personal inquiries concerning their school, their holidays, their future careers; gave them fatherly counsel, and touched their young hearts in a way they could never forget, seeming to them as he did on the very verge of the grave. He had one of Dr. Channing’s books on the table before him, which he had been perusing. They left him, deeply affected, and of course they knew they could never again behold that venerable form. He grew more and more feeble, slowly but surely withering away, with that mighty intellect still unimpaired, that loving heart still beating warm as in early days of youth. Death and reunion—all he wanted now on earth, and almost impatiently awaited.

Before we close we must give our readers a letter written in 1867, so characteristic of our hero, that we must beg its perusal. He had just received intelligence of a bequest from Henry Chorly, Esq., an old and valued friend, of a sum of £1000. There was no fascination to Carlyle in accumulating gold, as this letter so grandly proves.

“DEAR SIR,—It is infinitely affecting to me, this generous message from him who is now gone away. How little I deserved it; how little needed now, though so good and noble. Before going to the actual finis of this matter, there is something I will crave to mention, to which I must beg your serious attention, *for my sake*. I knew generally, or under-

stood long since, by some casual hint, that the bulk of his property was to go to literary charities; and once again, long afterwards, I learnt about your brother William's commercial misfortunes. Now if it be that there is any lack, or chance of lack in *that* quarter, permit me to urge with emphasis, that as there is no shadow of it here, it would gratify me in a much higher and greater degree if I might be permitted to lay down this, the actual sum of money in question, retaining ever the essence and soul of it, that is to say, the sacred memory of it, which would be ever among the perennial jewels of my life, more precious far than gold."

"Yours ever, with much sympathy and many thanks,
"T. CARLYLE."

Charity should begin at home. Carlyle not only believed the maxim, but followed it out to the letter, and thus urged it upon others, even where he was himself the loser.

Since those wretched *Reminiscences* were published—the wearied wail of a bereaved and sick old man—all his nobler qualities have been cruelly cast in the shade, and his beloved memory harshly distorted. Surely if any great man's character needs true and faithful emancipation from heartless aspersions cast upon it by himself, his friends and his foes alike, it is Thomas Carlyle.

But to draw this long, romantic, eventful career to a close, we must, with whatever pain, recall his last solemn hours.

Mr. Froude and Ruskin seem to have been oftenest with him, and with the former he entrusted all the MSS. that were to be given to the world after his death, with permission to omit what he thought advisable. For ourselves, we are glad Mr. Froude omitted so little, for read rightly, interpreted truly, every act of his life deliberated over was worthy of him. Hasty, passionate words, but not one cruel deed is recorded in those pages; not one, of which we can find a trace. All is grandly heroic, self-sacrificing, noble; such a life that the tenderest mother can bid her son to imitate in every relation with his fellow-men and women, combined with such

reverential awe with which his thoughts for ever dwelt in contemplation of his Almighty Creator. We may urge upon them to be more decided in their expression of faith, but we doubt if they could ever believe more intensely ; we may urge them to show more patience in enduring trifles, but we cannot hope they will bear such grief, disappointment and physical suffering through life with grander self-control than he ; with such profound reticence, such unexampled generosity. He kept his room during the winter of '80 and '81, but shortly after the New Year he took to his bed. "Up to Thursday, February 3rd, he was fully conscious, and recognized the ceaseless watch of his niece and her husband. Then consciousness seemed to have left him, and he rejected even the little brandy-and-water by which life had been sustained. All Friday he continued in the same unbroken silence. On Saturday morning, about eight, there was one faint quiver of expiring breath, one slight fluttering of that vigorous frame, and all was over." The soul of our great master had departed into the region of his loved ones. There was a wail of sorrow throughout the land, reaching far beyond—into Scotland, on the continent, across the ocean, throughout the world. He had been the man of the age, and his influence was felt wherever an educated man was to be found ; for his works had been translated into many languages, and in every clime he had disciples. He had no son in the flesh to inherit his name or his honours. Spiritual sons and daughters he can count by the millions, for he had made himself a power, and taught all thinking scholars lofty aims, the awful importance of truth and justice, of love and mercy.

Dean Stanley earnestly desired that the mighty dead should rest among his fellows in Westminster Abbey, but his friends knew Carlyle's own wish, that his bones should rest beside those of his humble parents. If ever man honoured his father and mother and inherited the promise, it was Thomas Carlyle. To Ecclefechan then he was taken the night before the funeral. The next day a procession was formed consisting of six mourning coaches, and about two hundred spectators. All that

remained of him lay in a plain oaken coffin, covered with wreaths. The Board School bell tolled as solemnly as it could. The old church had altogether fallen into disuse. According to Scottish custom no service was held at the grave; all stood with bared heads around the open grave, and with their own hands lowered the venerated remains into their last resting-place. It was a dreary scene, that dismal winter's day; the whole village as well as the churchyard wore a sadly uncared-for appearance; but he was, as he wished, safely deposited with the mother who in all the world knew him and loved him best, so in death they are not divided.

Surely some day not far distant there will be a bust in some nook of the Abbey containing memorials of Britain's greatest sons; that his loving disciples from every clime, when they visit the land of their master's birth, may find no sign that he has been either neglected or forgotten. To many it would be a disappointment—an incomprehensible omission. When he died he was called the last great man of his age, philosopher, prophet, critic, sage, poet. Every one expressed alternately grief and adoration for the great departed. After his *Reminiscences* appeared, all was changed; a most violent and absurd reaction set in. Everybody strained every nerve to recall his slightest fault and magnify it into crime almost. His very name became execrated. And all for what? Because he spoke truly of his neighbours' faults and exaggerated his own. They said he spoke evil of everybody, which is a gross mistake. Those of whom he spoke well are almost innumerable. Besides his own family and that of his wife, whose virtues he praises sufficiently loudly to please any one, there were Irving, Emerson, Erskine, Owen, the naturalist, Badams, Buller, Sinclair, Sir H. Taylor, Lord S. G. Osborne, the Ashburtons, one and all, Southey, Tennyson, Dickens, Sir Robert Peel, Bishops Thirlwall and Wilberforce, Allan Cunningham, Lord Northbrook, Proctor Ruskin, Mr. Froule, Professor Tyndall, and often and in much both Coleridge and Wordsworth, Jeffery and Macaulay. These are by no means all the eminent men whom he distinguished by his warm personal regard, and

of ladies too, except the lion-hunting ones, an infinite number. It is well to clear up this mistake. A lady who had been painting his portrait, which was exhibited in the Academy after his death, was most distressed to find that the etcher had, as a satire, thought fit to add to it the figure of a porcupine, with two books, and wrote immediately—"During the six years I knew Mr. Carlyle, I never found him for a moment other than kind, gentle, and most friendly." And so, after all, say all who were personally acquainted with him, except perhaps a few diametrically opposite characters, perfect antagonisms to all that was so high and noble in the "King of Letters." There were many whom he delighted to honour, would to heaven there were more, for the sake of ourselves and our children and children's children. We are sure that the more one learns of Carlyle, of his life and of his books, the more we shall revere his memory. He never wronged man, woman, or child; his only fault towards his fellow mortals was a sarcastic vein in which he became habituated, oftentimes to his own regret. He never refused a call for help, either in money or advice—which was infinitely the hardest to give.

In reading his books, in contemplating his heroic life, he rouses noblest passions, teaches us all to be brave and persevering, never to weary in well-doing, never indifferent to suffering, mental or physical, never to be ashamed of human sympathy, even if it brings the tears to the eyes of the strongest man; above all, and hardest of all, never to be ashamed of one's origin or to shun poor relations. He taught that all of one family have a right in times of necessity to call upon the common purse. His saintly robe was not only spottable but spotless as was that of the noblest of the army of martyrs; for no wisdom, no holiness is perfect down here—that blessed goal is our future hope.

To his wife he had really nothing to atone. He nobly bore her sorrows with the heroism of Giant Great-heart. May our young men—may all of us—learn of him.

On the morning of August 29th, 1884, a certain gentleman who, as a youth, had taken tea on one occasion with Carlyle,

repeated weirdly to himself the following sentence from *Past and Present*: "Brief, brawling day, with its noisy phantoms, its poor paper crowns, tinsel gilt, is gone, and divine, everlasting night, with her star diadems, with her silences and her veracities is come," and he determined then and there to visit the grave, only some miles distant, of his old spiritual master. He reached Ecclefechan, entered the dilapidated churchyard, and sought out the only noticeable feature in that obscure spot. A substantial wall, with a plain iron gate for admission, surrounded the sepulchre. The gate was locked. Undaunted, the enthusiastic disciple buttoned his coat, satisfied himself as to the condition of his boot-soles, rushed at the jagged, hard, ungainly wall, scrambled up like a cat, and leapt below. Within that enclosure he found three different stones. One with a very long inscription, bearing the names of the first wife of James Carlyle, followed by that of an infant-sister, Jannet, who had died at Ecclefechan in 1801. Next on the list is that of Sister Margaret, who died at Dumfries, 1830, aged 27.

AND THE ABOVE

JAMES CARLYLE,

BORN AT

BROWN KNOWE, IN AUG. 1758, .

DIED AT

SCOTSBRIG, ON THE 23RD JANU., 1832,

AND NOW ALSO RESTS HERE.

And here now rests the above

MARGARET AITKIN,

THE SECOND WIFE,

BORN AT

WHITESTANE, KIRKONA HOE, IN SEPT., 1771,

DIED AT

SCOTSBRIG, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1853.

SHE BROUGHT HIM NINE CHILDREN, WHEREOF FOUR SONS AND THREE DAUGHTERS SURVIVED, GRATEFULLY REVERENT OF SUCH A FATHER AND SUCH A MOTHER.

The other tombstone was erected to the memory of an infant Thomas Carlyle, nephew to our hero. The central stone contains the names of Thomas Carlyle and his brother John.

"The only funeral tapers over that honoured grave were a few heads of clover blooming among the sweet and ungrimed green grass, over which trod the feet of his childhood."

On his tombstone are these simple words—

Humilitate.

HERE RESTS

THOMAS CARLYLE,

WHO WAS BORN AT

ECCLEFECHAN, 4TH DECEMBER, 1795,

AND DIED AT

24, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON, on
SATURDAY, 5TH FEBRUARY, 1881.

HERE ALSO RESTS

JOHN AITKIN CARLYLE, M.D., LL.D.,

WHO WAS BORN AT

ECCLEFECHAN, 7TH JULY, 1801,

AND DIED AT

THE HILL, DUMFRIES, on MONDAY, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1879.

An intense belief, handed down to him from his parents, gives a moral sublimity to his writings, which is entirely absent in so many of our modern writers. In his turn he would hand down a legacy to his spiritual sons. He would impress upon them a certain fact, that there is no necessity to be initiated into dissipation at any time of life. A mud bath there is, into which many young men plunge, madly believing that they become stronger by the immersion. A "leprous Armada," Carlyle calls it, and passionately entreats our youths to shun the stagnant pool, which tarnishes the

would-be noble and strong, and wrecks the lives of the weak and irresolute. By practice as well as precept he thus urges the avoidance of vice. His books are the essence of the man, are his very soul, and this he reiterates in a thousand different ways.

"A Calm, Holy Rest" is a beautiful anagram formed by some one from the name "Thomas Carlyle," and that we doubt not he is enjoying till higher work employs his freed and gladdened soul in the full vision of eternal Day. What we would desire above all things is, that readers, especially young readers, will not collect the refuse of his books, with which he charged his reviewers, thus himself allowing that refuse was to be found; but earnestly to seek out the good as earnestly as he wrote it; the gems that prove beyond question that he was a "genius, a poet, an inspired soul, once more vouchsafed us direct from Nature's own Great Fire Heart, to see the Truth and do it." The truth was all he troubled himself to seek, though he sometimes found a lie. He longed to see the Personification of Christianity. That was permitted but once on earth. When he saw merely the caricature he was wrathful and merciless. Such a spiritual giant could scarcely be humble or patient towards the pigmies around him, however strong the effort.

It has been said that Mr. Froude, his great biographer, did his departed friend great injustice. We will close by a quotation of his from a later work, which proves that the injustice was unintentional, the love and admiration indeed genuine. In *Oceana* he writes, "Carlyle was the noblest and truest man that I ever met in this world. He can wait for the certain future, when he will be seen soaring as far beyond them all as the eagle soars beyond the owl and the buzzard, or rather *he* will be seen, and they and their works be forgotten."

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